CHAPEL MELODIES

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CHAPEL MELODIES:

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES,

(BOTH OLD AND NEW,)

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

AND

FAMILY DEVOTION.

Containing, in addition to New Music, Selections from the most Popular Compositions of the late WILLIAM B. BRADBURY and others.

S. J. VAIL and Rev. ROB'T LOWRY, Editors.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN, No. 425 BROOME STREET,
SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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PREFACE.

THIS Book is intended to contribute, in some humble measure, to the spiritual profit of the worshiper in the service of sacred song. It offers, within convenient limits, a choice collection of Christian Melodies, "both old and new." It affords material for the praise spirit of the conference meeting, and the less formal exercises of the home circle. It touches the various phases of spiritual experience, and leads the mind to contemplate truth and duty. It seeks to avoid sterile trivialities, and does not descend to anything that is objectionable. Without overloading its pages with the dead weight of mere typography, it presents a well chosen compilation which, even in protracted use, will not exhaust. While it does not hold in its contracted compass everything that Christians love to sing, it contains no old song that has not won for itself a lodgment among the Lord's people. Its long tested favorites will find a ready welcome, while the new candidates for favor will prove themselves worthy of their companionship. The blessing of the Head of the Church is invoked on this effort to aid the people in their offerings of praise. Both to those who would "sing unto the Lord a new song," and those who "teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," this little book is commended.

WARREN, Music Stereotyper, No. 43 Centre St., N. Y

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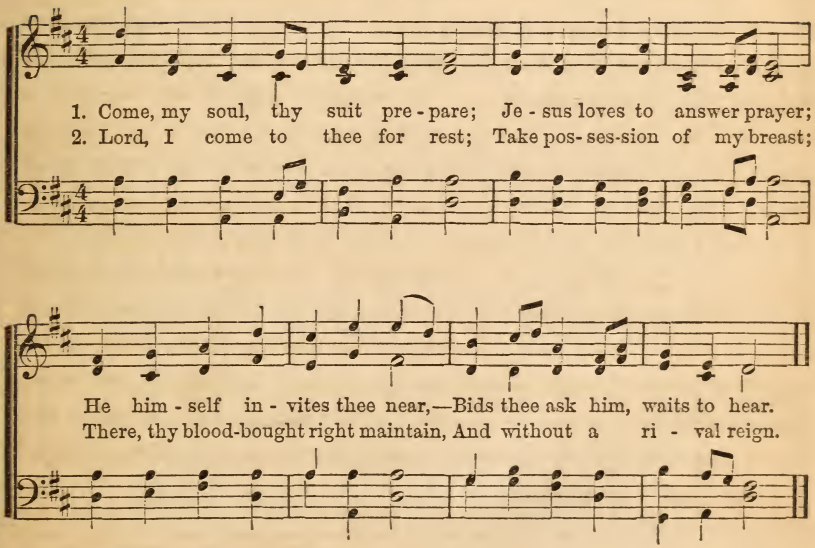
CHAPEL MELODIES.

MORRIS. 7s.

S. J. VAIL.

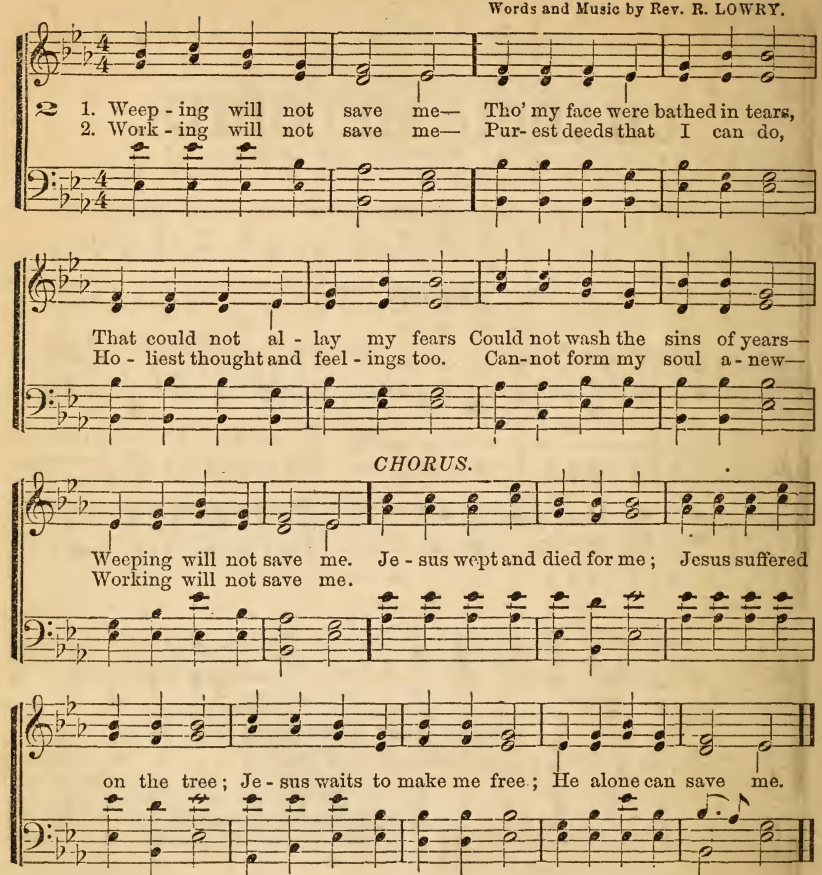

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to answer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos- ses-sion of my breast;
He him - self in - vites thee near,—Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
There, thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a ri - val reign.

No. 1.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

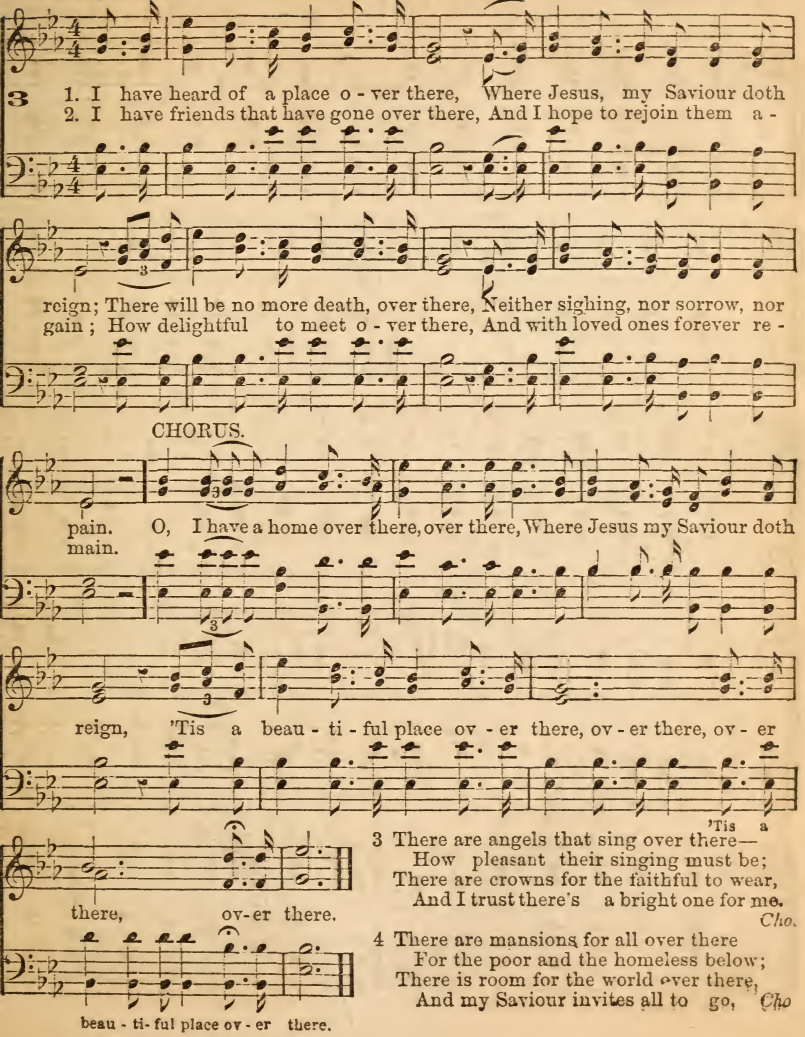
NONE BUT JESUS.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

2 1. Weep - ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work - ing will not save me— Pur- est deeds that I can do,
That could not al - lay my fears Could not wash the sins of years—
Ho - liest thought and feel - ings too. Can-not form my soul a - new—
CHORUS.
Weeping will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered
Working will not save me.
on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He alone can save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

Words by Rev. E. WATSON. **OVER THERE.** Arr. by H. P. MAIN.


3
1. I have heard of a place o - ver there, Where Jesus, my Saviour doth
2. I have friends that have gone over there, And I hope to rejoin them a -
reign; There will be no more death, over there, Neither sighing, nor sorrow, nor
gain; How delightful to meet o - ver there, And with loved ones forever re -
CHORUS.
pain. O, I have a home over there, over there, Where Jesus my Saviour doth
main.
reign, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful place ov - er there, ov - er there, ov - er
there, ov-er there.
beau - ti- ful place ov - er there.

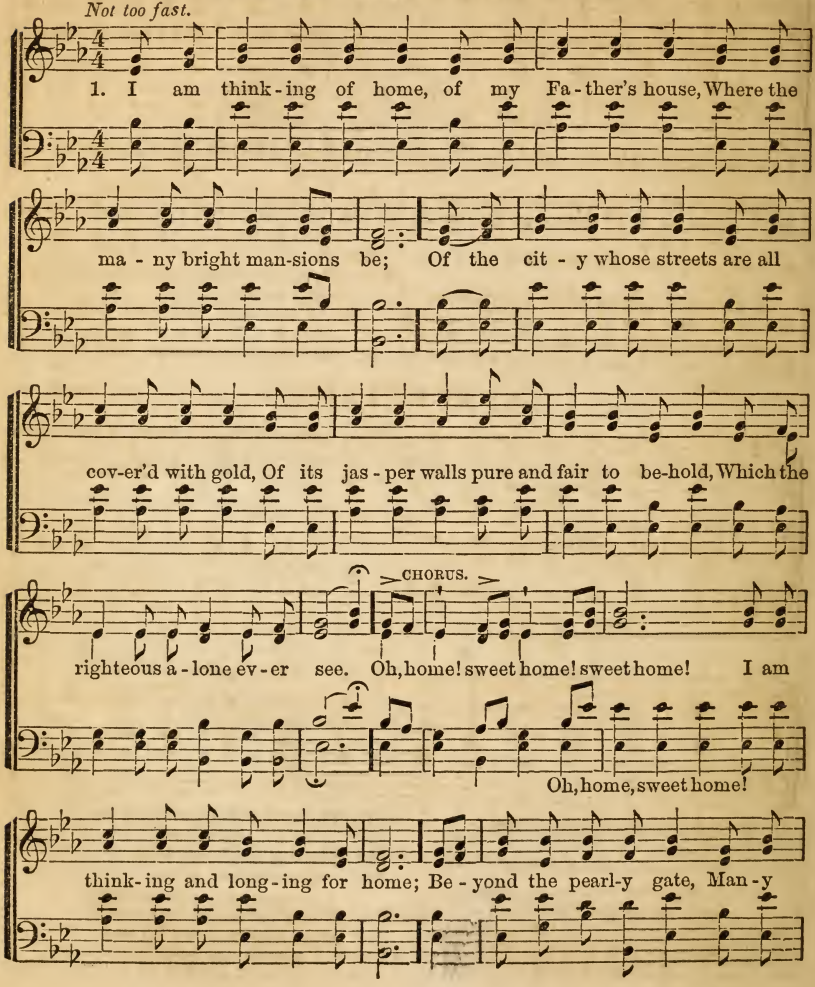
3 There are angels that sing over there—
'Tis a
How pleasant their singing must be;
There are crowns for the faithful to wear,
And I trust there's a bright one for me.
Cho.

4 There are mansions for all over there
For the poor and the homeless below;
There is room for the world over there,
And my Saviour invites all to go, *Cho*

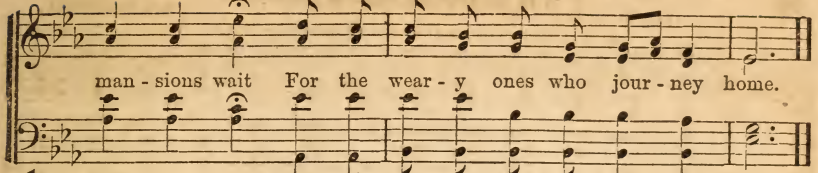
I AM THINKING OF HOME.

Words by MARY F. KIBBY. Rev. R. LOWRY.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—John xiv. 2.

Not too fast.

1. I am think-ing of home, of my Fa-ther's house, Where the
ma-ny bright man-sions be; Of the cit-y whose streets are all
cov-er'd with gold, Of its jas-per walls pure and fair to be-hold, Which the
CHORUS.
righteous a-lone ev-er see. Oh, home! sweet home! sweet home! I am
Oh, home, sweet home!
think-ing and long-ing for home; Be-yond the pearl-y gate, Man-y

I AM THINKING OF HOME. Concluded.



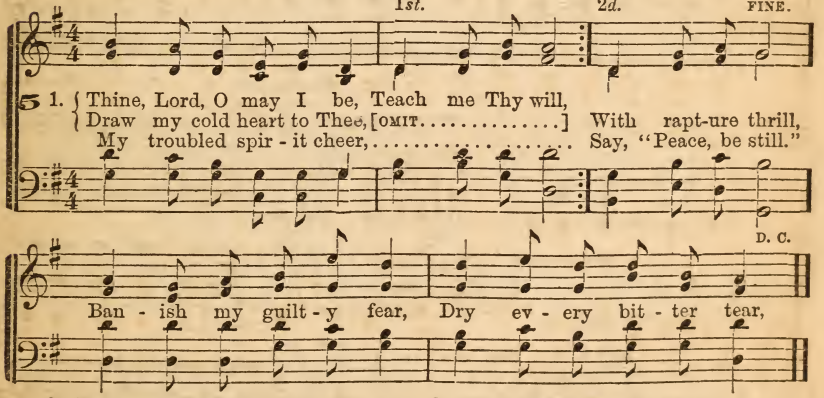
4.

2. I am thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there,
Dearest friends who have gone before;
With whom we went down to the death-river's side,
And so sadly thought as we watch'd by the tide,
Of the thrice happy mornings of yore.

3. I am thinking of home; I am homesick now,
And my spirit doth long to be
In the far better land, where the saints ever sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,
And of mercy so costly, so free.

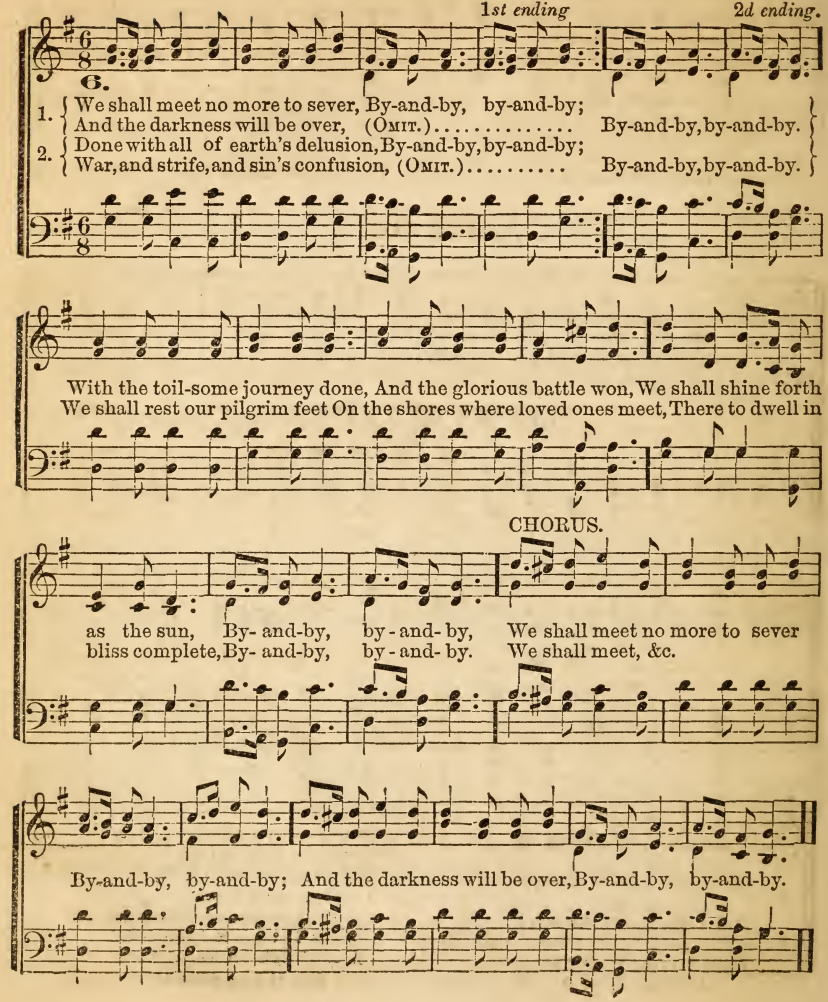
4. I am thinking of home! yes, of "home, sweet home;"
May we all in that home unite
With the white-covered throng, and exultingly raise
To the triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,
Singing glory, and honor, and might.

LET ME BE THINE. Words and Music by W. BENNETT.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
1. { Thine, Lord, O may I be, Teach me Thy will,
{ Draw my cold heart to Thee, [OMIT.....] With rapt-ure thrill,
My troubled spir - it cheer,..... Say, "Peace, be still."
D. C.
Ban - ish my guilt - y fear, Dry ev - ery bit - ter tear,

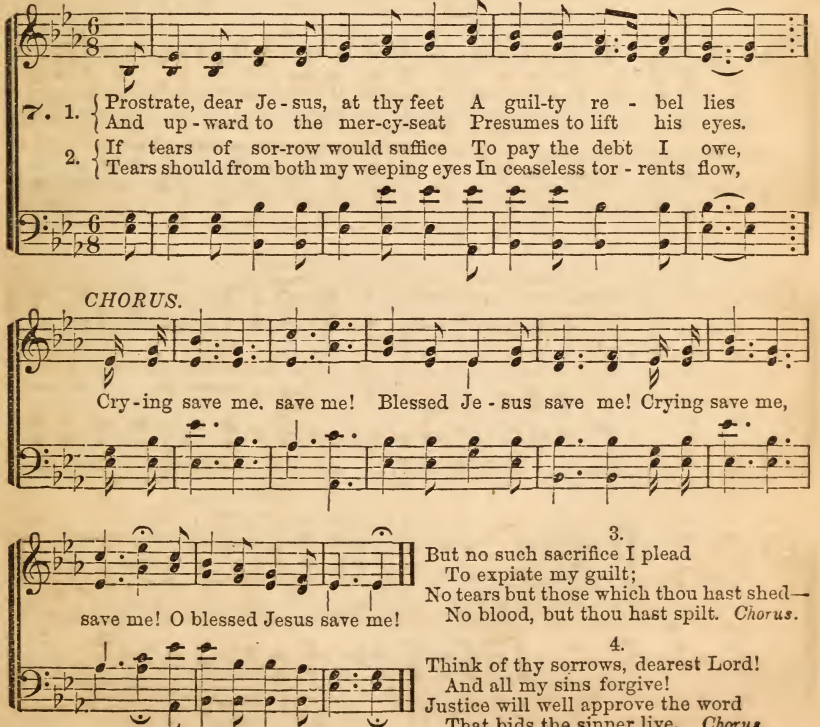
2. Keep me in danger's hour
Near to Thy side,
On me Thy spirit pour,
With me abide,
Bid every doubt depart,
Fully possess my heart,
Mine be that better part,
In Thee to hide.

3. Thus shall I sweetly prove,
While here below,
Thy tender dying love,
Thee truly know.
And when my work is done,
When I the race have run,
May glory's crown be won,
Sweet rest with Thee.


1st ending
2d ending.
6.
1. We shall meet no more to sever, By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the darkness will be over, (Omit.)..... By-and-by, by-and-by.
2. Done with all of earth's delusion, By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion, (Omit.)..... By-and-by, by-and-by.
With the toil-some journey done, And the glorious battle won, We shall shine forth
We shall rest our pilgrim feet On the shores where loved ones meet, There to dwell in
CHORUS.
as the sun, By- and-by, by - and- by, We shall meet no more to sever
bliss complete, By- and-by, by - and- by. We shall meet, &c.
By-and-by, by-and-by; And the darkness will be over, By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus.
By-and-by, by-and-by:
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
We shall meet, &c.

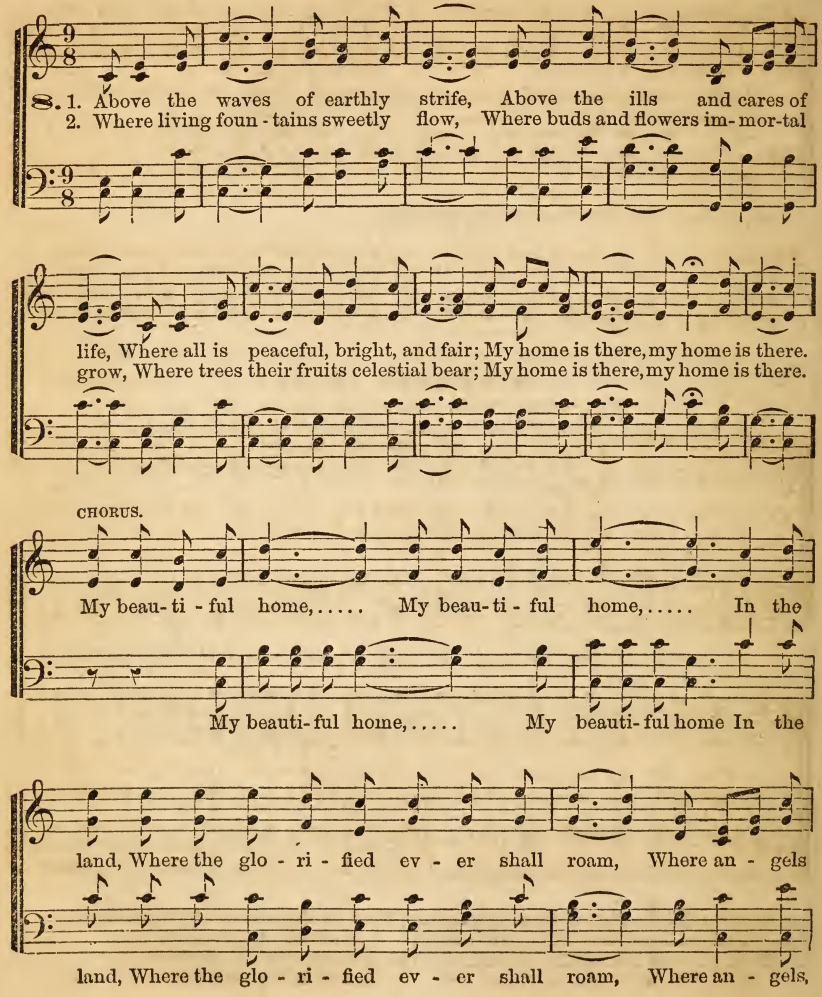
4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
We shall meet, &c.

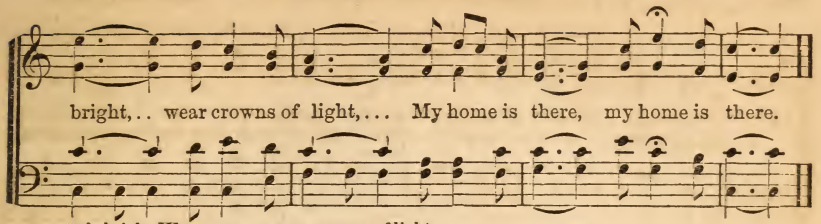
SAVE ME.

7. 1. Prostrate, dear Je - sus, at thy feet A guil-ty re - bel lies
And up - ward to the mer-cy-seat Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sor-row would suffice To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes In ceaseless tor - rents flow,
CHORUS.
Cry - ing save me, save me! Blessed Je - sus save me! Crying save me,
save me! O blessed Jesus save me!

3.
But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt. *Chorus.*

4.
Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live. *Chorus.*

MY HOME IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

8.
1. Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills and cares of
2. Where living foun - tains sweetly flow, Where buds and flowers im - mor - tal
life, Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair; My home is there, my home is there.
grow, Where trees their fruits celestial bear; My home is there, my home is there.
CHORUS.
My beau - ti - ful home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,..... In the
My beauti - ful home,..... My beauti - ful home In the
land, Where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels
land, Where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels,

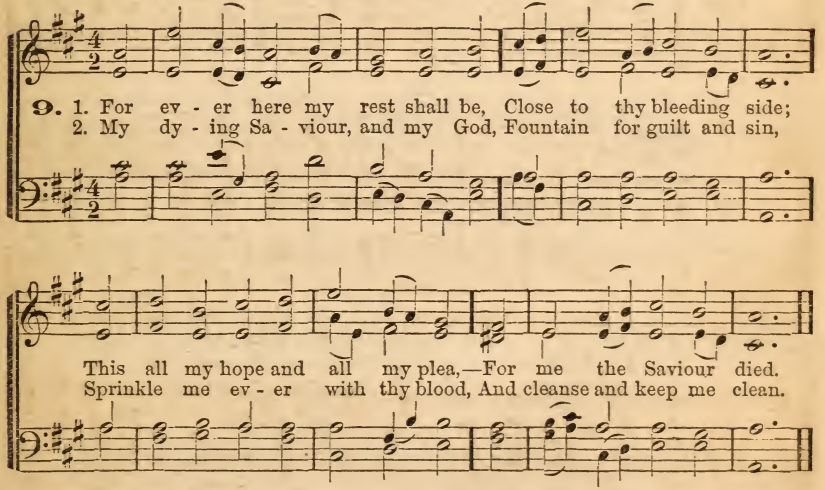


3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.

STEPHENS. C. M.

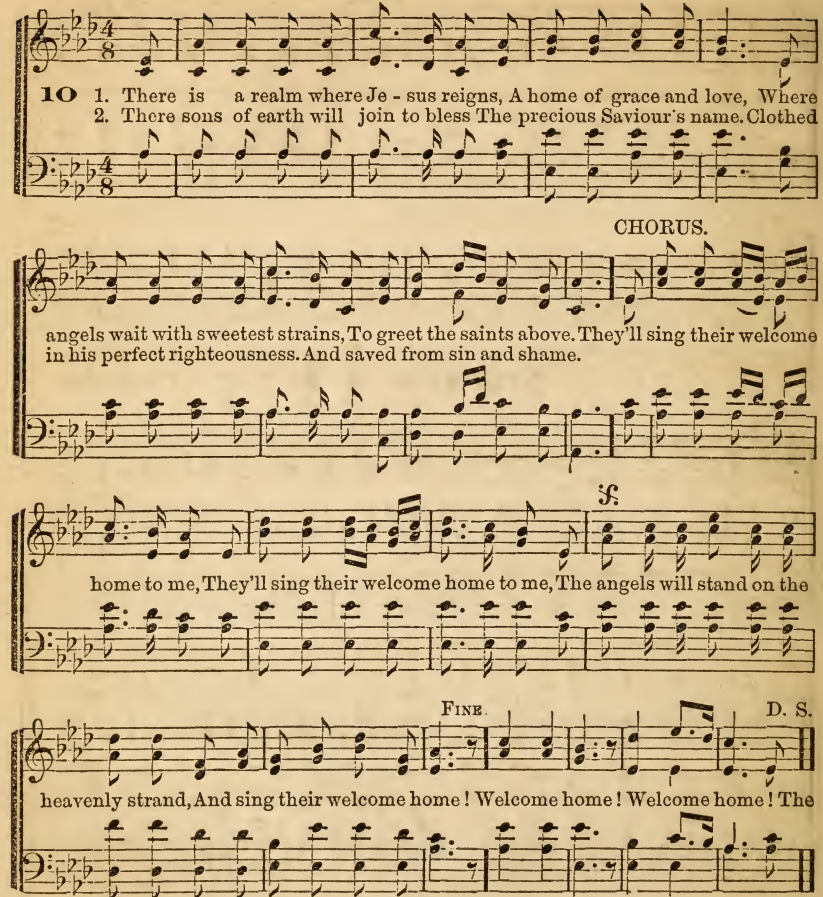
W. JONES.


1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;
2. My dy - ing Sa - viour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
This all my hope and all my plea,—For me the Saviour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

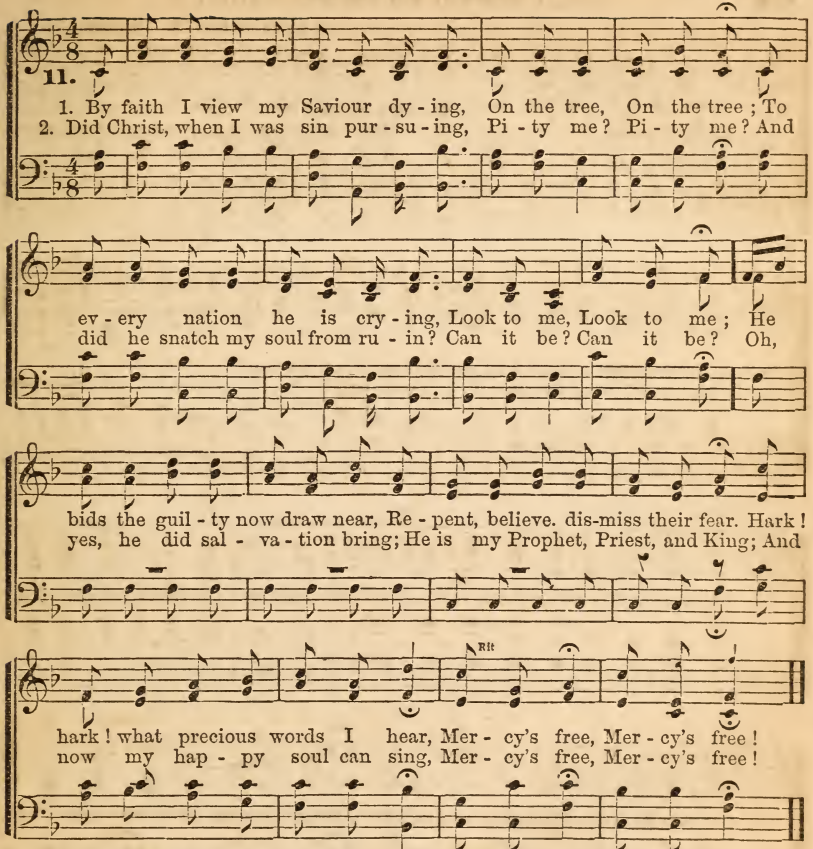
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply.
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

WELCOME HOME.

REV. R. LOWRY.

10
1. There is a realm where Je - sus reigns, A home of grace and love, Where
2. There sons of earth will join to bless The precious Saviour's name. Clothed
CHORUS.
angels wait with sweetest strains, To greet the saints above. They'll sing their welcome
in his perfect righteousness. And saved from sin and shame.
home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me, The angels will stand on the
FINE.
D. S.
heavenly strand, And sing their welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home! The

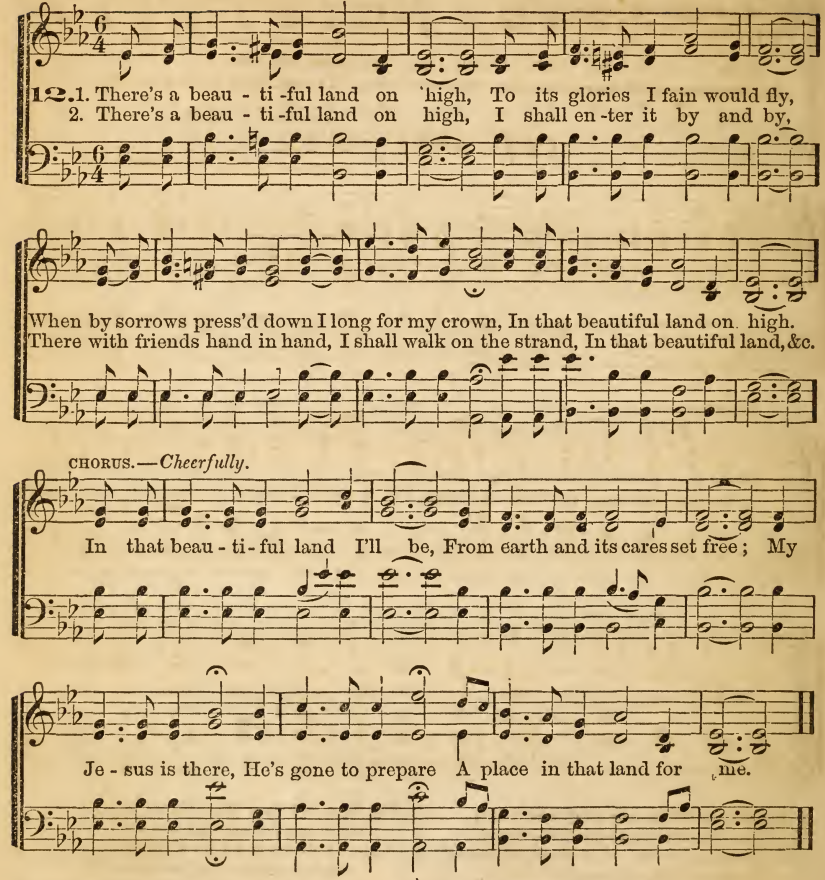
3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace,
Though now he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face. *Cho.*

4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
And I will give you rest;"
The angels wait their melody,
To greet you with the blest. *Cho.*

11.
1. By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree; To
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pi - ty me? Pi - ty me? And
ev - ery nation he is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me; He
did he snatch my soul from ru - in? Can it be? Can it be? Oh,
bids the guil - ty now draw near, Re - pent, believe. dis-miss their fear. Hark!
yes, he did sal - va - tion bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King; And
Rit
hark! what precious words I hear, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free!
now my hap - py soul can sing, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free!

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While thro' this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when dying,
"Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

W. U. BUTCHER. By permission.

12. 1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and by,
When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high.
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land, &c.
CHORUS.—Cheerfully.
In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free; My
Je - sus is there, He's gone to prepare A place in that land for me.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way, to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

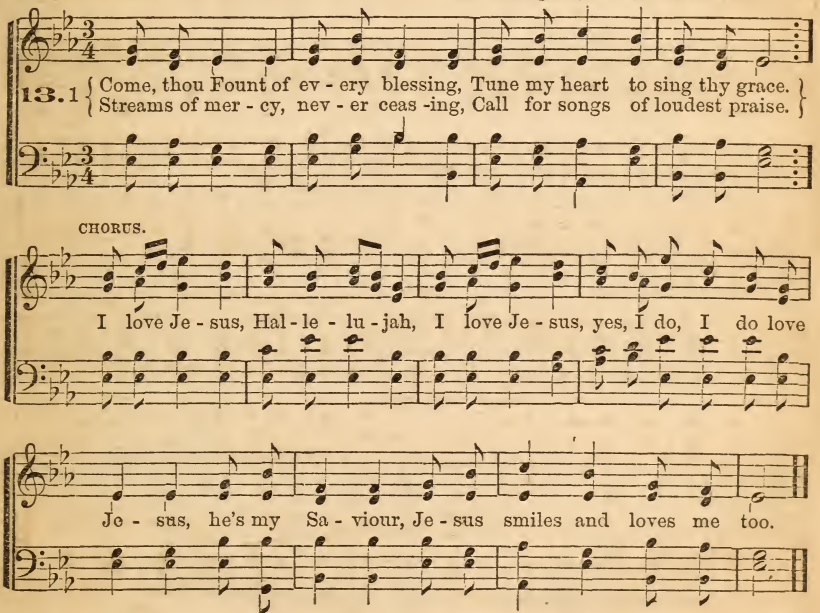
4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where I never shall weep or sigh;
For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good bye;"
Where the righteous shall sing, and their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

COME THOU FOUNT.

Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.


13.1
Come, thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas -ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
CHORUS.
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love
Je - sus, he's my Sa - viour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

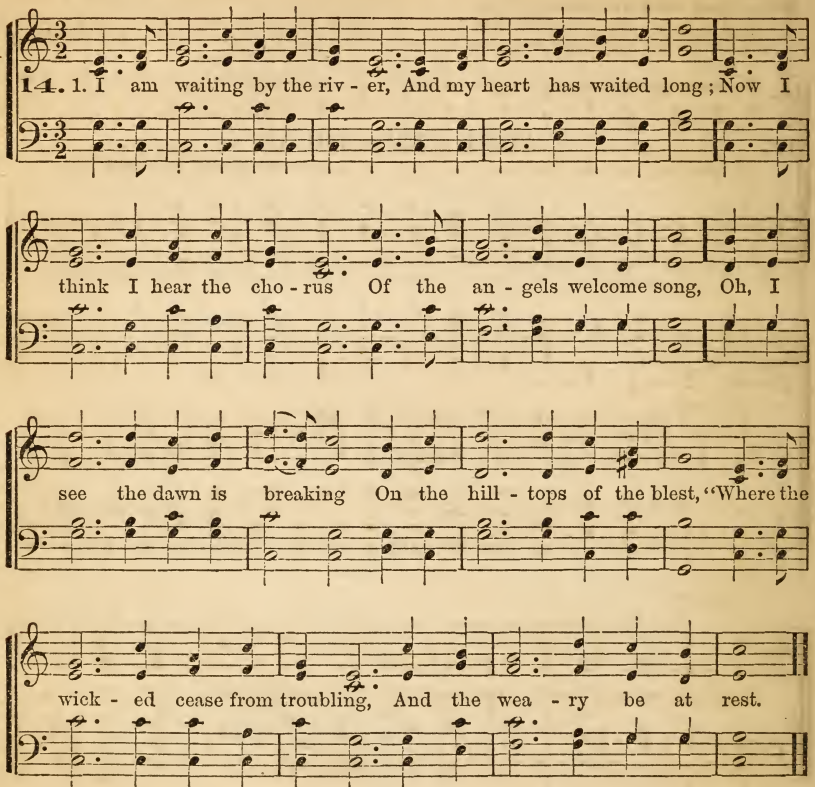
2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love. *Cho.*

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood. *Cho.*

4 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee: *Cho.*

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above. *Cho.*

I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

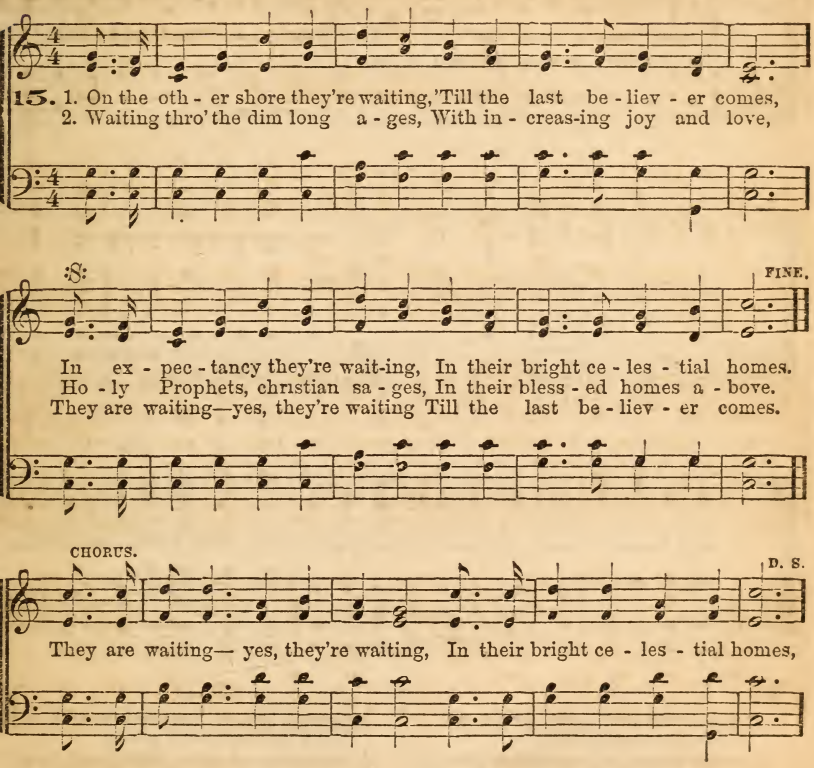
Words by WM. O. CUSHING. DR. T. HASTINGS. Arranged by S. J. VAIL.

14. 1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long; Now I
think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gels welcome song, Oh, I
see the dawn is breaking On the hill - tops of the blest, "Where the
wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest.

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and changeless years;
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise—God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect Heb. xi chap. 39 & 40 verses.

Words by DR. A. HILL. S. J. VAIL.


15.
1. On the oth - er shore they're waiting, 'Till the last be - liev - er comes,
2. Waiting thro' the dim long a - ges, With in - creas-ing joy and love,
:S:
FINE.
In ex - pec - tancy they're wait-ing, In their bright ce - les - tial homes.
Ho - ly Prophets, christian sa - ges, In their bless - ed homes a - bove.
They are waiting—yes, they're waiting Till the last be - liev - er comes.
CHORUS.
D. S.
They are waiting— yes, they're waiting, In their bright ce - les - tial homes,

3.

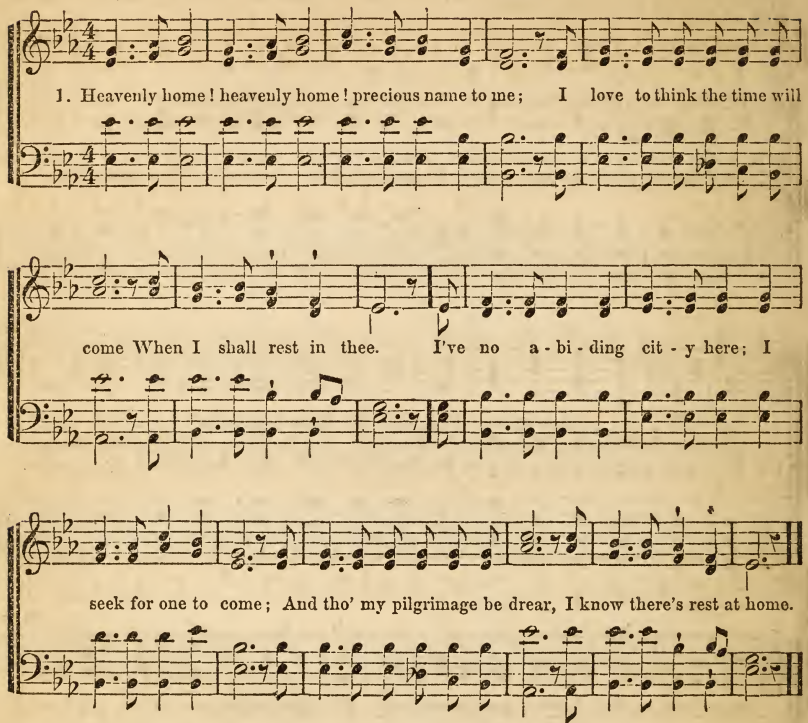
Waiting for the new creation,
And the coronation day,
And the final consummation,
And the universal sway.
They are waiting, &c.

4.

O, what rapture—O, what singing!
When these blissful spirits meet,
As most tenderly they're clinging,
To the dear Redeemer's feet.
They are waiting, &c.

HEAVENLY HOME.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON. Music by J. P. ORDWAY.


1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me; I love to think the time will
come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bi-ding cit-y here; I
seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage be drear, I know there's rest at home.

16.

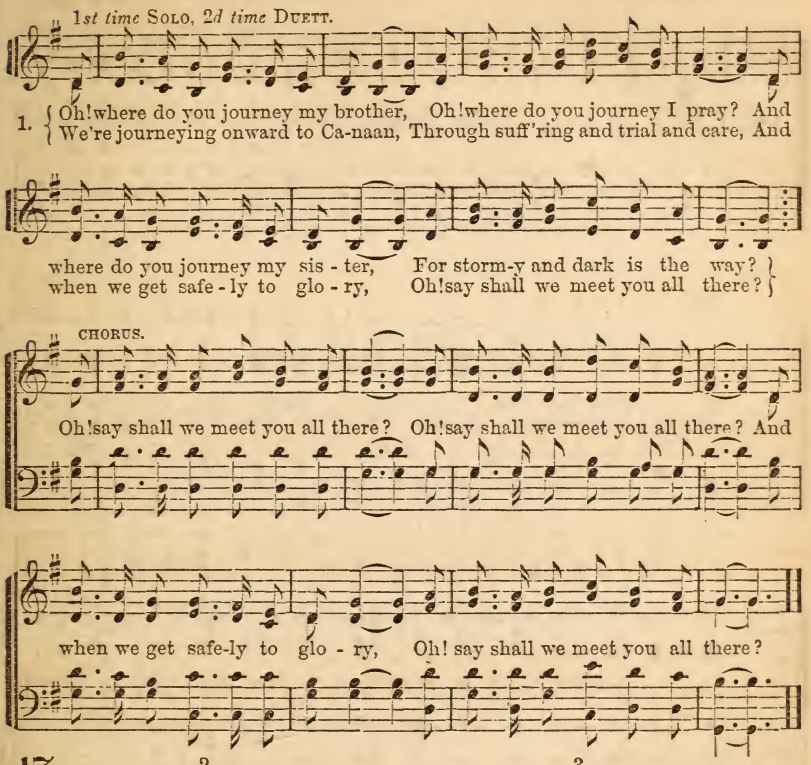
2.

Heavenly home! heavenly home!
There no clouds arise,
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim
Thy ever-smiling skies.
This earthly home is fair and bright,
Yet clouds will often come;
And oh! I long to see the light
That gilds my heavenly home.

3.

Heavenly home! heavenly home!
Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,
For all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. S. J. VAIL.


1st time SOLO, 2d time DUETT.
1. Oh! where do you journey my brother, Oh! where do you journey I pray? And
We're journeying onward to Ca-naan, Through suff'ring and trial and care, And
where do you journey my sis - ter, For storm-y and dark is the way?
when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, Oh! say shall we meet you all there?
CHORUS.
Oh! say shall we meet you all there? Oh! say shall we meet you all there? And
when we get safe-ly to glo - ry, Oh! say shall we meet you all there?

17.

2.

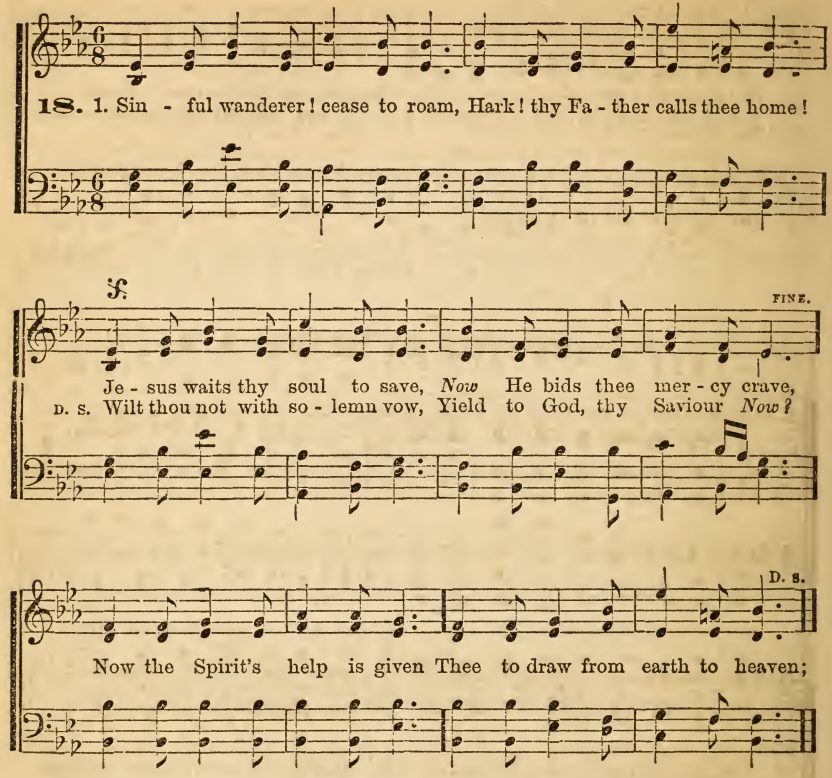
Oh! what is your mission, my brother,
Oh! what is your mission below?
And what is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practicing mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus
That lead to the mansions above!
Cho.—Oh! say shall we, &c.

3.

Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God keep us from weakness and sin,
And bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown we'll endeavor to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suffering, and trials, and care,
And when you get safely to glory
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
Cho.—Oh! yes, you will meet, &c.

SINFUL WANDERER. 7s. Double

S. J. VAIL.


18. 1. Sin - ful wanderer! cease to roam, Hark! thy Fa - ther calls thee home!
Je - sus waits thy soul to save, Now He bids thee mer - cy crave,
D. S. Wilt thou not with so - lemn vow, Yield to God, thy Saviour Now?
FINE.
D. S.
Now the Spirit's help is given Thee to draw from earth to heaven;

2.

Tho' repulsed so oft before,
Still he knocketh at the door,
Bearing gifts untold divine:
Treasures which may *now* be thine."
Wilt thou rudely from thee send
Such a generous patient Friend?
Still he waiteth—wilt not thou
Welcome, worship, serve him *Now*?

3.

Be thy guilt however great,
Now be saved—'tis not too late;
Yet beware! for mercy's day
Soon, ah, soon will pass away.
Time will bear thee swiftly o'er
Life's receding, fading shore;
Now secure the promised rest,
Be in Christ forever blest.

19. SELF-DISTRUST.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

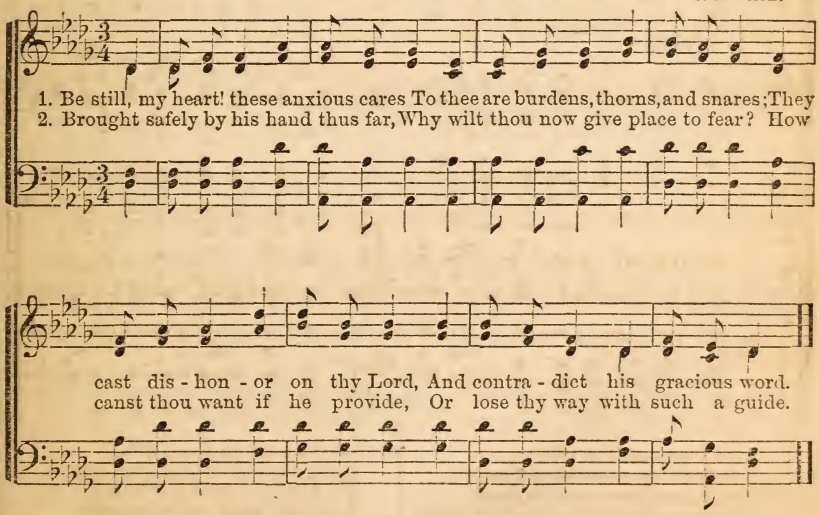
2 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

3 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON

BE STILL MY HEART. L. M.

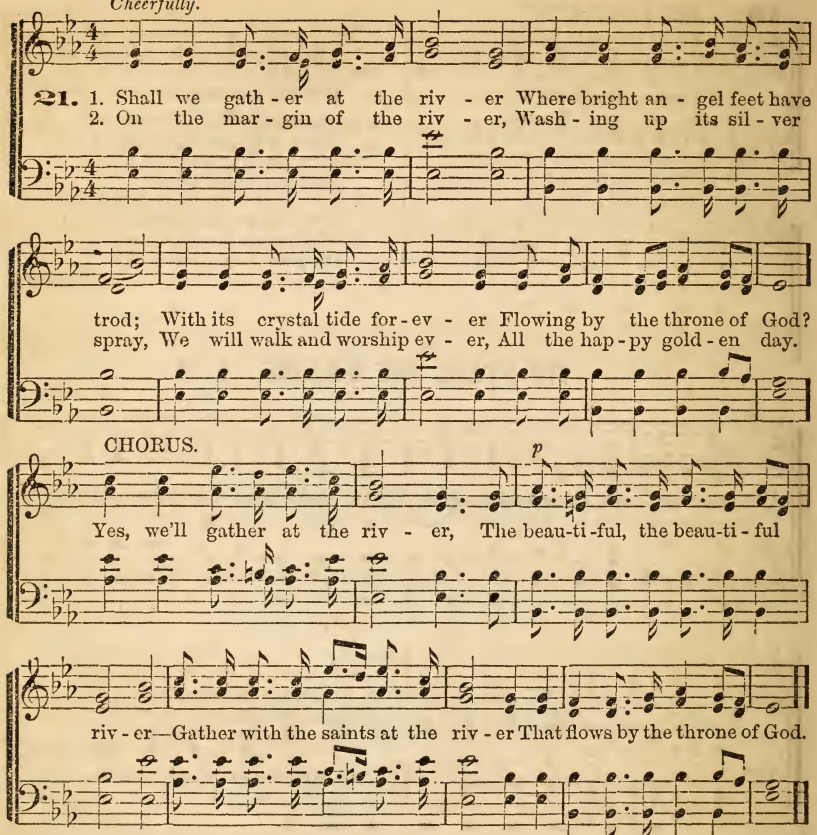
S. J. VAIL.


1. Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares; They
2. Brought safely by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear? How
cast dis - hon - or on thy Lord, And contra - dict his gracious word.
canst thou want if he provide, Or lose thy way with such a guide.

20. 3 Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past
That thou shalt overcome at last

4 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through,
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

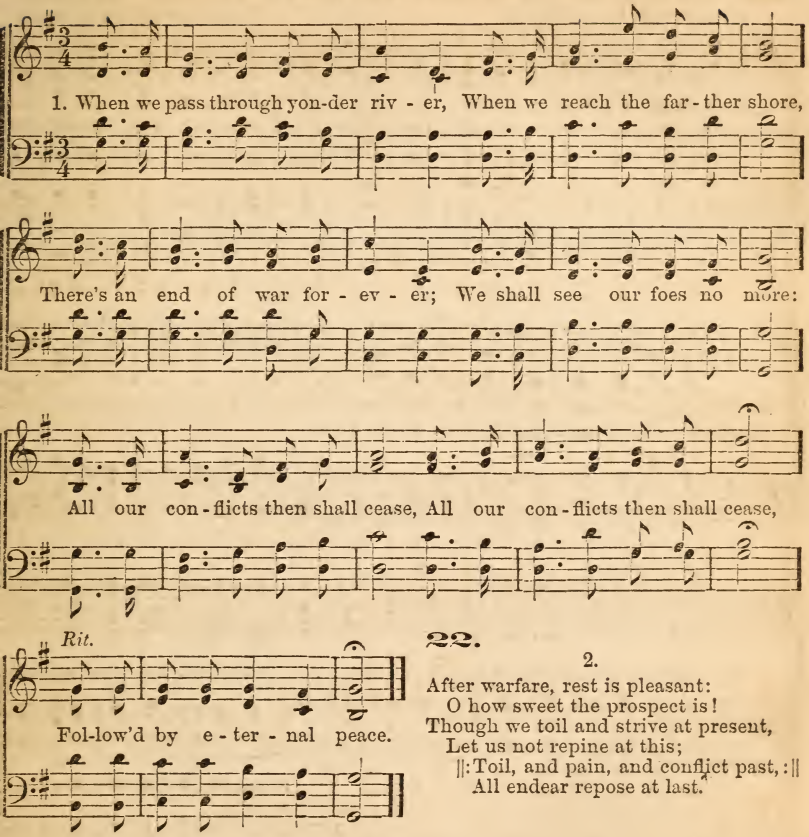
22 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerfully.

21. 1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver
trod; With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
spray, We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
CHORUS.
p
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful
riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hours will quiver.,
With the melody of Peace.

1. When we pass through yon-der riv - er, When we reach the far-ther shore,
There's an end of war for - ev - er; We shall see our foes no more:
All our con-flicts then shall cease, All our con-flicts then shall cease,
Rit.
Fol-low'd by e - ter - nal peace.

22.

2.

After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
‖: Toil, and pain, and conflict past, :‖
All endear repose at last.

3.

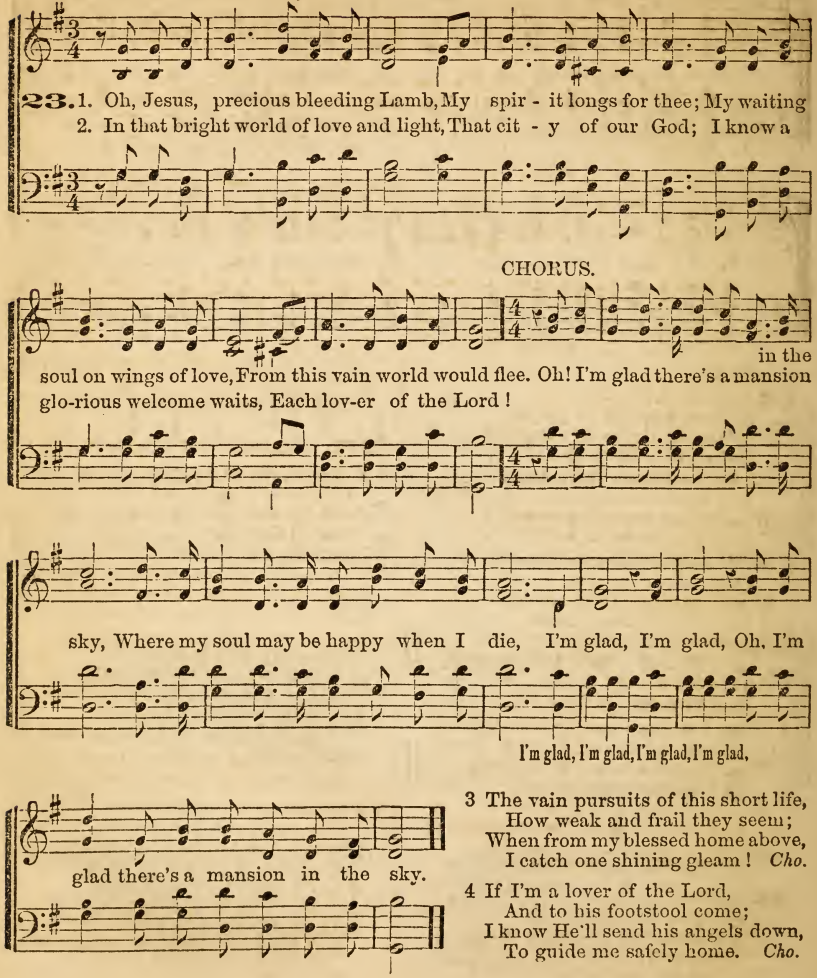
When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
‖: Far beyond the reach of foes, :‖
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4.

O that hope; how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
‖: In his kingdom they shall rest, :‖
In his love be fully blest.

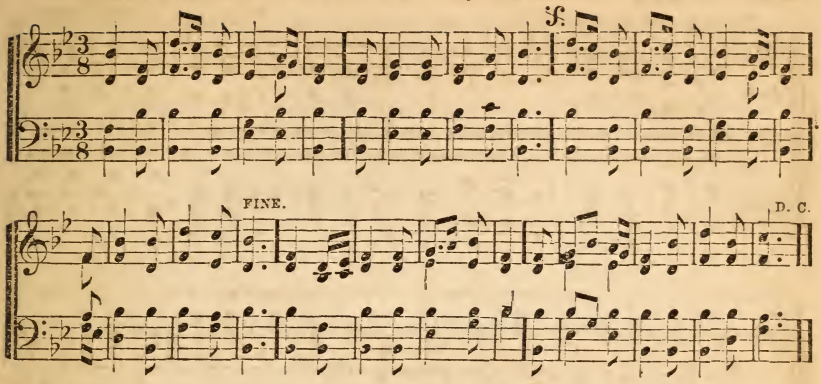
24 MY MANSION IN THE SKY.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Music by HENRY TUCKER. From "NEW GOLDEN SHOWER."


23. 1. Oh, Jesus, precious bleeding Lamb, My spir - it longs for thee; My waiting
2. In that bright world of love and light, That cit - y of our God; I know a
CHORUS.
in the
soul on wings of love, From this vain world would flee. Oh! I'm glad there's a mansion
glo-rious welcome waits, Each lov-er of the Lord!
sky, Where my soul may be happy when I die, I'm glad, I'm glad, Oh, I'm
I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad,
glad there's a mansion in the sky.

3 The vain pursuits of this short life,
How weak and frail they seem;
When from my blessed home above,
I catch one shining gleam! *Cho.*

4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,
And to his footstool come;
I know He'll send his angels down,
To guide me safely home. *Cho.*



24.

1 If to Jesus for relief
My soul has fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
And has he not his promise passed?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

2 While I know his providence
Disposes each event,
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
Sparrows if he kindly feed,
And verdure clothe in rich array,
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eyes away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employed;
Then he watched me as his own,
Or I had been destroyed;
Now his mercy-seat I know,
And now, by grace, am reconciled;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Vain the tempter's dark device!
For here my hope rests well assured,
In that great redemption price
I see the whole secured.

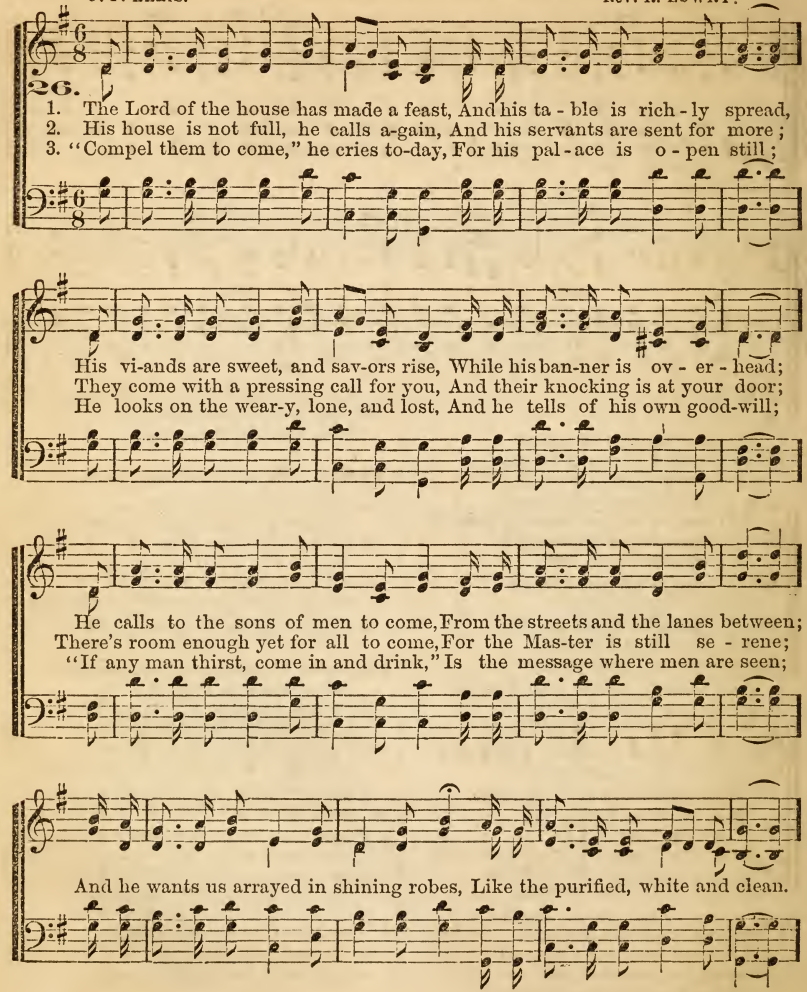
25. *Humility and Contrition.*

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

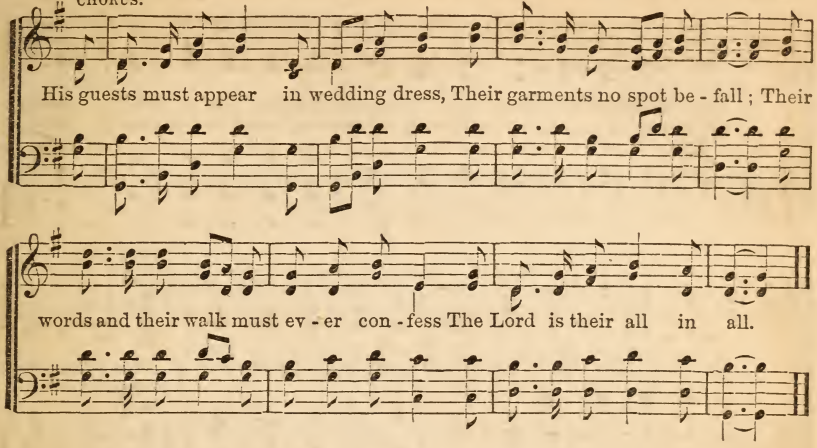
2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

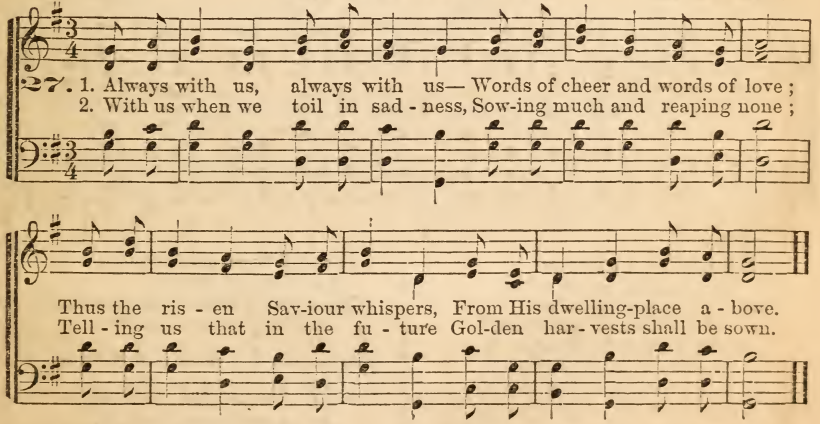
WEDDING GARMENT.

J. P. ELLIS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

26.
1. The Lord of the house has made a feast, And his ta - ble is rich - ly spread,
2. His house is not full, he calls a-gain, And his servants are sent for more;
3. "Compel them to come," he cries to-day, For his pal - ace is o - pen still;
His vi-ands are sweet, and sav-ors rise, While his ban-ner is ov - er - head;
They come with a pressing call for you, And their knocking is at your door;
He looks on the wear-y, lone, and lost, And he tells of his own good-will;
He calls to the sons of men to come, From the streets and the lanes between;
There's room enough yet for all to come, For the Mas-ter is still se - rene;
"If any man thirst, come in and drink," Is the message where men are seen;
And he wants us arrayed in shining robes, Like the purified, white and clean.

CHORUS.


His guests must appear in wedding dress, Their garments no spot be - fall ; Their
words and their walk must ev - er con - fess The Lord is their all in all.

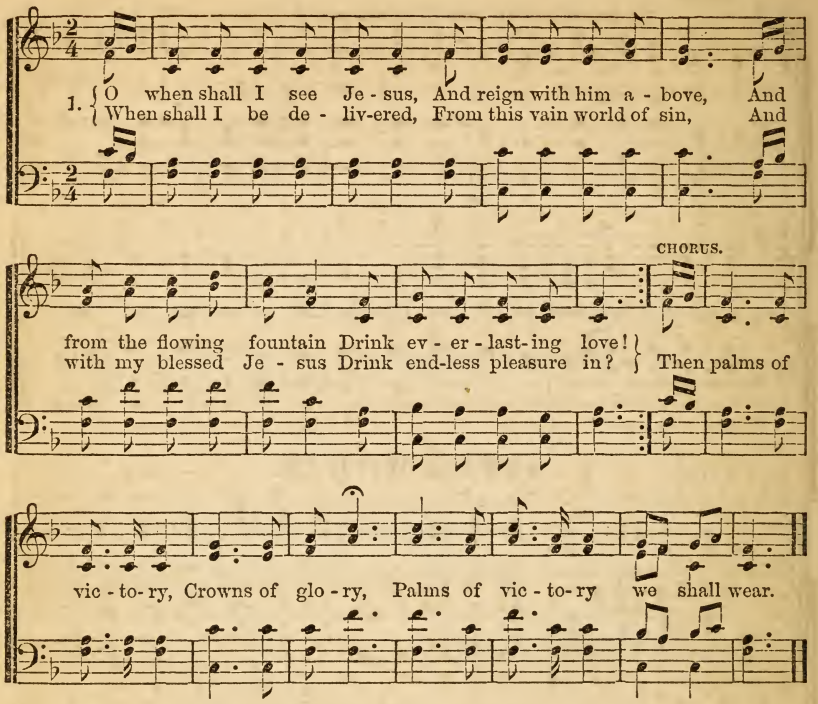
J. P. ELLIS. **ALWAYS WITH US.** Rev. R. LOWRY.


27. 1. Always with us, always with us— Words of cheer and words of love ;
2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow-ing much and reaping none ;
Thus the ris - en Sav-iour whispers, From His dwelling-place a - bove.
Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Gol-den har - vests shall be sown.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

SUNSHINE. 7s & 6s.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, And
When shall I be de - liv-ered, From this vain world of sin, And
CHORUS.
from the flowing fountain Drink ev - er - last-ing love!
with my blessed Je - sus Drink end-less pleasure in?
Then palms of
vic - to-ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to-ry we shall wear.

28.

2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before,
He 's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.

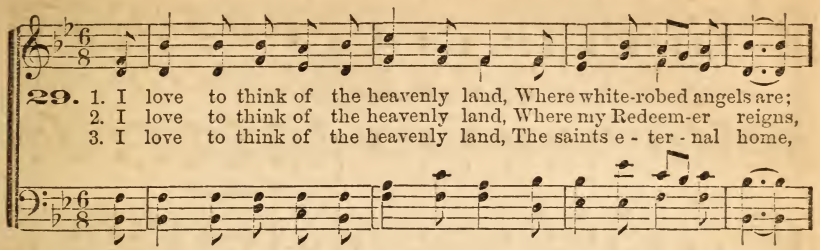
3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

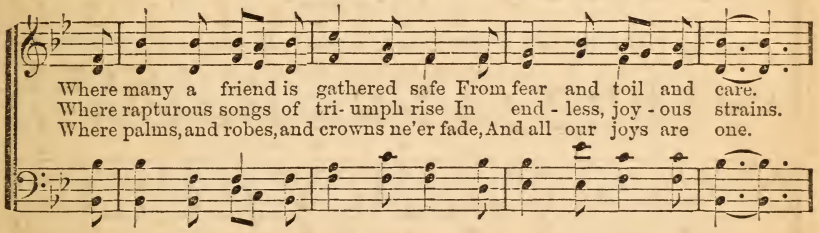
4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat 's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

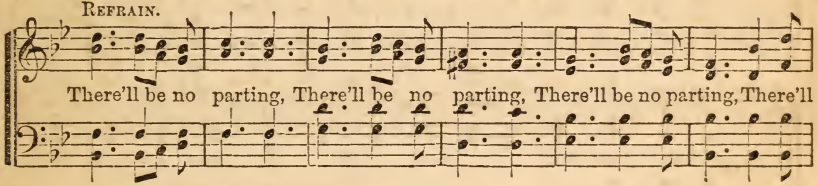
THE HEAVENLY LAND.

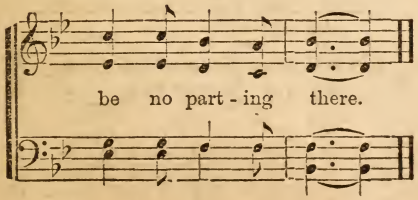
WM. B. BRADBURY.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY."—*Hebrews* XI. 16.


29. 1. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels are;
2. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where my Redeem-er reigns,
3. I love to think of the heavenly land, The saints e - ter - nal home,


Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and care.
Where rapturous songs of tri- umph rise In end - less, joy - ous strains.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.



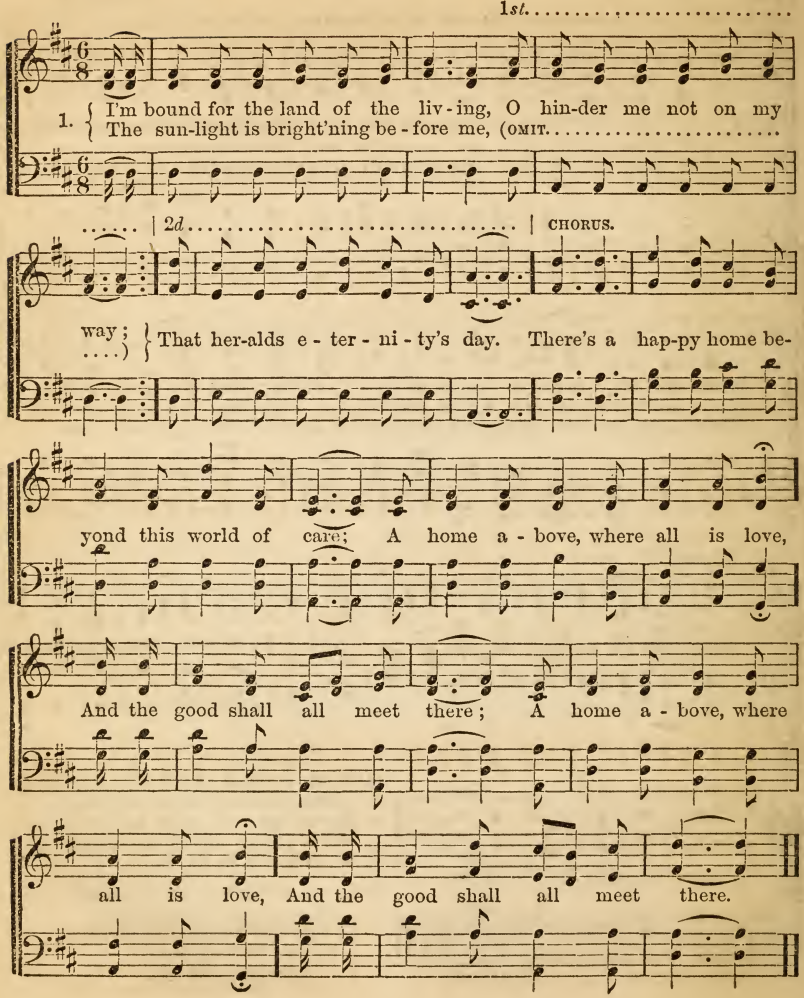


4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.
There'll be no, &c.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
O, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there!
There'll be no &c.

A HAPPY HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1st.
1. I'm bound for the land of the liv-ing, O hin-der me not on my
The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me, (OMIT.
2d.
CHORUS.
way;
That her-alds e-ter-ni-ty's day. There's a hap-py home be-
yond this world of care; A home a-bove, where all is love,
And the good shall all meet there; A home a-bove, where
all is love, And the good shall all meet there.

30.

2.
The flowers that bloom in my pathway
Breathe odors that waft me right on;
They lure me no longer to tarry,
But welcome earth's time to be gone.

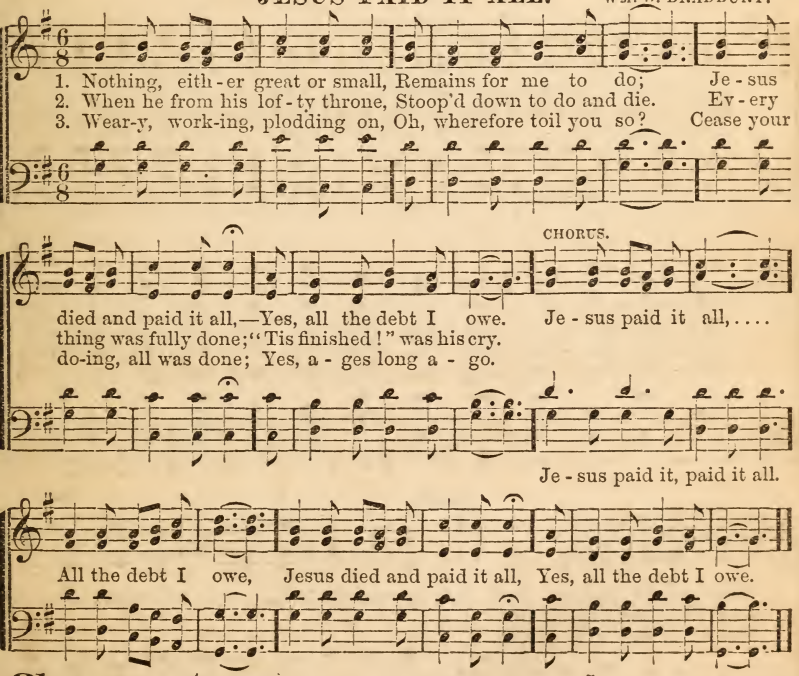
3.
I'm waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.

4.
The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin and temptation and sorrow,
And sickness and death are unknown.

5.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land?

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Nothing, eith-er great or small, Remains for me to do; Je-sus
2. When he from his lof-ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev-ery
3. Wear-y, work-ing, plodding on, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your
CHORUS.
died and paid it all,—Yes, all the debt I owe. Je-sus paid it all,....
thing was fully done; "Tis finished!" was his cry.
do-ing, all was done; Yes, a-ges long a-go.
Je-sus paid it, paid it all.
All the debt I owe, Jesus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

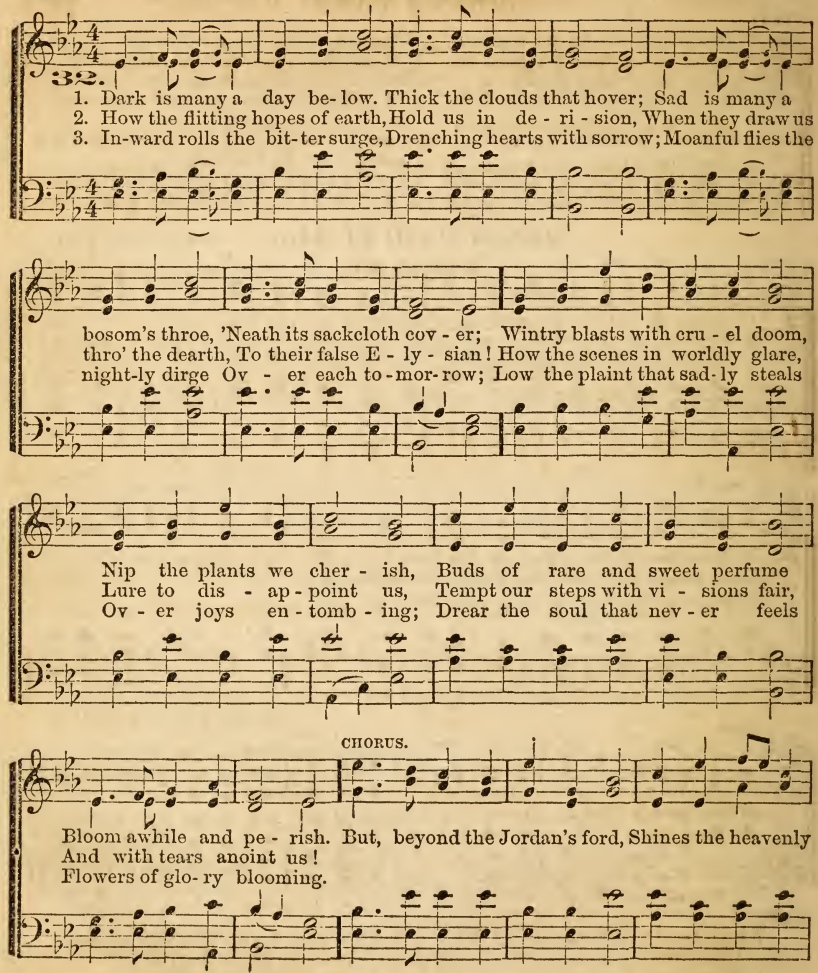
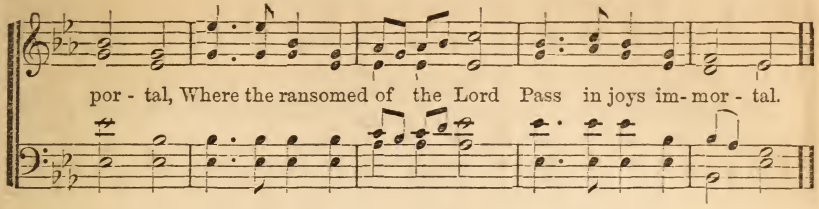
31.

4.
Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death. *Cho.*

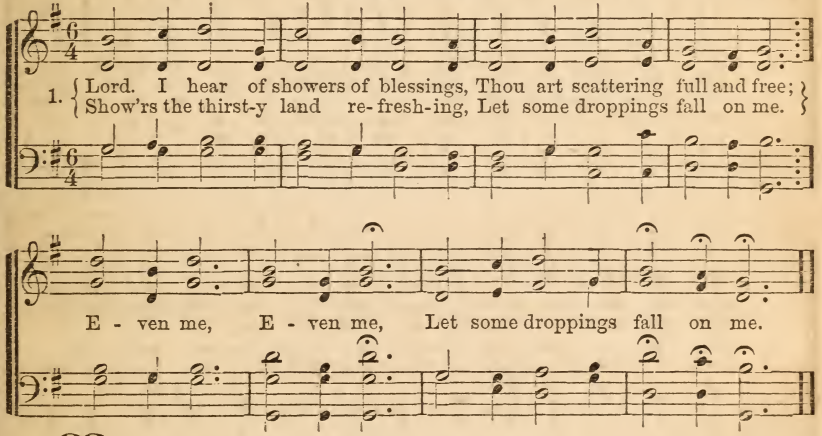
5.
Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete. *Cho*

JORDAN'S FORD.

REV. R. LOWRY.


32.
1. Dark is many a day be- low. Thick the clouds that hover; Sad is many a
2. How the flitting hopes of earth, Hold us in de - ri - sion, When they draw us
3. In-ward rolls the bit- ter surge, Drenching hearts with sorrow; Moanful flies the
bosom's throe, 'Neath its sackcloth cov - er; Wintry blasts with cru - el doom,
thro' the dearth, To their false E - ly - sian! How the scenes in worldly glare,
night-ly dirge Ov - er each to - mor- row; Low the plaint that sad- ly steals
Nip the plants we cher - ish, Buds of rare and sweet perfume
Lure to dis - ap - point us, Tempt our steps with vi - sions fair,
Ov - er joys en - tomb - ing; Drear the soul that nev - er feels
CHORUS.
Bloom awhile and pe - rish. But, beyond the Jordan's ford, Shines the heavenly
And with tears anoint us!
Flowers of glo- ry blooming.

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord. I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free;
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

33.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

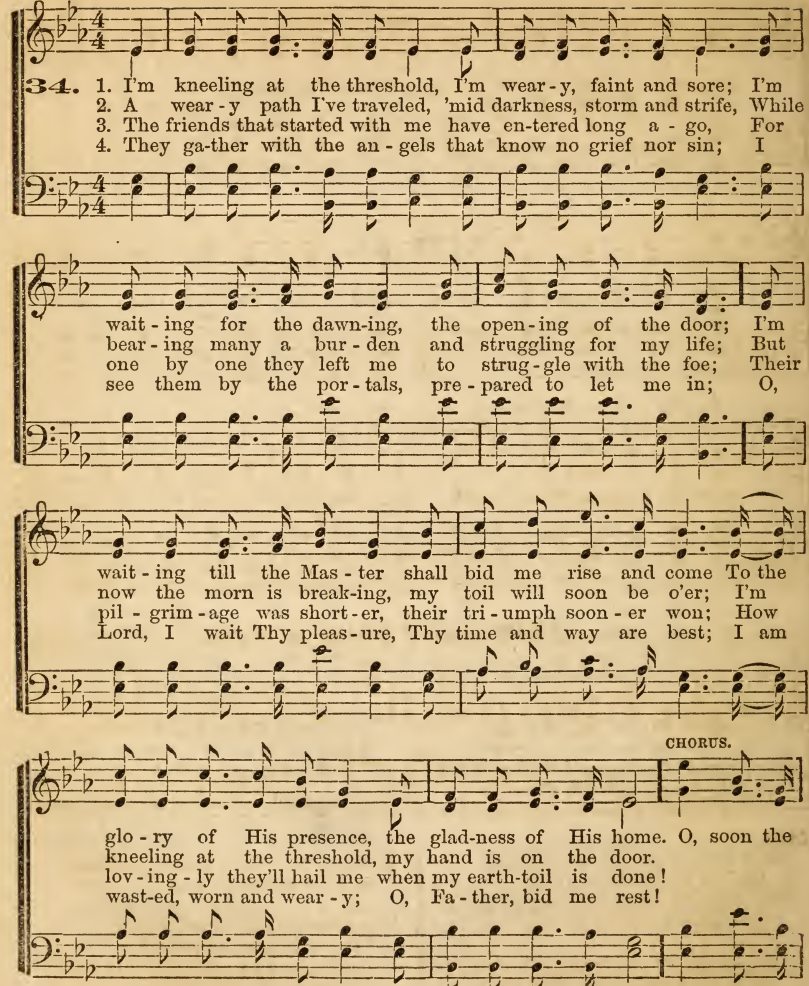
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou can'st make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

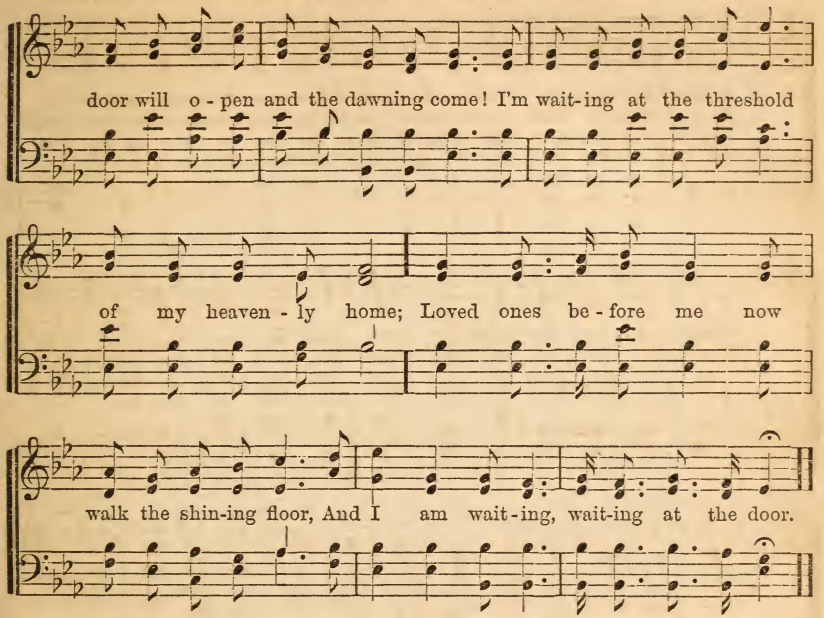
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me.

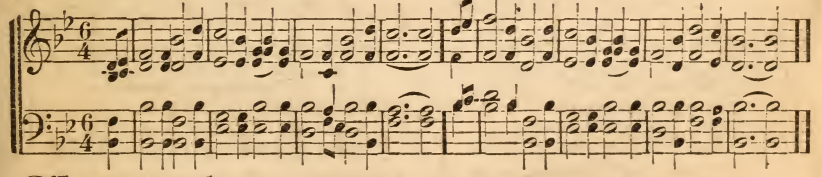
WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Rev. R. LOWRY.


34. 1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm wear-y, faint and sore; I'm
2. A wear-y path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife, While
3. The friends that started with me have en-tered long a-go, For
4. They ga-ther with the an-gels that know no grief nor sin; I
wait-ing for the dawn-ing, the open-ing of the door; I'm
bear-ing many a bur-den and struggling for my life; But
one by one they left me to strug-gle with the foe; Their
see them by the por-tals, pre-pared to let me in; O,
wait-ing till the Mas-ter shall bid me rise and come To the
now the morn is break-ing, my toil will soon be o'er; I'm
pil-grim-age was short-er, their tri-umph soon-er won; How
Lord, I wait Thy pleas-ure, Thy time and way are best; I am
CHORUS.
glo-ry of His presence, the glad-ness of His home. O, soon the
kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.
lov-ing-ly they'll hail me when my earth-toil is done!
wast-ed, worn and wear-y; O, Fa-ther, bid me rest!


door will o - pen and the dawning come! I'm wait-ing at the threshold
of my heaven - ly home; Loved ones be - fore me now
walk the shin-ing floor, And I am wait-ing, wait-ing at the door.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

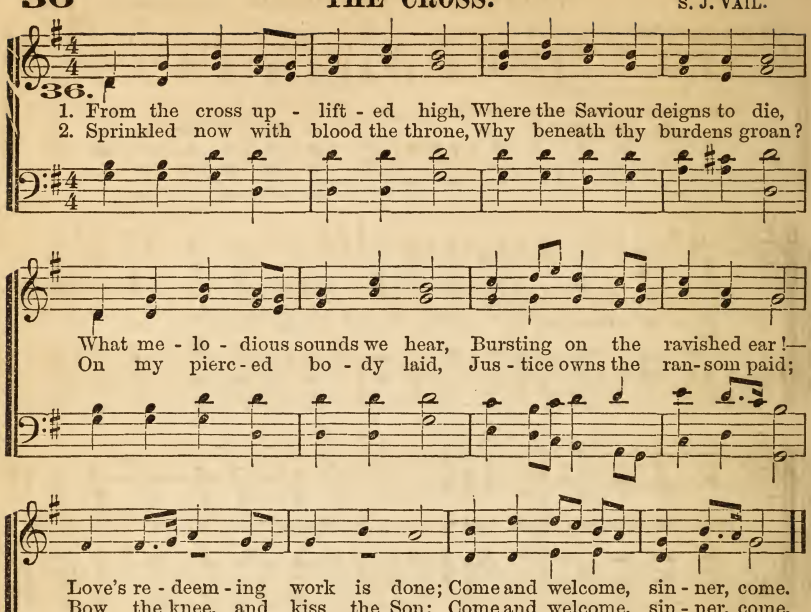


35.

1.
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2.
How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3.
The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.


36.
1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan?
What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear!—
On my pierc - ed bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid;
Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son; Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

37.

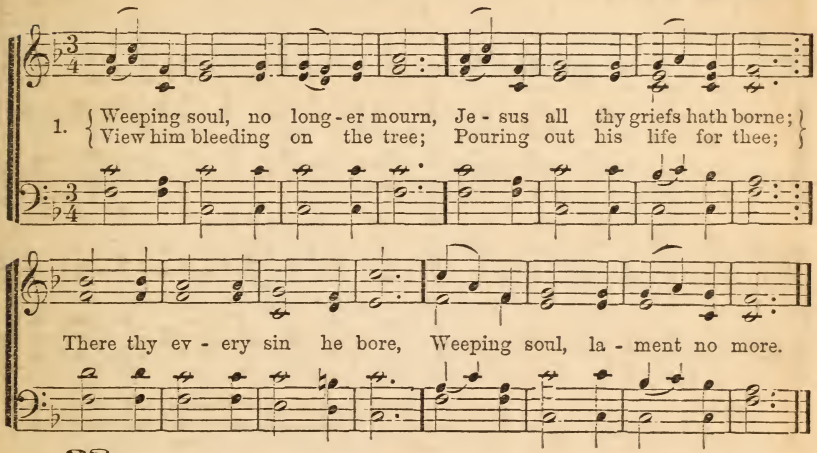
1 Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;—
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

ALETTA. 7s. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. { Weeping soul, no long-er mourn, Je-sus all thy griefs hath borne;
{ View him bleeding on the tree; Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy ev-ery sin he bore, Weeping soul, la-ment no more.

38.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid:
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Consecration to the Trinity.

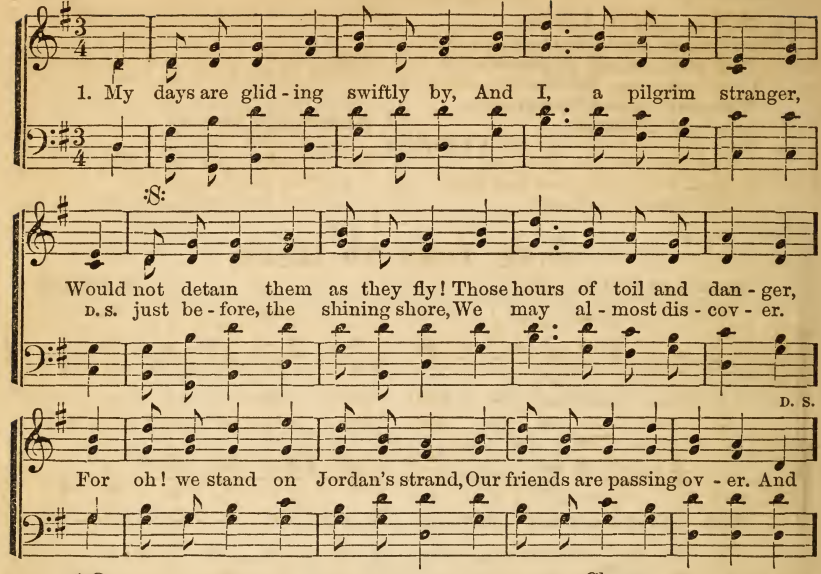
39.

1 Now, O God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
Take my mind, and heart, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new!

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

SHINING SHORE. G. F. ROOT, by permission.


1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,
D. S. just be - fore, the shining shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.
D. S.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing ov - er. And

40.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! &c.

41.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

Chorus.

We love to sing of Christ, our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him;
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.
We love to sing, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him;
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.
We love to sing, &c.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.
We love to sing, &c.

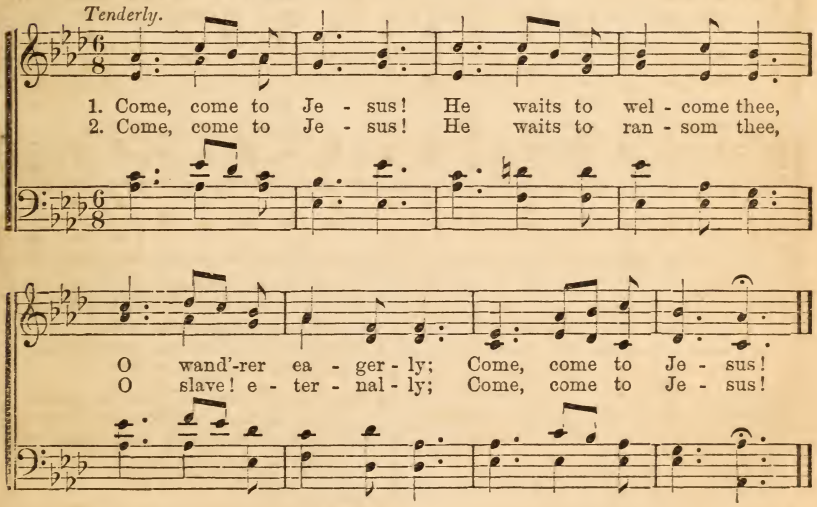
42. NEW YEAR.

1 We meet you here, our comrades dear,
With ne'er a shade of sorrow;
The old year gone, the new comes on,
With many a glad To-morrow.
Chorus.
But when we stand on Canaan's land,
And glory shines before us,
To God we'll bring, and ever sing
Our Hallelujah Chorus.

2 We meet you here, our friends, with cheer,
A joyous welcome singing;
With prayer and praise our hearts we raise,
With all the joy bells ringing.
But, when we stand, &c.

3 We meet you here, old dying year,
Thy solemn voice comes o'er us;
But from thy dust, we humbly trust,
A better year's before us.
But when we stand, &c. R. L.

COME, COME TO JESUS.

Words by DR. GEO. B. PECK. H. P. MAIN.

Tenderly.
1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,
O wand'-rer ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

43.

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

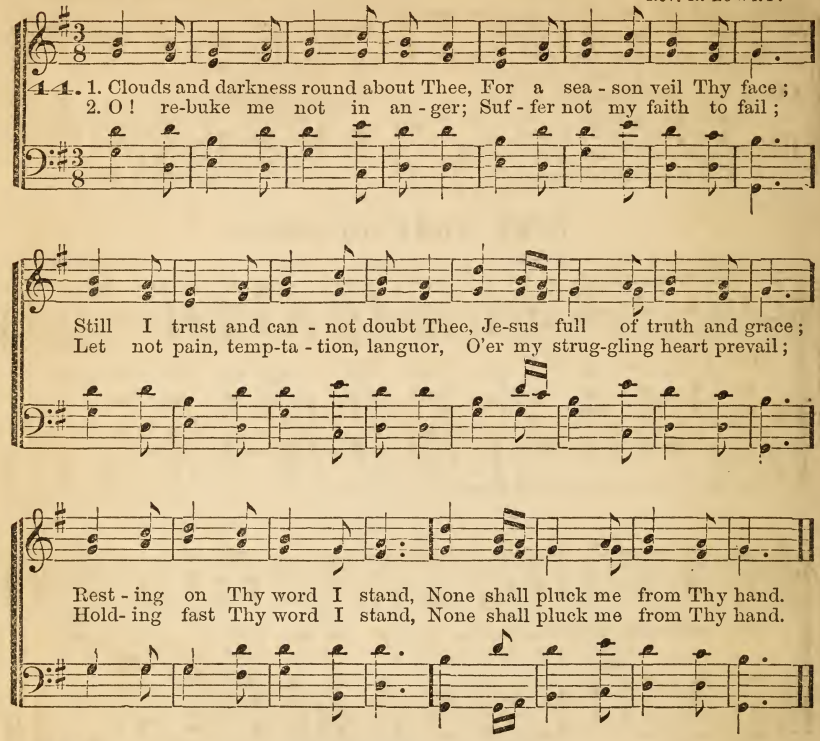
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECURITY.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." John x, 28.

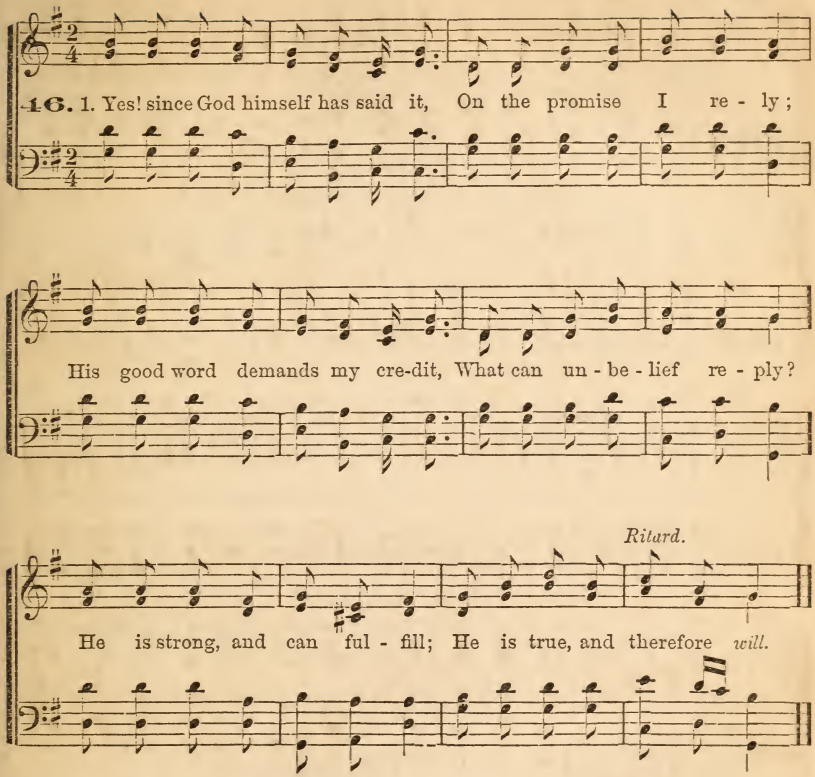
Rev. R. LOWRY.

44.
1. Clouds and darkness round about Thee, For a sea - son veil Thy face;
2. O! re-buke me not in an - ger; Suf - fer not my faith to fail;
Still I trust and can - not doubt Thee, Je-sus full of truth and grace;
Let not pain, temp-ta - tion, languor, O'er my strug-gling heart prevail;
Rest - ing on Thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.
Hold- ing fast Thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

45. THE HEALING FOUNTAIN.

1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows for every thirsty soul,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the lost, a refuge find.
Health, this fountain will restore;
He that drinks need thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful; he will never
Break his cov'nant seal'd in blood;
Sign'd when our Redeemer died;
By the Spirit ratified.

S. J. VAIL.

16. 1. Yes! since God himself has said it, On the promise I re - ly;
His good word demands my cre-dit, What can un - be - lief re - ply?
Ritard.
He is strong, and can ful - fill; He is true, and therefore will.

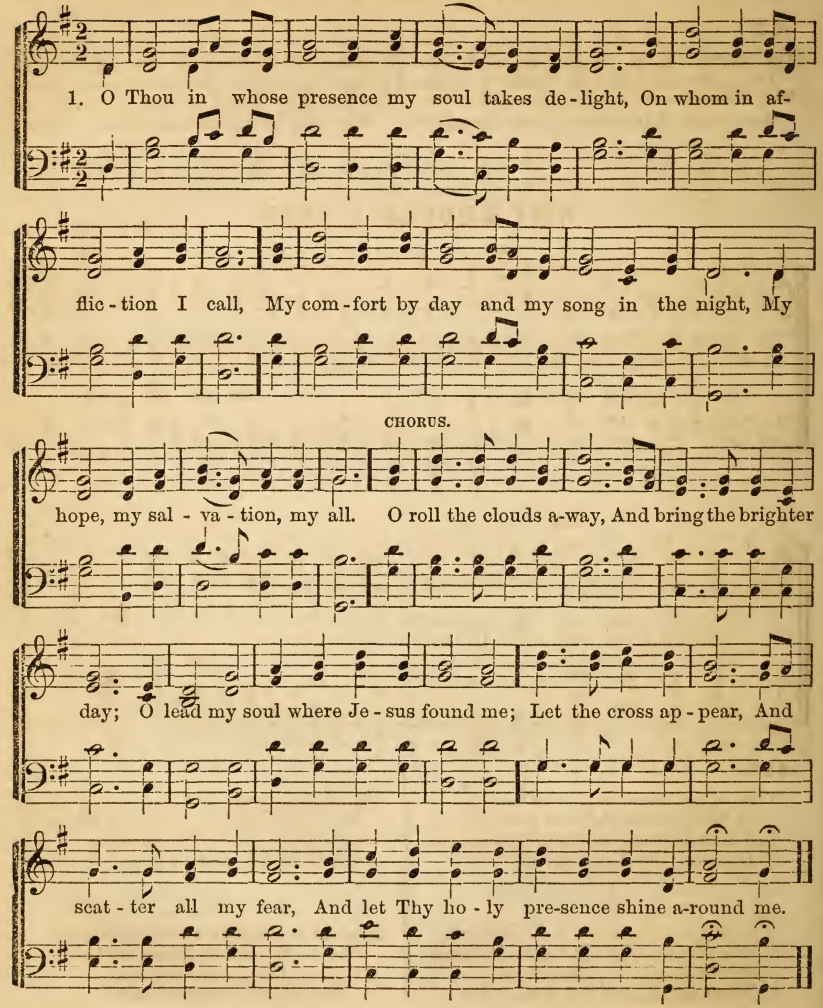
2 As to all the doubts and questions
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's sly suggestions,
And I need no answer give;
He would fain destroy my hope,
But the promise bears it up.

3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face by prayer.
After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

4 In my Saviour's intercession,
Therefore I will still confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd, but thou hast died.
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

ROLL THE CLOUDS AWAY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-
flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My
CHORUS.
hope, my sal-va-tion, my all. O roll the clouds a-way, And bring the brighter
day; O lead my soul where Je-sus found me; Let the cross ap-pear, And
scat-ter all my fear, And let Thy ho-ly pre-sence shine a-round me.

47.

2.

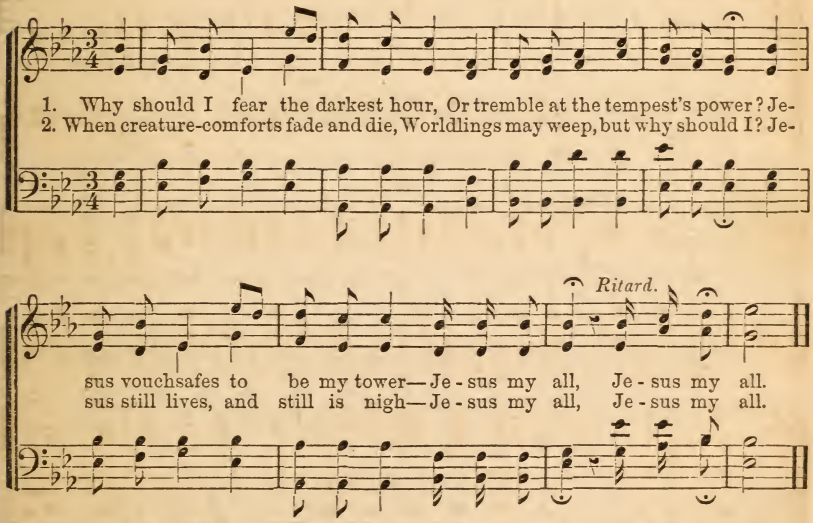
Oh, why should I wander an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3.

Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart;
And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR.

S. J. VAIL.


1. Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the tempest's power? Je-
2. When creature-comforts fade and die, Worldlings may weep, but why should I? Je-
Ritard.
sus vouchsafes to be my tower—Je - sus my all, Je - sus my all.
sus still lives, and still is nigh—Je - sus my all, Je - sus my all.

48.

3.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide—
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

4.

Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address;
For Jesus is my righteousness—
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

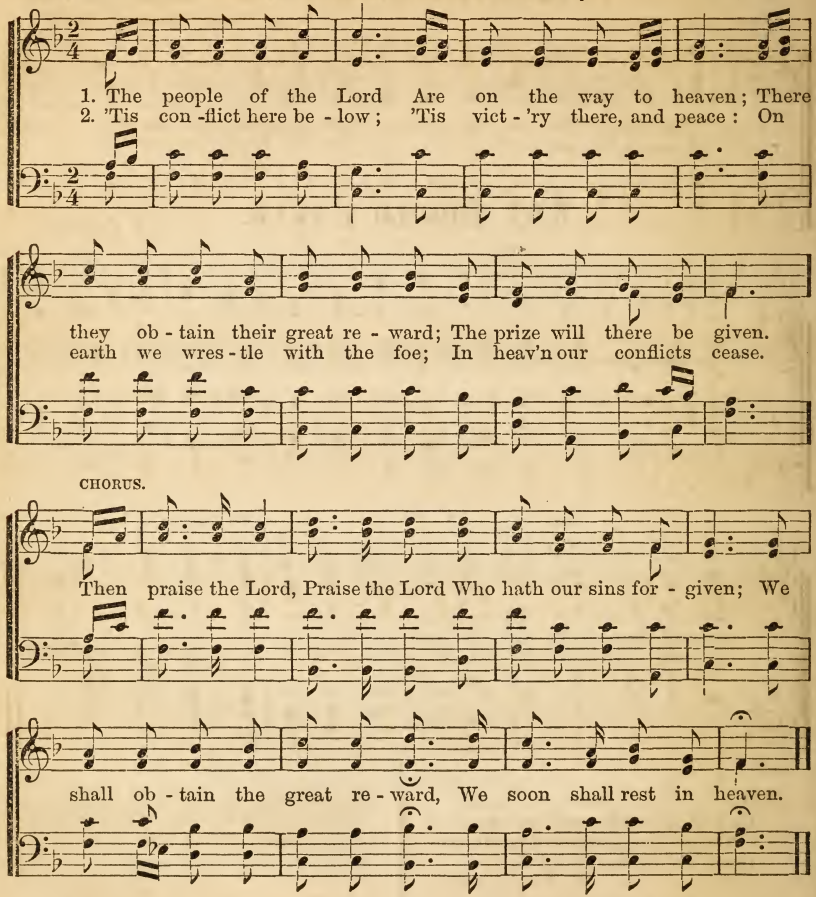
5.

Tho' faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above—
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

6.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine—
Jesus my all, Jesus my all.

THE GREAT REWARD.

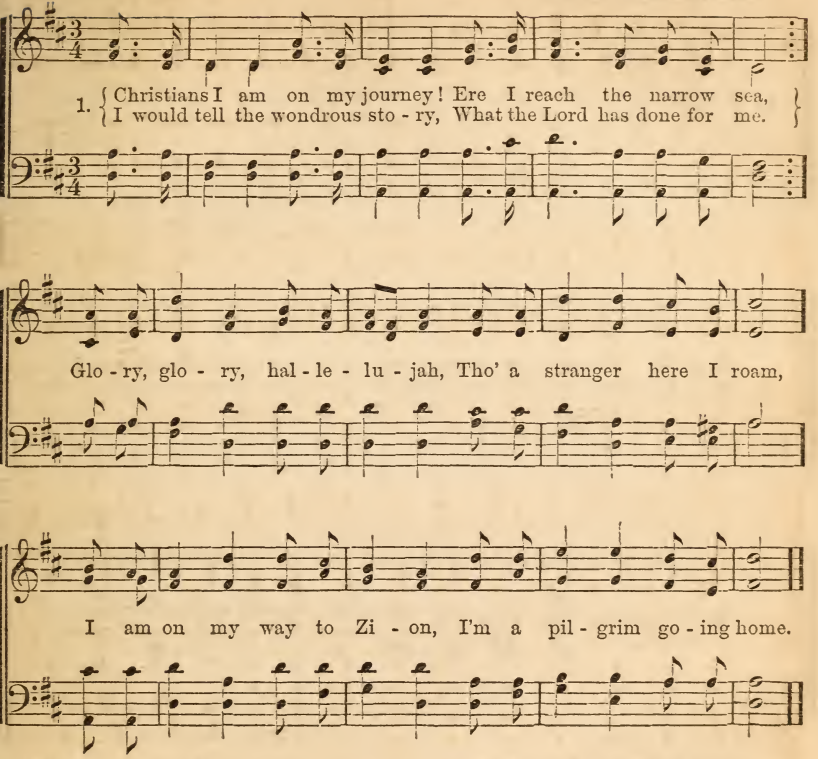
S. J. VAIL.

1. The people of the Lord Are on the way to heaven; There
2. 'Tis con-flict here be-low; 'Tis vict-'ry there, and peace: On
they ob-tain their great re-ward; The prize will there be given.
earth we wres-tle with the foe; In heav'n our conflicts cease.
CHORUS.
Then praise the Lord, Praise the Lord Who hath our sins for-given; We
shall ob-tain the great re-ward, We soon shall rest in heaven.

49.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love. *Cho.*

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there. *Cho.*

From "PRAISES OF JESUS."


1. Christians I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam,
I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.

50.

2.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Glory, glory, &c.

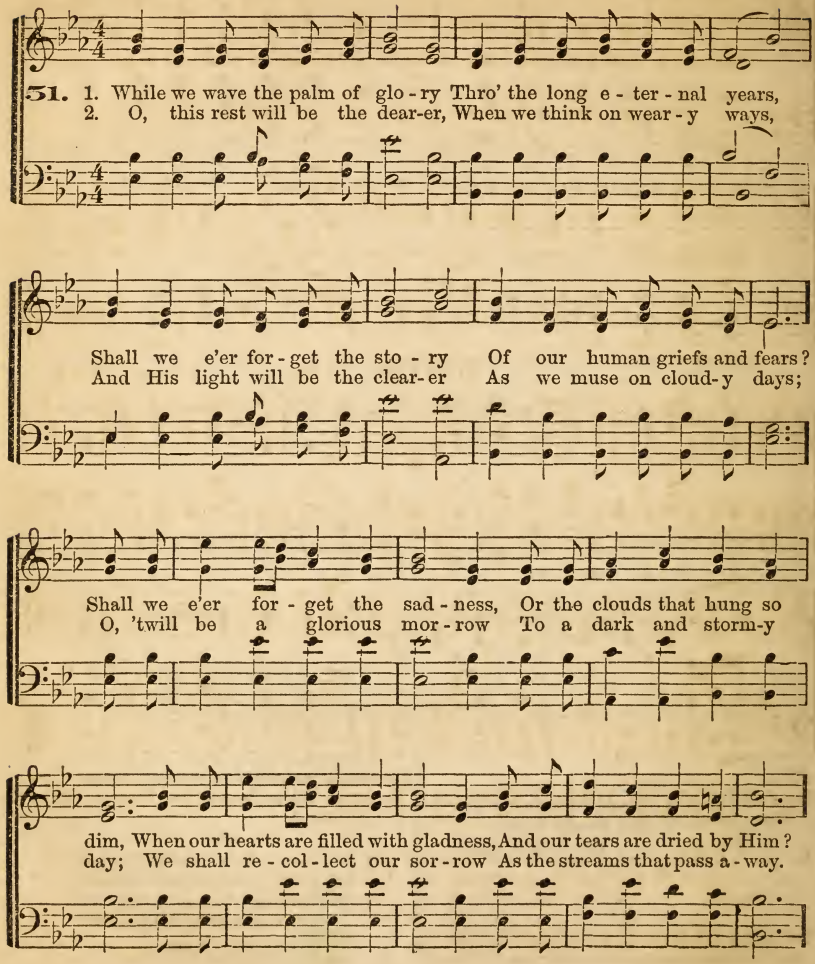
3.

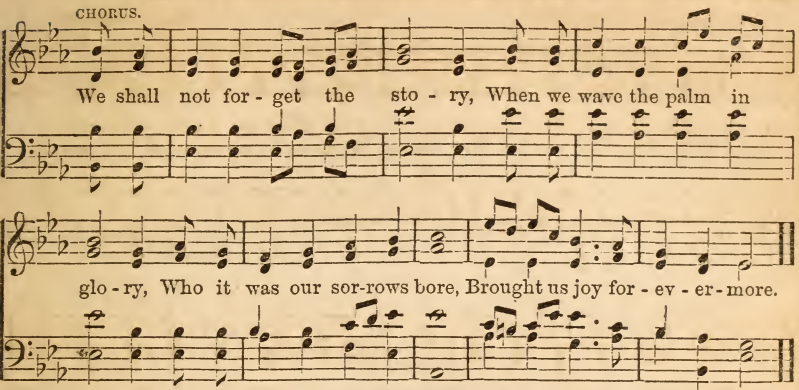
Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Glory, glory, &c.

4.

I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore.
Glory, glory, &c.

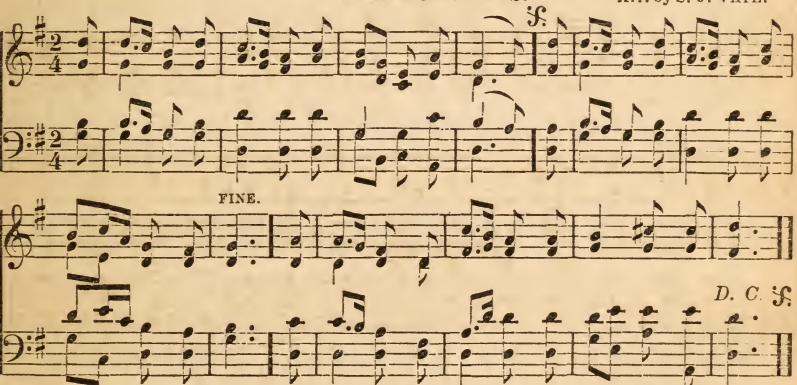
WE SHALL NOT FORGET THE STORY.

Words by Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. Rev. R. LOWRY.

51. 1. While we wave the palm of glo - ry Thro' the long e - ter - nal years,
2. O, this rest will be the dear-er, When we think on wear - y ways,
Shall we e'er for - get the sto - ry Of our human griefs and fears?
And His light will be the clear-er As we muse on cloud-y days;
Shall we e'er for - get the sad - ness, Or the clouds that hung so
O, 'twill be a glorious mor - row To a dark and storm-y
dim, When our hearts are filled with gladness, And our tears are dried by Him?
day; We shall re - col - lect our sor - row As the streams that pass a - way.



HINTON. 11s.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



52.

1.

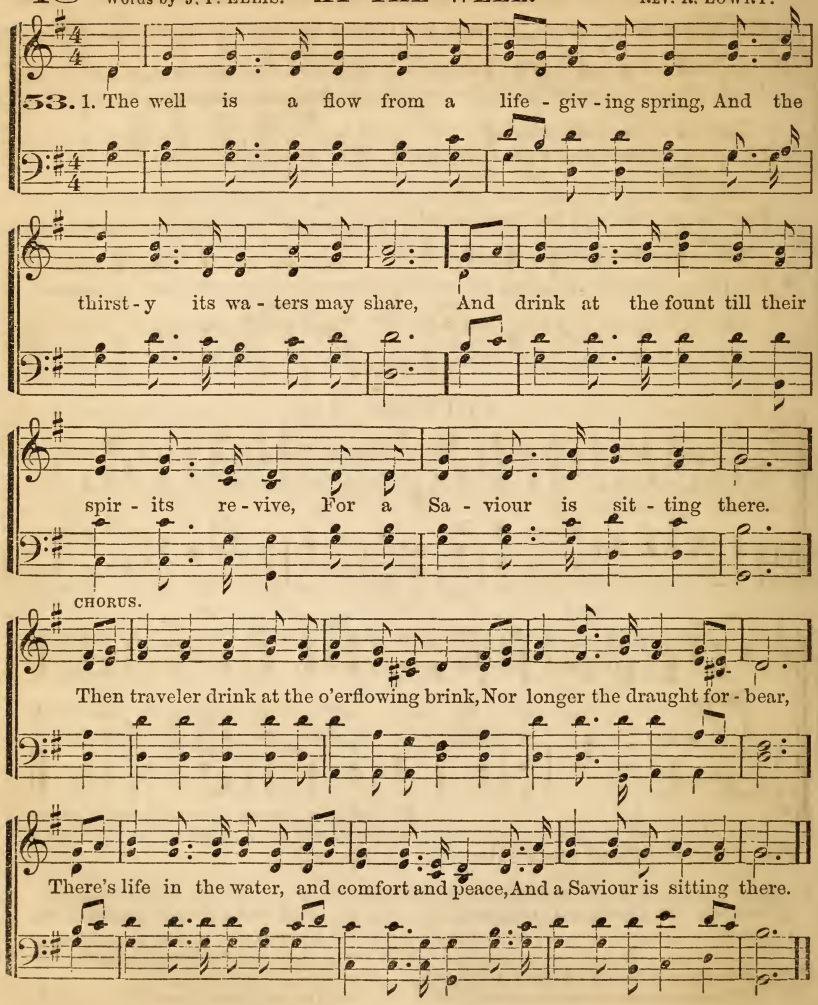
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

48 Words by J. P. ELLIS. **AT THE WELL.** REV. R. LOWRY.

53. 1. The well is a flow from a life - giv - ing spring, And the
thirst - y its wa - ters may share, And drink at the fount till their
spir - its re - vive, For a Sa - viour is sit - ting there.
CHORUS.
Then traveler drink at the o'erflowing brink, Nor longer the draught for - bear,
There's life in the water, and comfort and peace, And a Saviour is sitting there.

2 The homes of the needy, afflicted and lone,
And the laden ones sinking with care,
Are fountains where kindness may look and discern,
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*

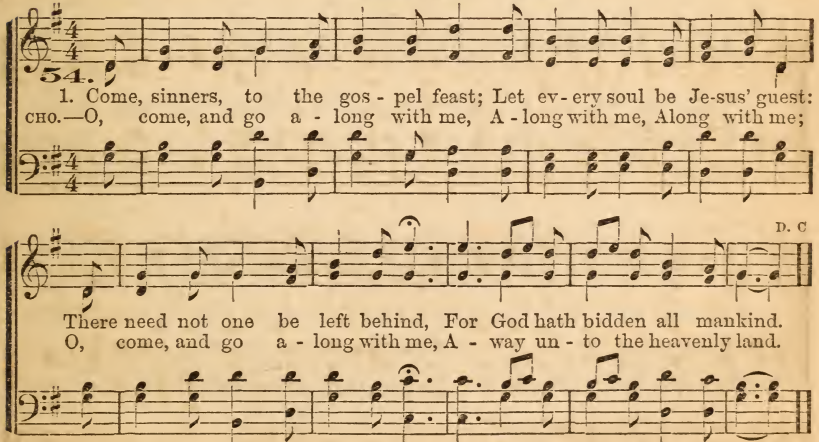
3 The bed of the sick, and the dying and dead,
And the hovels of want and despair,
Uncover the well, and the yearning may prove
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*

4 The prison, though dark, may be darker in men,
And its comforts be barren and bare;
But he that can cherish the fallen will find
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho*

5 He drinks who will give to the thirsty a drink;
And he gains who a kindness will spare;
The heart is refreshed that diffuses its love,
For a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho.*

6 The deserts of life may be gardens of peace,
And their jewels be precious and rare,
For angels are waiting approaches to tell
That a Saviour is sitting there. *Cho*

HESTON. L. M.


54.
1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - ery soul be Je-sus' guest:
CHO.—O, come, and go a - long with me, A - long with me, Along with me;
D. C
There need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.
O, come, and go a - long with me, A - way un - to the heavenly land.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now. *Cho.*

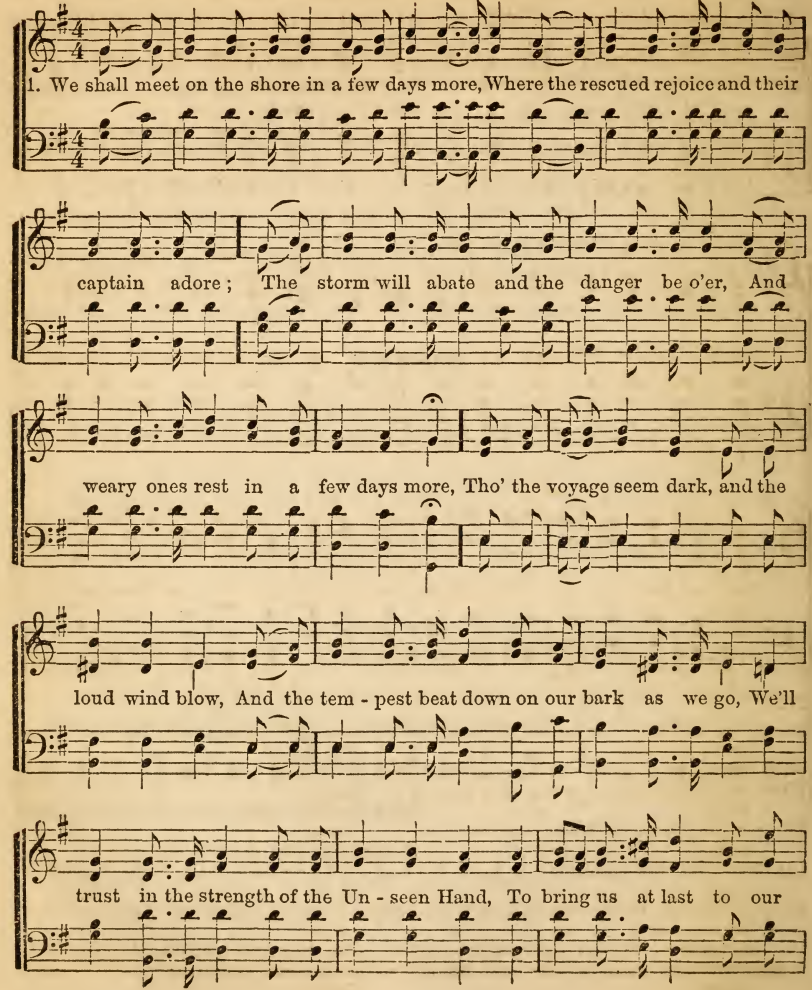
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find. *Cho.*

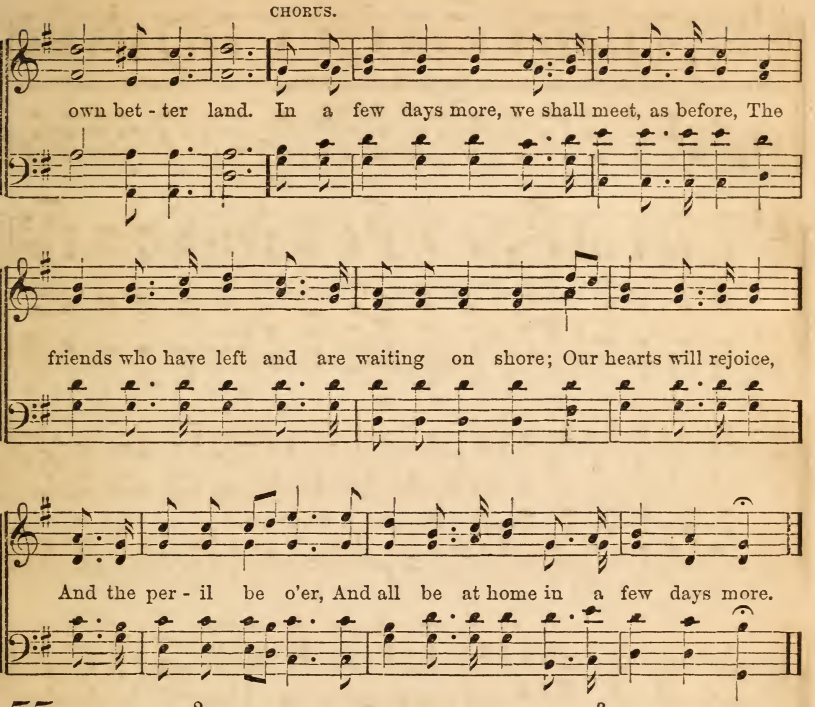
4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain. *Cho.*

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace. *Cho.*

J. P. ELLIS.

IN A FEW DAYS MORE.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. We shall meet on the shore in a few days more, Where the rescued rejoice and their
captain adore; The storm will abate and the danger be o'er, And
weary ones rest in a few days more, Tho' the voyage seem dark, and the
loud wind blow, And the tem - pest beat down on our bark as we go, We'll
trust in the strength of the Un - seen Hand, To bring us at last to our


CHORUS.
own bet - ter land. In a few days more, we shall meet, as before, The
friends who have left and are waiting on shore; Our hearts will rejoice,
And the per - il be o'er, And all be at home in a few days more.

55.

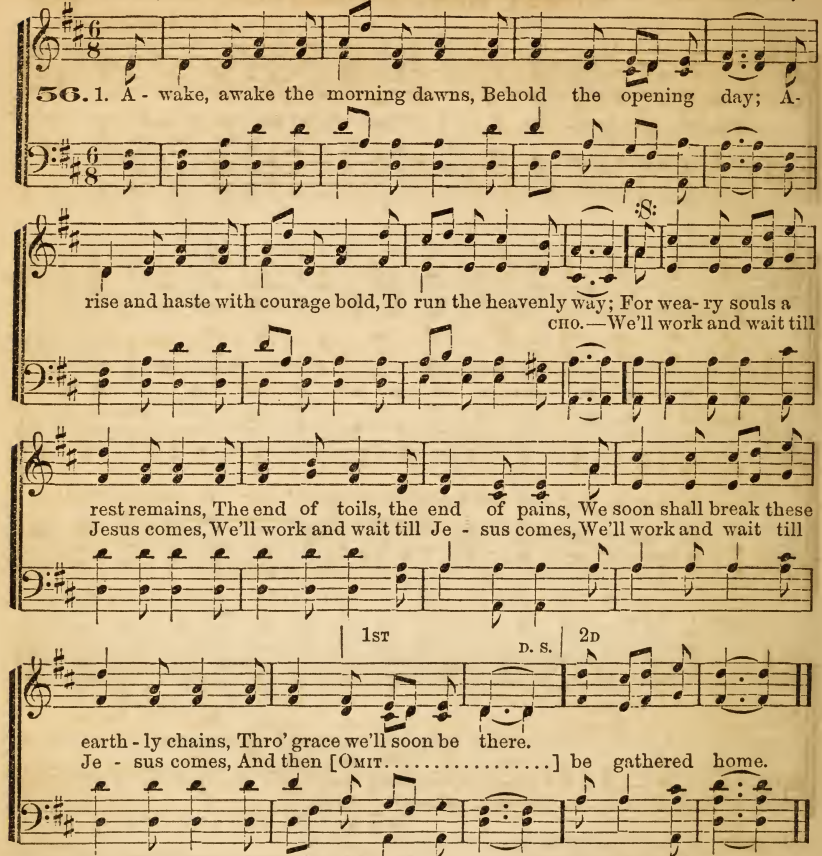
2.

Should the night gather darker when nearer the morn,
We'll cheerfully toil and our labor adorn;
What matters the surge or the wild waves roar,
When we know we shall rest in a few days more?
Let the vessel ride onward, nor heed the blast;
Keep straight on the course and we'll anchor at last;
Our pilot is true, and his word shall stand,
A guide o'er the main to our own better land.

3.

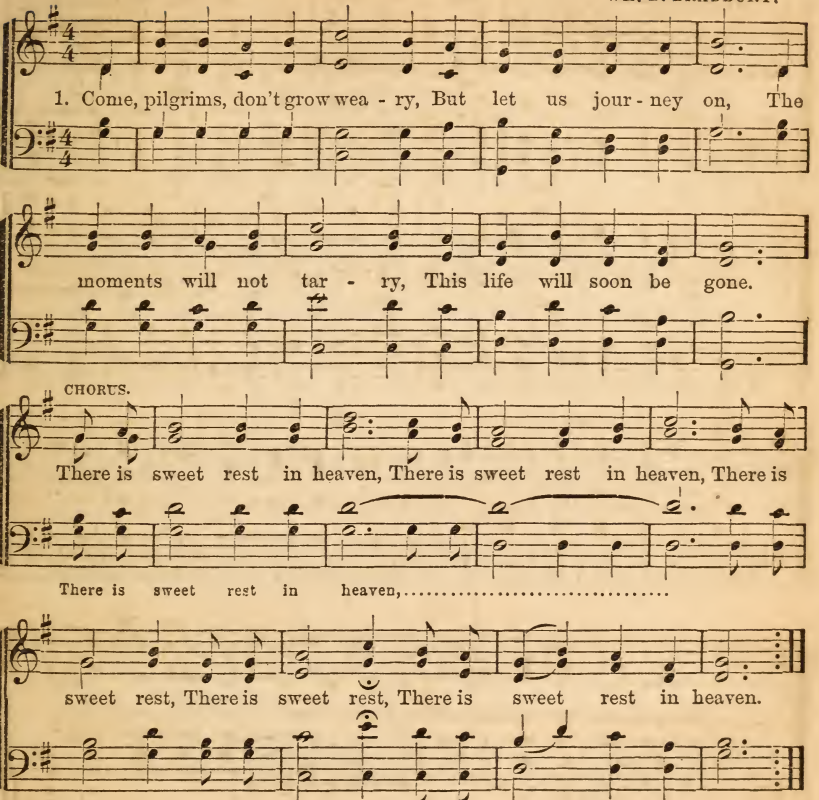
The morn will appear, and the mists on the deep,
Will roll from the billows, forever to sleep;
And over the waves we shall see on the shore
A haven of rest in a few days more;
And the day will be long in the realms of light;
Bright morning will follow the pathway of night;
We'll sing a new song on the silvery strand,
That borders the plains of our own better land.

52 Words by FANNY CROSBY. **SOON BE THERE.** ALEX. VAN ALSTYNE.


56. 1. A - wake, awake the morning dawns, Behold the opening day; A-
:S:
rise and haste with courage bold, To run the heavenly way; For wea- ry souls a
CHO.—We'll work and wait till
rest remains, The end of toils, the end of pains, We soon shall break these
Jesus comes, We'll work and wait till Je - sus comes, We'll work and wait till
1ST
D. S.
2D
earth - ly chains, Thro' grace we'll soon be there.
Je - sus comes, And then [OMIT.....] be gathered home.

2 Rejoice in hope, O trembling soul,
Lift up thy tearful eyes,
And in the strength of Christ, the Lord,
Press onward to the prize.
A crown of gold, a robe of white.
A victor palm of glory bright,
Are waiting in that world of light,
Thro' grace we'll soon be there. *Cho.*

3 O may the fruits of joy and peace
Within our souls abound,
And in the vineyard of the Lord
His children still be found;
Then safely on the other shore,
Our trials past our journey o'er,
We'll sing with dear ones gone before,
Praise God! we're home at last. *Cho.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, pilgrims, don't grow wea - ry, But let us jour - ney on, The
moments will not tar - ry, This life will soon be gone.
CHORUS.
There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is
There is sweet rest in heaven,.....
sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

57.

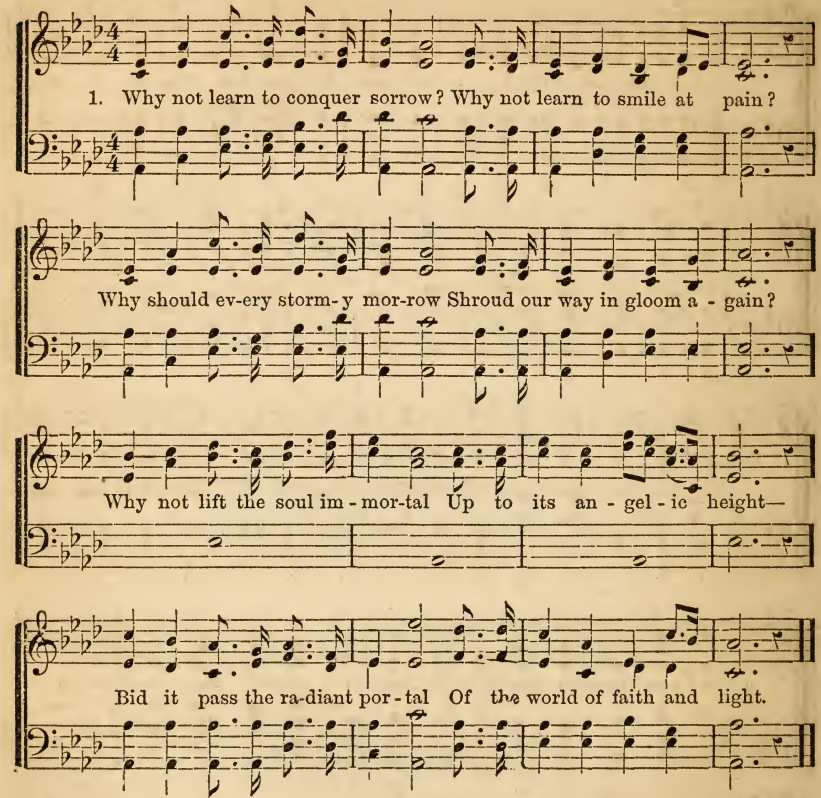
2 We've listed for the army,
We've listed for the war;
We'll fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer. *Cho.*

3 Our Captain 's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up in endless glory,
He's fitted up our home. *Cho.*

4 And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction
His "present help" to lend. *Cho.*

5 Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood,
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good. *Cho.*

54 CONQUER AND REST.

Words by Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR S. J. VAIL.

1. Why not learn to conquer sorrow? Why not learn to smile at pain?
Why should ev-ery storm-y mor-row Shroud our way in gloom a - gain?
Why not lift the soul im - mor-tal Up to its an - gel - ic height—
Bid it pass the ra-diant por - tal Of the world of faith and light.

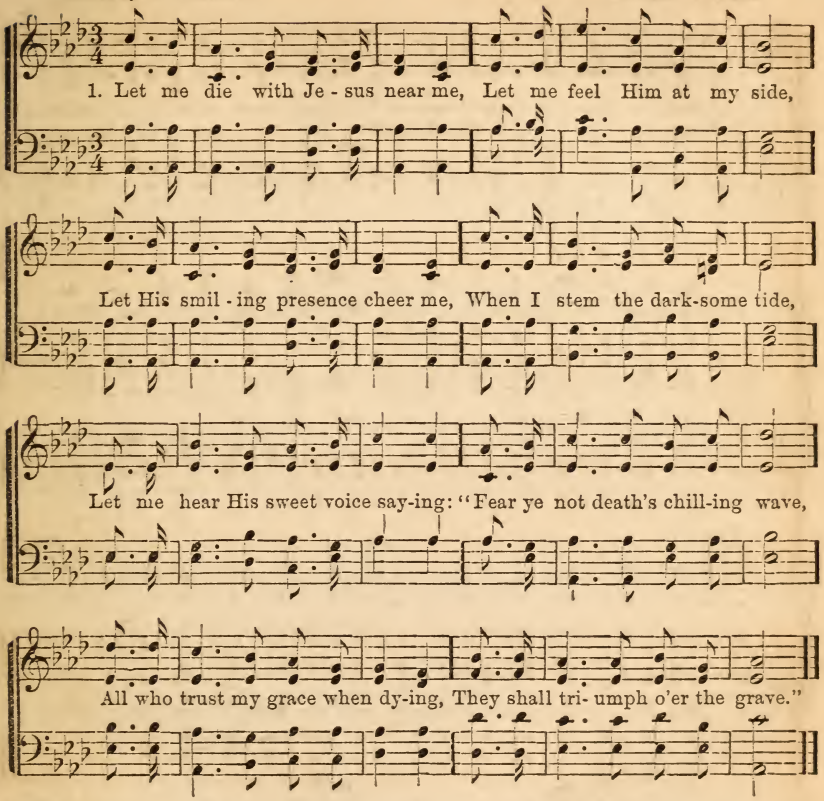
58.

2.

O! there is another being
All about us, all above,
Hid from mortal sense or seeing
Save the nameless sense of love.
Not the love that dies like roses,
When the frost-fire scathes the sod,
But th'eternal rest that closes
Round the soul that dwells in God.

3.

Into this great habitation
Never tear or sorrow came,
Oh! it is the new creation,
God its light, his love its flame.
Up, O soul! and dwell forever,
On this hidden, glorious shore;
Chilled by cloud-shade never, never,
Up and dwell forevermore.

Words by W. BENNETT. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Let me die with Je - sus near me, Let me feel Him at my side,
Let His smil - ing presence cheer me, When I stem the dark-some tide,
Let me hear His sweet voice say-ing: "Fear ye not death's chill-ing wave,
All who trust my grace when dy-ing, They shall tri- umph o'er the grave."

59.

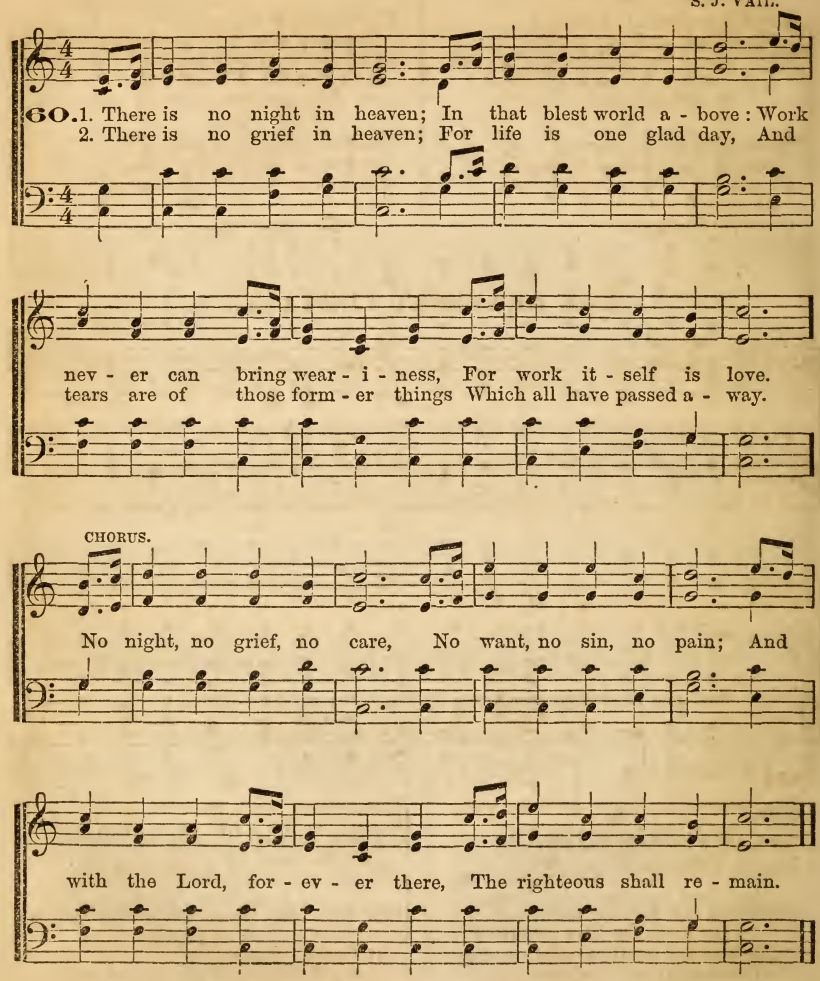
2.

Let the angels hover round me,
On bright pinions let them come,
When the shadows close around me,
Let them bear my spirit home:
Bear me safe beyond the river,
To the heavenly land so fair,
There to dwell with Christ forever,
His eternal rest to share.

3.

There, with all the shining legions,
Bright amid the radiant throng,
Ranging o'er the blissful regions,
There I'll raise my highest song.
To the Lamb whose blood redeem'd me,
Let the strain of rapture swell,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
For He doeth all things well.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

S. J. VAIL.

60. 1. There is no night in heaven; In that blest world a - bove: Work
2. There is no grief in heaven; For life is one glad day, And
nev - er can bring wear - i - ness, For work it - self is love.
tears are of those form - er things Which all have passed a - way.
CHORUS.
No night, no grief, no care, No want, no sin, no pain; And
with the Lord, for - ev - er there, The righteous shall re - main.

3.
There is no want in heaven ;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
No night, &c.

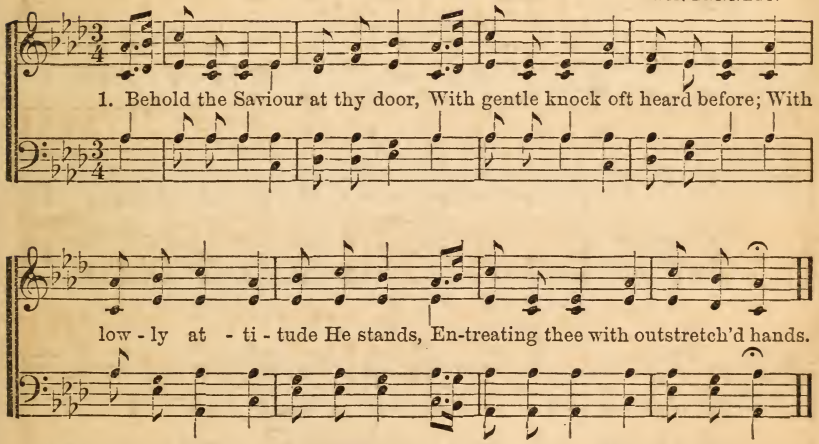
4.
There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessed throng !
All holy are their spotless robes,
All holy is their song.
No night, &c.

5.
There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain the shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
No night, &c.

6.
There is no death in heaven ;
But when the christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies !
No night, &c.

THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

WM. BENNETT.


1. Behold the Saviour at thy door, With gentle knock oft heard before; With
low - ly at - ti - tude He stands, En-treating thee with outstretch'd hands.

61.

2.
His locks with nightly dews are wet,
But though so late He lingers yet;
No earthly friend would tarry so,
If once denied he'd quickly go.

3.
But Jesus is a friend indeed,
Yes, sinner, just the friend you need;
So patient and so kind is He,
That man of grief from Calvary.

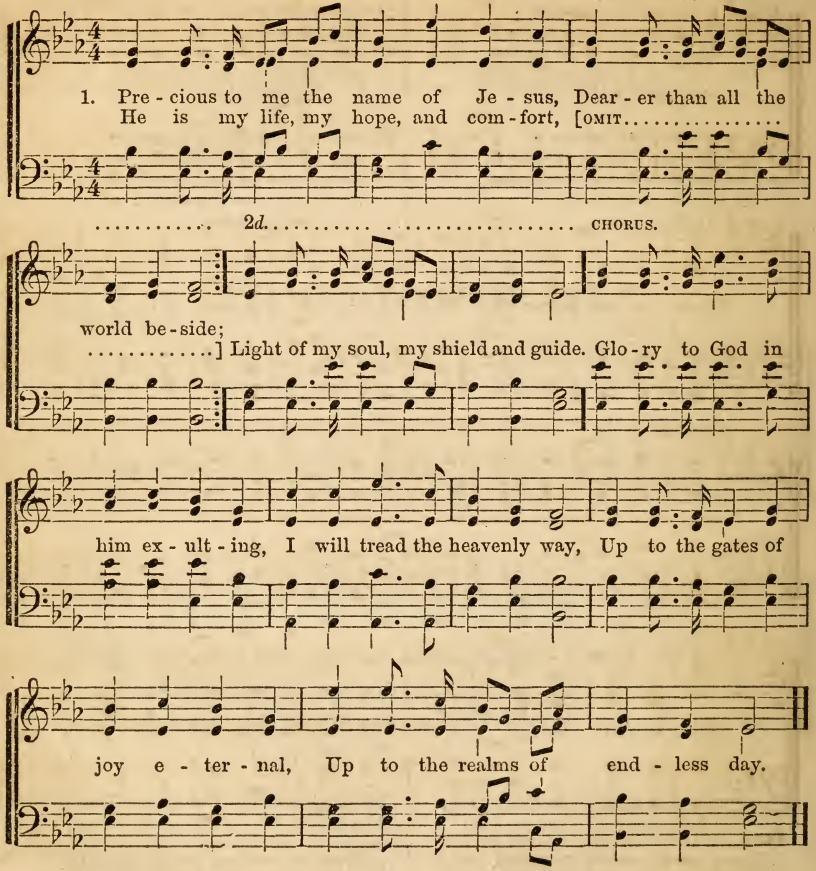
4.
Rise, sinner, open wide the door,
Nor grieve His gentle spirit more ;
Expel the foul usuper sin,
And bid the Prince of life come in.

5.
He'll sup with thee and thou shalt prove
The fullness of His dying love;
The Father too, shall be thy guest,
And freed from sin, thy soul shall rest.

W. B.

PRECIOUS JESUS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

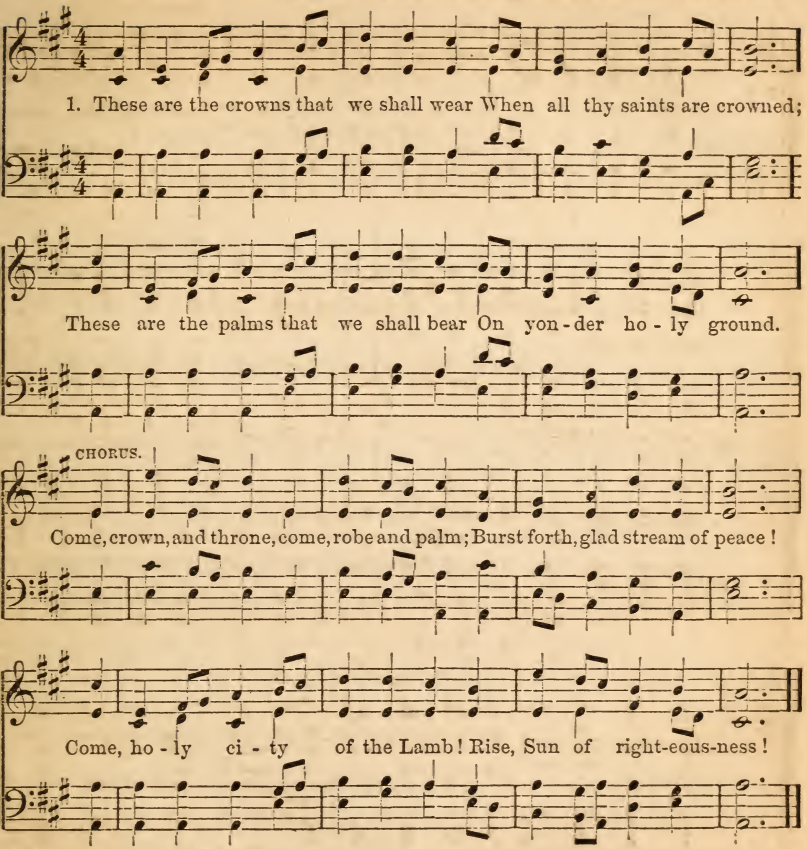
1st.

1. Pre - cious to me the name of Je - sus, Dear - er than all the
He is my life, my hope, and com - fort, [OMIT.....
2d. CHORUS.
world be - side;
.....] Light of my soul, my shield and guide. Glo - ry to God in
him ex - ult - ing, I will tread the heavenly way, Up to the gates of
joy e - ter - nal, Up to the realms of end - less day.

62.

2.

Trials may come, and cares oppress me,
Still to the Saviour's cross I'll flee—
Sheltered by him in every danger,
Jesus the Lord who died for me. *Cho.*

3.

Grant me thy blessing, O my Father,
Closer to thee, my soul unite,
Soon I shall pass the vale of sorrow—
Soon will my faith be lost in sight. *Cho.*

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear On yon-der ho-ly ground.
CHORUS.
Come, crown, and throne, come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, ho-ly ci-ty of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of right-eous-ness!

63.

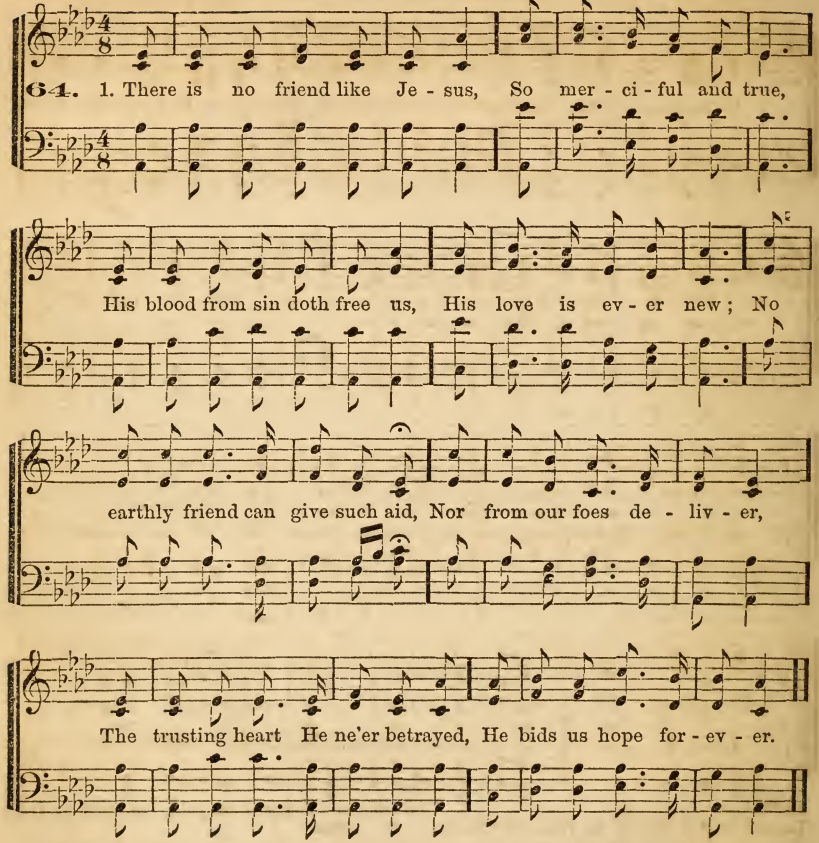
2.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3.

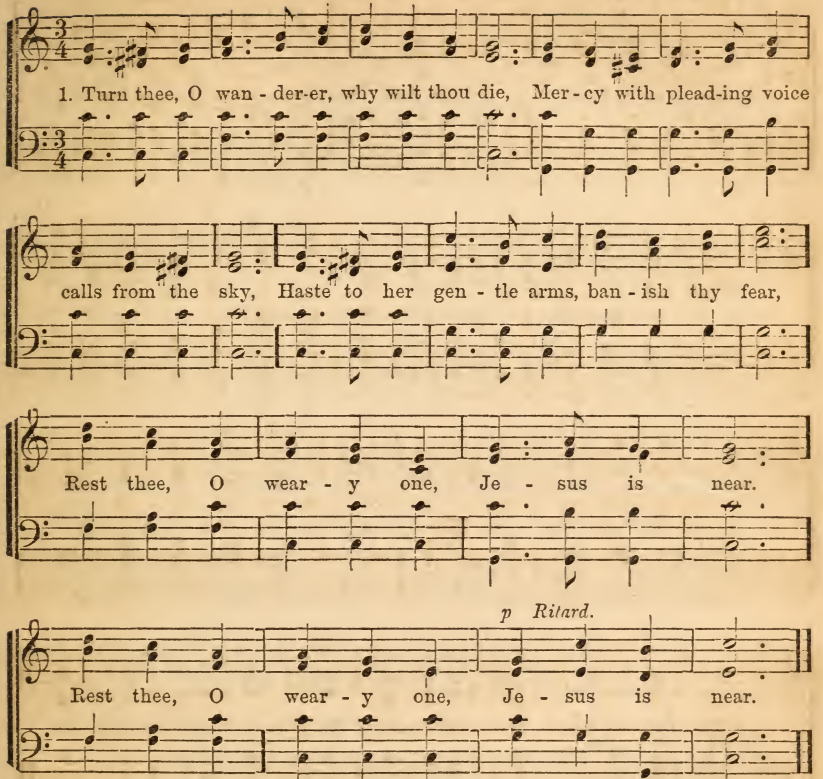
That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

4.

Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view. BONAR.

64. 1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So mer - ci - ful and true,
His blood from sin doth free us, His love is ev - er new; No
earthly friend can give such aid, Nor from our foes de - liv - er,
The trusting heart He ne'er betrayed, He bids us hope for - ev - er.

2 O sinner, come to Jesus,
Give now thy wand'rings o'er,
And never, never, never
Resist His spirit more.
Put far away vile unbelief,
From guilty passions sever,
And though thou art of sinners chief,
He'll give thee joy forever.

3 Come weary, heavy laden,
He will thy burden bear,
Cheer all thy lonely pathway,
And all thy sorrows share.
He'll take thee at life's parting breath,
When earthly friendships sever,
He'll make thee conqueror over death,
And crown thee His forever.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Turn thee, O wan - der-er, why wilt thou die, Mer - cy with plead-ing voice
calls from the sky, Haste to her gen - tle arms, ban - ish thy fear,
Rest thee, O wear - y one, Je - sus is near.
p Ritard.
Rest thee, O wear - y one, Je - sus is near.

65.

2.

Lonely and desolate, far from thy home,
Why from thy Father's house, why wilt thou roam,
Lovingly, tenderly falls on thy ear,
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is near.

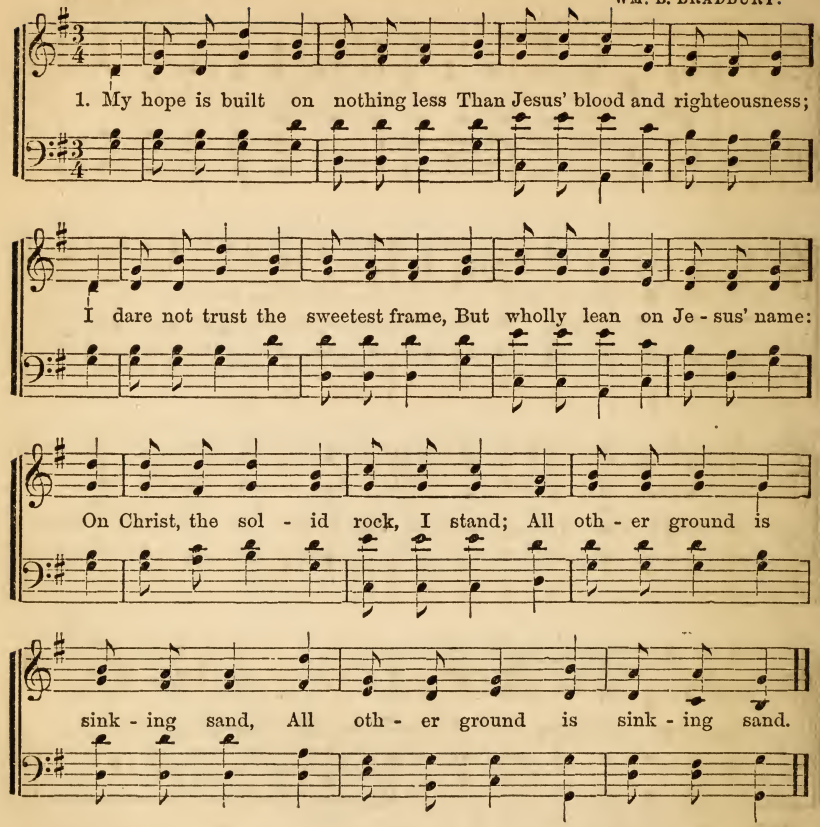
3.

Life is a morning dream, passing away,
Come to the Lamb of God, why, why delay,
Come to the precious fold, watched by his care,
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is there.

4.

Life is a desert wild mantled in woe,
Earth has no joy for thee, where wilt thou go?
Lift up thy drooping heart, banish thy fear,
Rest thee, O weary one, Jesus is near.

THE SOLID ROCK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name:
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

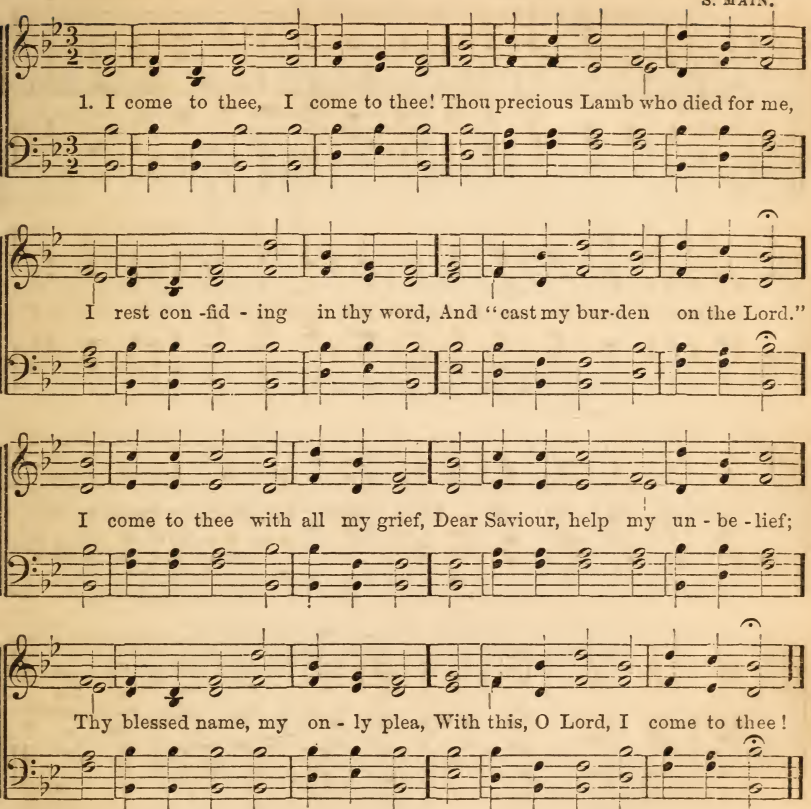
66.

2.

When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3.

His oath, his Covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
Where all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

S. MAIN.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee! Thou precious Lamb who died for me,
I rest con-fid-ing in thy word, And "cast my bur-den on the Lord."
I come to thee with all my grief, Dear Saviour, help my un-be-lief;
Thy blessed name, my on-ly plea, With this, O Lord, I come to thee!

67.

2.

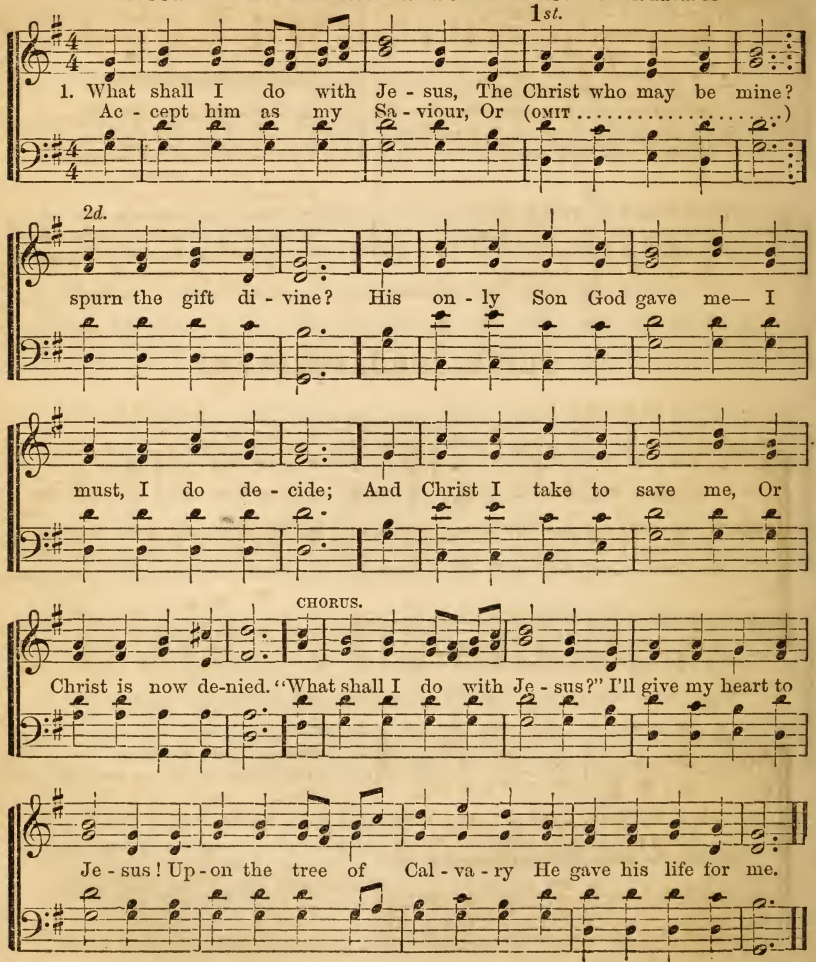
I come to thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour,
I come to thee, thro' storm and shade—
For thou hast said, "be not afraid."
I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubts and fears;
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

3.

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies,
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet—
O wondrous love! O joy divine!
To feel thee near and call thee mine!
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

Words by S. D. PHELPS, D. D. Rev. R. LOWRY.

"WHAT SHALL I DO THEN WITH JESUS WHICH IS CALLED CHRIST?"—MATT. xxvii. 22.

1st.
1. What shall I do with Je - sus, The Christ who may be mine?
Ac - cept him as my Sa - viour, Or (OMIT .....)
2d.
spurn the gift di - vine? His on - ly Son God gave me— I
must, I do de - cide; And Christ I take to save me, Or
CHORUS.
Christ is now de-nied. "What shall I do with Je - sus?" I'll give my heart to
Je - sus! Up - on the tree of Cal - va - ry He gave his life for me.

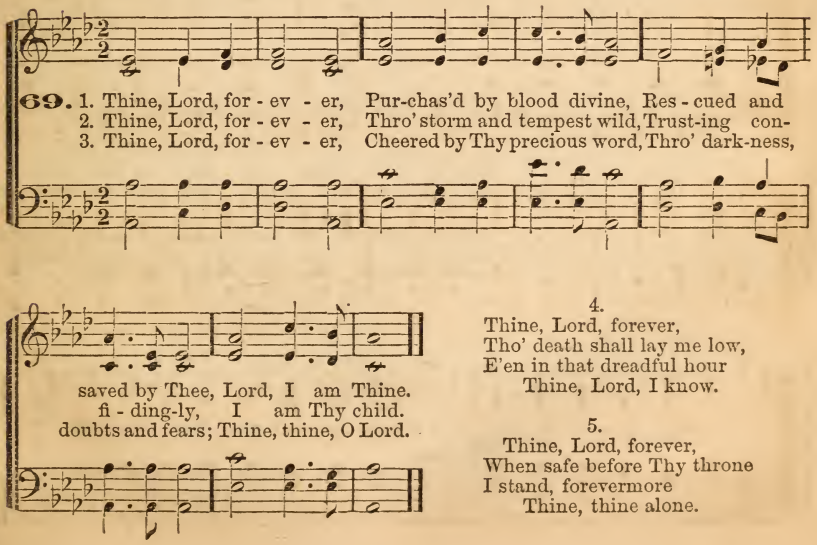
68.

2.
What shall I do with Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God?
I cast my soul upon him—
He bathes it in his blood;
I'll gratefully confess him
Before the vile and just;
My ransomed powers shall bless him,
My sure and only trust.

3.
What shall I do with Jesus?
For him the cross I'll take;
All earthly losses suffer,
Ere I the Lord forsake.
In scenes of joy and sighing
His love shall be the same;
While living and in dying
I'll glory in his name.

4.
What now I do with Jesus,
When this brief life is past,
With me will be remembered
Before his bar at last.
He will not then disown me
With those who hate and scoff;
At his right hand he'll crown me —
He will not cast me off.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

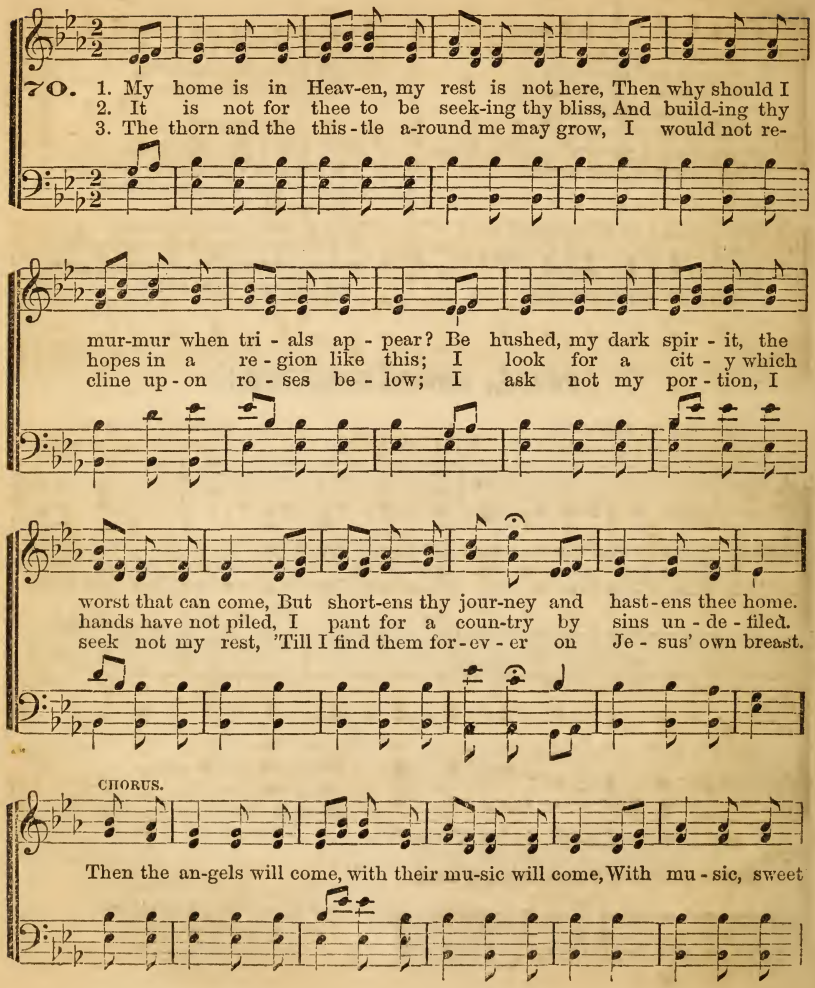
Words by W. BENNETT. HUBERT P. MAIN.

69.
1. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Pur-chas'd by blood divine, Res - cued and
2. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trust-ing con-
3. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Cheered by Thy precious word, Thro' dark-ness,
saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
fi - ding-ly, I am Thy child.
doubts and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.

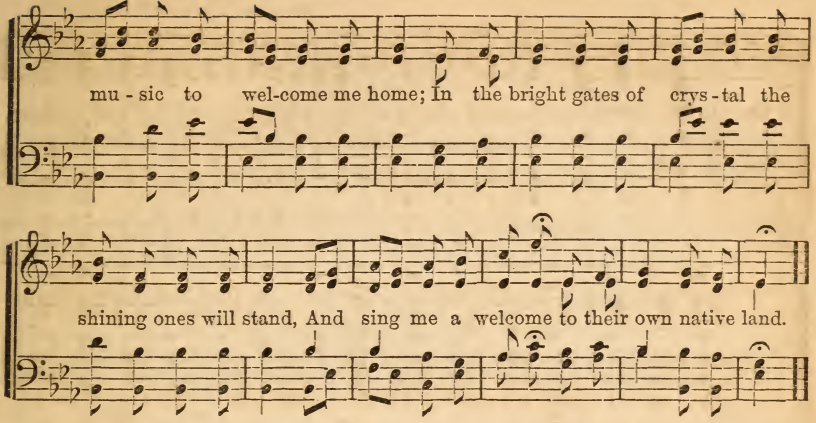
4.
Thine, Lord, forever,
Tho' death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour
Thine, Lord, I know.

5.
Thine, Lord, forever,
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, forevermore
Thine, thine alone.

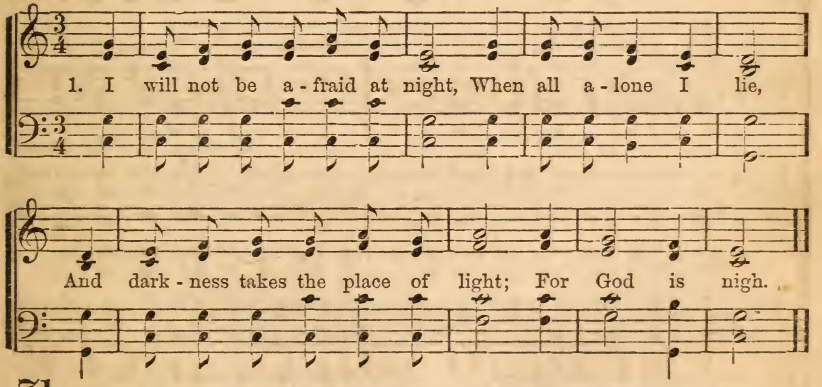
ANGEL'S WELCOME.

Rev. R. LOWRY.


70.
1. My home is in Heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I
2. It is not for thee to be seek-ing thy bliss, And build-ing thy
3. The thorn and the this-tle a-round me may grow, I would not re-
mur-mur when tri-als ap-pear? Be hushed, my dark spir-it, the
hopes in a re-gion like this; I look for a cit-y which
cline up-on ro-ses be-low; I ask not my por-tion, I
worst that can come, But short-ens thy jour-ney and hast-ens thee home.
hands have not piled, I pant for a coun-try by sins un-de-filed.
seek not my rest, 'Till I find them for-ev-er on Je-sus' own breast.
CHORUS.
Then the an-gels will come, with their mu-sic will come, With mu-sic, sweet


mu - sic to wel-come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the
shining ones will stand, And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

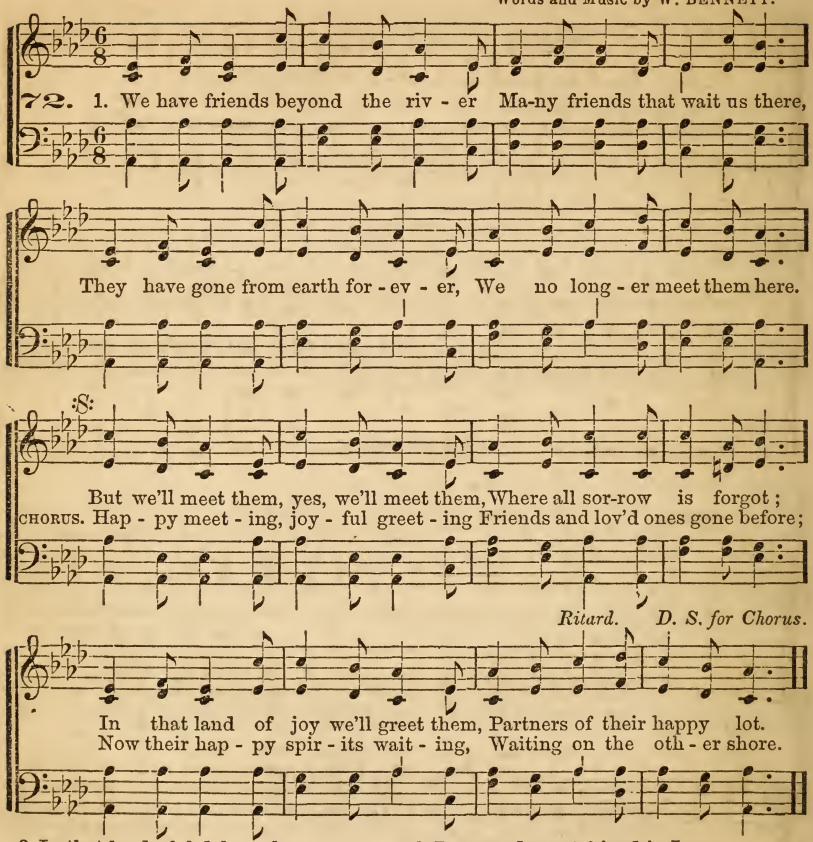
Words by FANNY CROSBY. **TRUSTING.** WM. B. BRADBURY.



71.

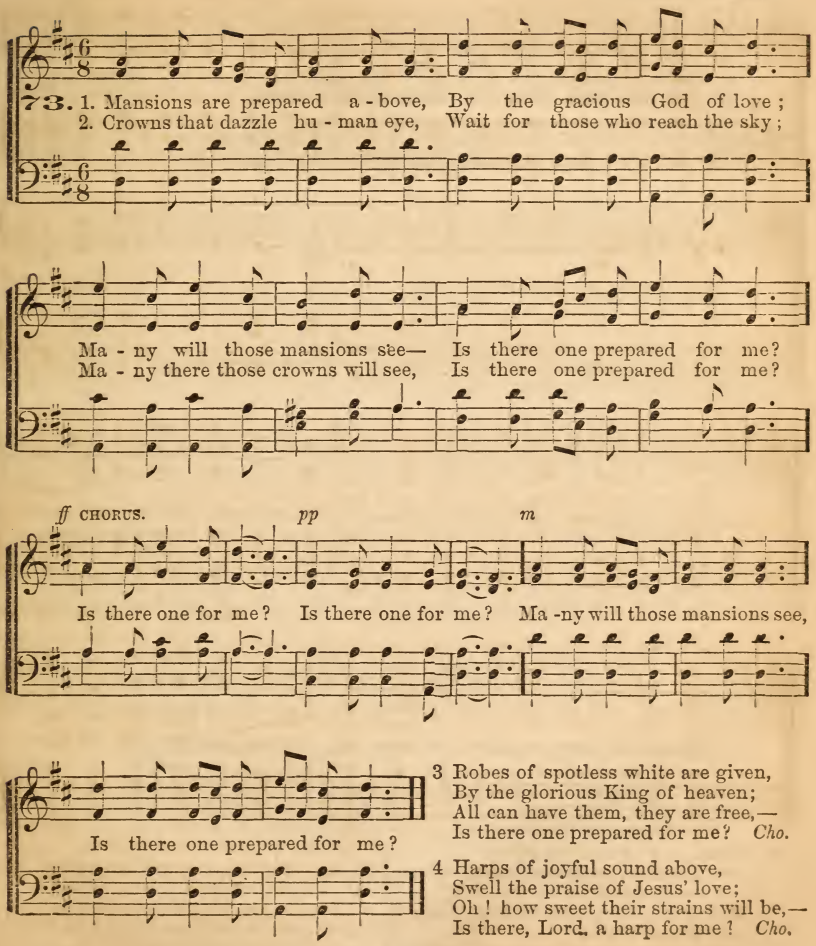
2. His shelt'ring arm supports my head,
   And lovingly he keeps
   A constant watch around my bed;
   God never sleeps.
3. I will not be afraid to hear
   The rolling tempest wild,
   If Jesus whisper in my ear,
   I am his child.
4. I will not be afraid to tread
   The portals of the tomb,
   For Jesus there a light will shed
   To cheer the gloom.

FRIENDS BEYOND THE RIVER.

Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

72. 1. We have friends beyond the riv - er Ma-ny friends that wait us there,
They have gone from earth for - ev - er, We no long - er meet them here.
:S:
But we'll meet them, yes, we'll meet them, Where all sor-row is forgot;
CHORUS. Hap - py meet - ing, joy - ful greet - ing Friends and lov'd ones gone before;
Ritard.
D. S. for Chorus.
In that land of joy we'll greet them, Partners of their happy lot.
Now their hap - py spir - its wait - ing, Waiting on the oth - er shore.

2 In that land of fadeless glory,
Far beyond each mortal care,
There we'll chant salvation's story,
Safe from every sinful snare.
O the prospect!—'tis so cheering,
How it thrills our hearts with love,
Whilst our heavenly home we're nearing,
There to greet our friends above. *Cho.*

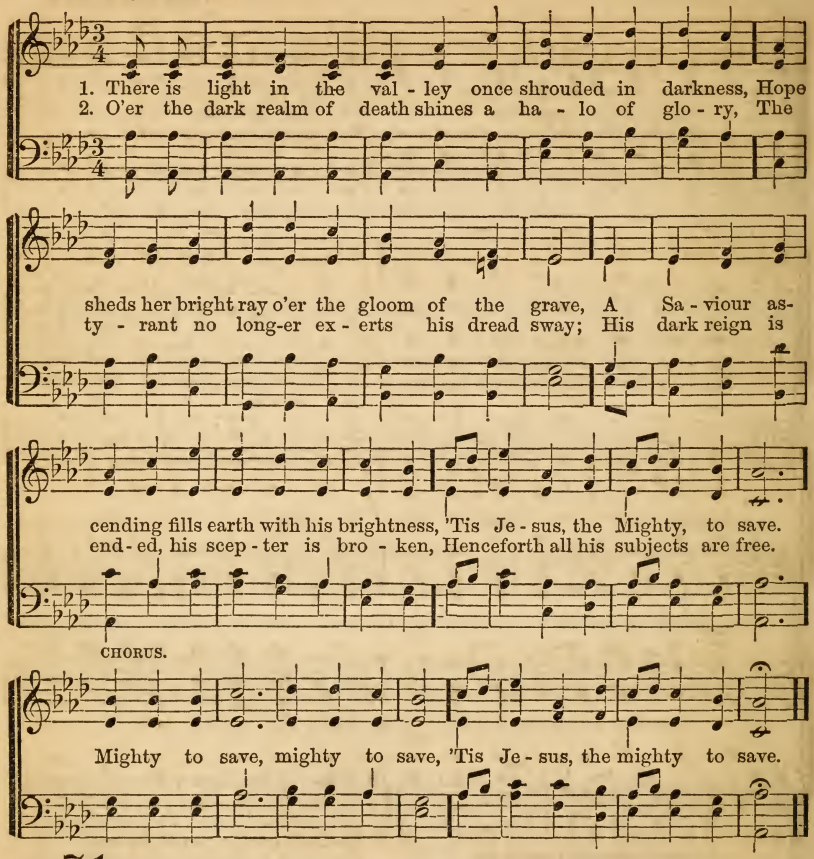
3 But our dearest friend is Jesus,
He who died our souls to win,
Died from bondage to release us,
Died to set us free from sin:
There we'll see Him, and be like Him,
'Mid the shining hosts above,
There we'll worship and adore Him,
Seated on His throne of love. *Cho.*

HUBERT. P. MAIN.

73. 1. Mansions are prepared a - bove, By the gracious God of love ;
2. Crowns that dazzle hu - man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky ;
Ma - ny will those mansions see— Is there one prepared for me?
Ma - ny there those crowns will see, Is there one prepared for me?
ff CHORUS.
pp
m
Is there one for me? Is there one for me? Ma -ny will those mansions see,
Is there one prepared for me?

3 Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me? *Cho.*

4 Harps of joyful sound above,
Swell the praise of Jesus' love;
Oh ! how sweet their strains will be,—
Is there, Lord, a harp for me ! *Cho.*

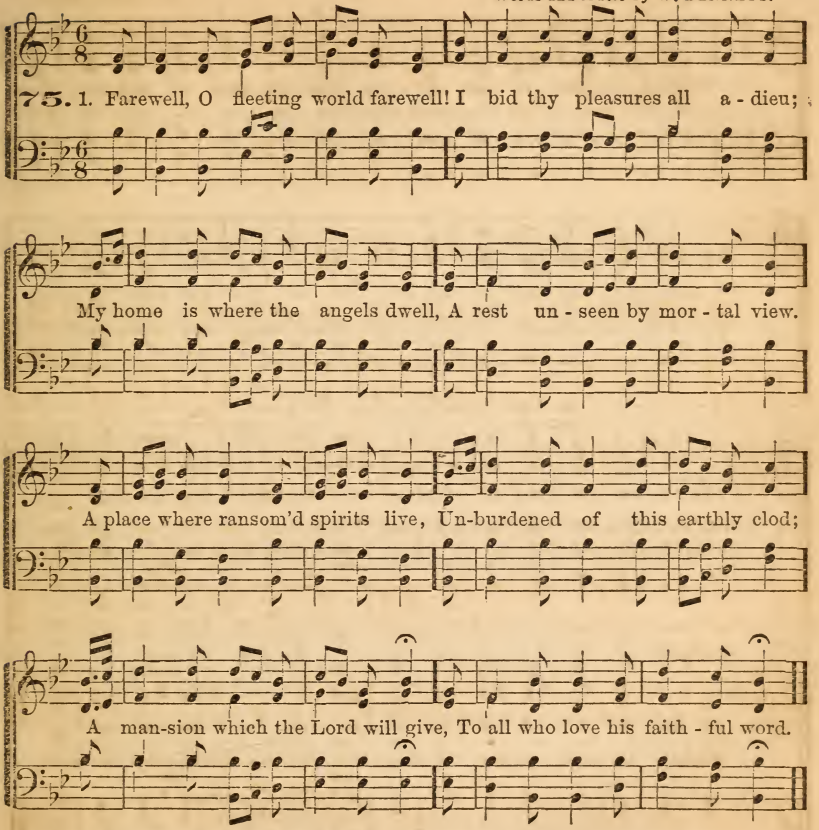
MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by W. BENNETT. HUBERT. P. MAIN.

1. There is light in the val - ley once shrouded in darkness, Hope
2. O'er the dark realm of death shines a ha - lo of glo - ry, The
sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom of the grave, A Sa - viour as-
ty - rant no long-er ex - erts his dread sway; His dark reign is
cending fills earth with his brightness, 'Tis Je - sus, the Mighty, to save.
end - ed, his scep - ter is bro - ken, Henceforth all his subjects are free.
CHORUS.
Mighty to save, mighty to save, 'Tis Je - sus, the mighty to save.

74.

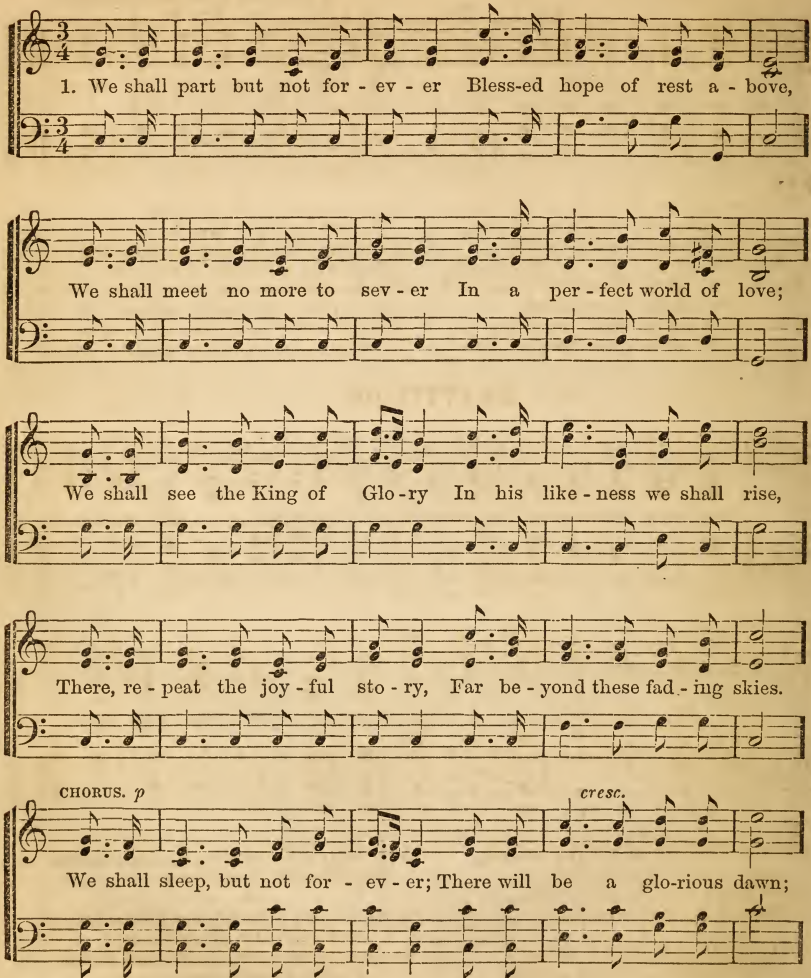
3 Shout aloud ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story,
And sing all ye ransomed from death's dismal thrall,
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory,
For ever restored from the fall. *Cho.*

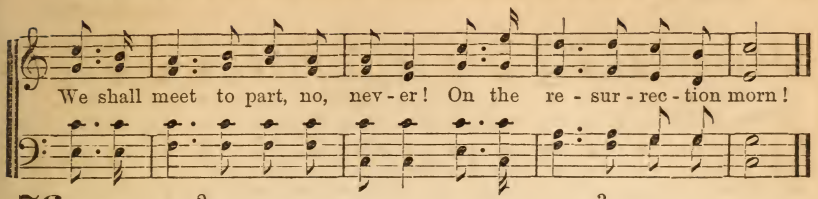
4 There, O there, on the banks of the beautiful river,
Will anthems of rapture unceasingly rise,
While angels and saints reunited for ever,
Shall chant the glad chorus of praise. *Cho.*

Words and Music by W. BENNETT.

75. 1. Farewell, O fleeting world farewell! I bid thy pleasures all a - dieu;
My home is where the angels dwell, A rest un - seen by mor - tal view.
A place where ransom'd spirits live, Un-burdened of this earthly clod;
A man-sion which the Lord will give, To all who love his faith - ful word.

2 Farewell ye scenes of toil and strife,
Since Jesus calls me I must go,
I go to seek that happier life,
Which none but true believers know;
Hinder me not, I may not stay,
Amid the cares and ills of time,
My Saviour calls, I must away,
My home is in a purer clime.

3 O who will go my rest to share,
That bliss immortal souls shall prove
To taste the pleasures flowing there,
From fountains of exhaustless love;
My longing heart leaps at the thought
Of joys that wait-me on that shore,
That treasure which my Saviour bought,
It shall be mine forevermore.

WE SHALL PART, BUT NOT FOREVER. S. J. VAIL.

1. We shall part but not for - ev - er Bless-ed hope of rest a - bove,
We shall meet no more to sev - er In a per - fect world of love;
We shall see the King of Glo - ry In his like - ness we shall rise,
There, re - peat the joy - ful sto - ry, Far be - yond these fad - ing skies.
CHORUS. p
cresc.
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo-rious dawn;



76.

2.

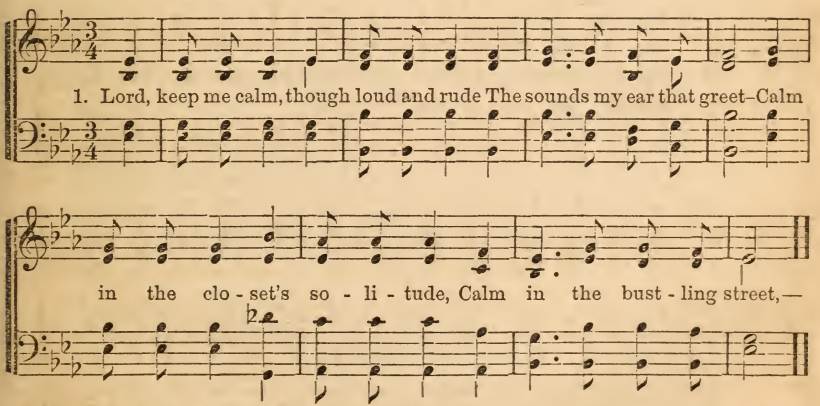
While we mingle thought and feeling
While each others grief we share,
Faith, sublimer things revealing
Consecrates this hour of prayer—
Prayer, the lamp, the star of pleasure
To the Christian here below,
Prayer the key of endless treasure
In the home to which we go. *Cho.*

3.

O, the sacred bond of union
By our precious Saviour given
Here with him to hold communion
Seems an antepast of Heaven.
Let the parting word be spoken
If our faith in God be strong,
Though our dearest ties are broken
We can say, 'twill not be long. *Cho.*

BEATITUDE.

S. J. VAIL.


1. Lord, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet–Calm
in the clo - set's so - li - tude, Calm in the bust - ling street,—

77.

2.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain.
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

3.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm'mid the threatning, taunting throng,
Who hate thy Holy name.

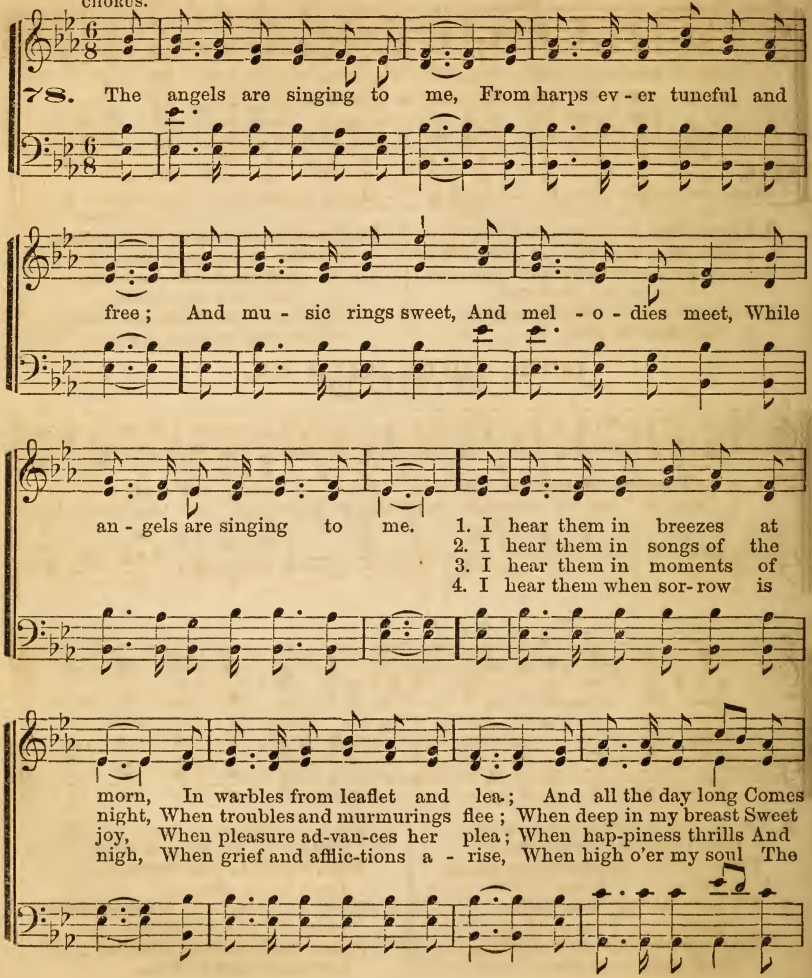
4.

Calm me, my Saviour, keep me calm,
Reclining on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

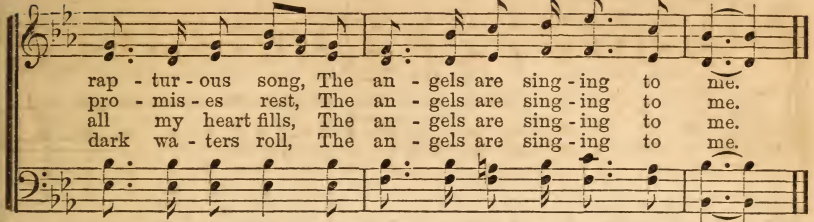
74 THE ANGELS ARE SINGING TO ME.

J. P. ELLIS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

CHORUS.


78. The angels are singing to me, From harps ev - er tuneful and
free; And mu - sic rings sweet, And mel - o - dies meet, While
an - gels are singing to me.
1. I hear them in breezes at morn, In warbles from leaflet and lea; And all the day long Comes
2. I hear them in songs of the night, When troubles and murmurings flee; When deep in my breast Sweet
3. I hear them in moments of joy, When pleasure ad-van-ces her plea; When hap-piness thrills And
4. I hear them when sor-row is nigh, When grief and afflic-tions a - rise, When high o'er my soul The

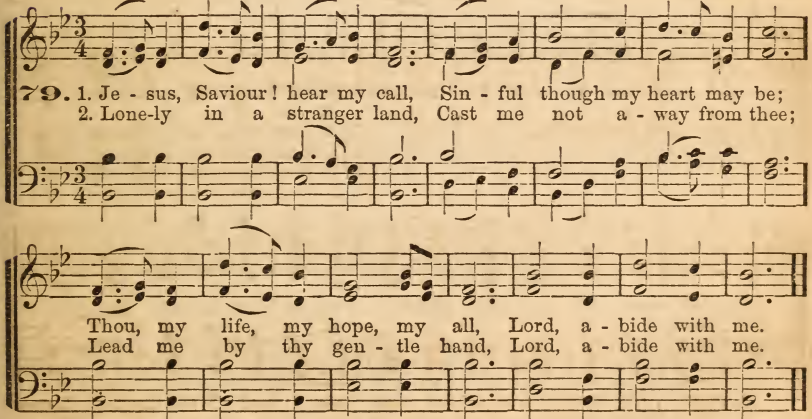
End with Chorus.


rap - tur - ous song, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.
pro - mis - es rest, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.
all my heart fills, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.
dark wa - ters roll, The an - gels are sing - ing to me.

5 I hear them in silence and sorrow,
Tho' noiseless their winglets may be;
In friendships that form
In calm and in storm,
The angels are singing to me.
The angels, &c.

6 I hear them when lowly in prayer,
When o'er the dark valley I see;
Then comes a small voice
That tells me rejoice,
For angels are singing to me.
The angels, &c.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

S. MAIN.

79. 1. Je - sus, Saviour! hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
2. Lone-ly in a stranger land, Cast me not a - way from thee;
Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.
Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.

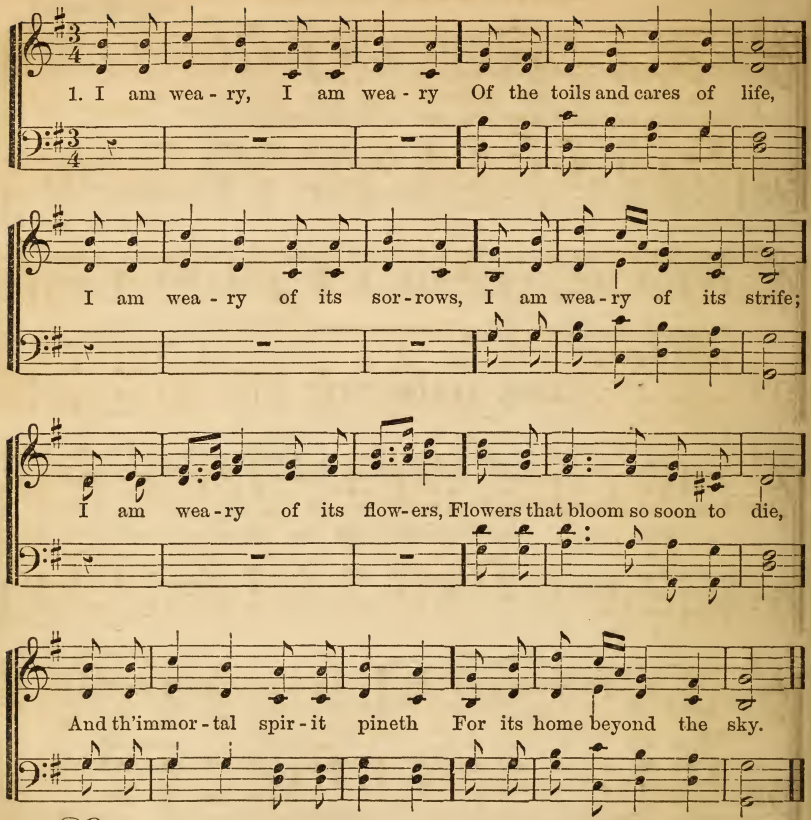
3. Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4. Fill me with Thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee;
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5. When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vail,
Lord, abide with me.

6. Then, oh, then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with me.

I AM WEARY.

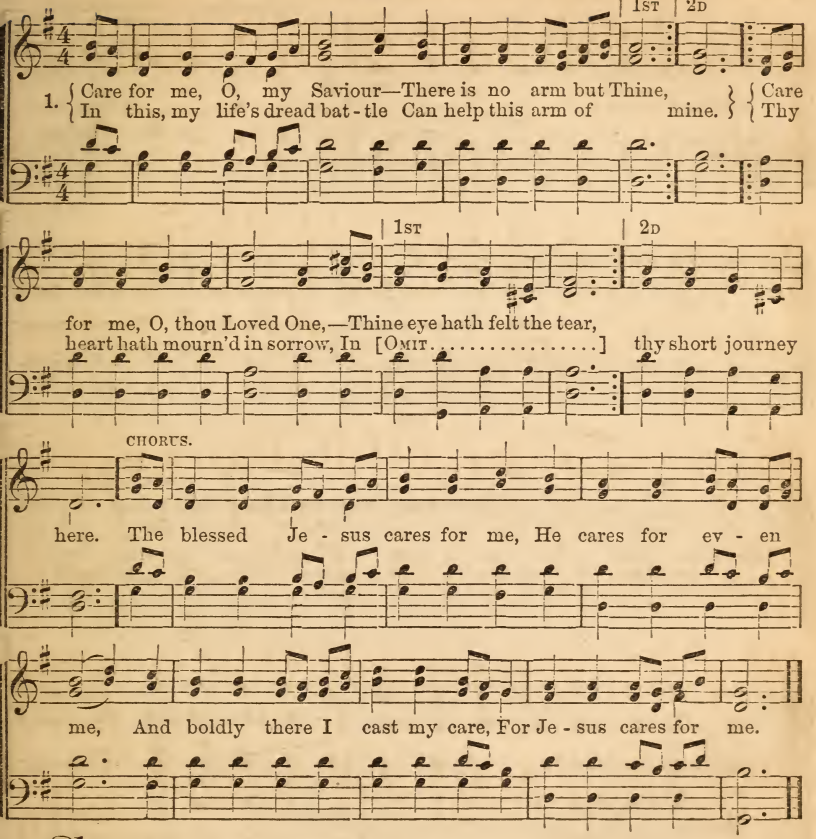
T. F. SEWARD.

1. I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry Of the toils and cares of life,
I am wea - ry of its sor - rows, I am wea - ry of its strife;
I am wea - ry of its flow - ers, Flowers that bloom so soon to die,
And th'immor - tal spir - it pineth For its home beyond the sky.

80.

2 I am weary of the trifles,
Senseless things that fill my days;
I am weary of this longing,
Seeking human love and praise;
I am weary of the passions,
Ever turning unto earth.
And my spirit pants for freedom,
From its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither,
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

JESUS CARES FOR ME.

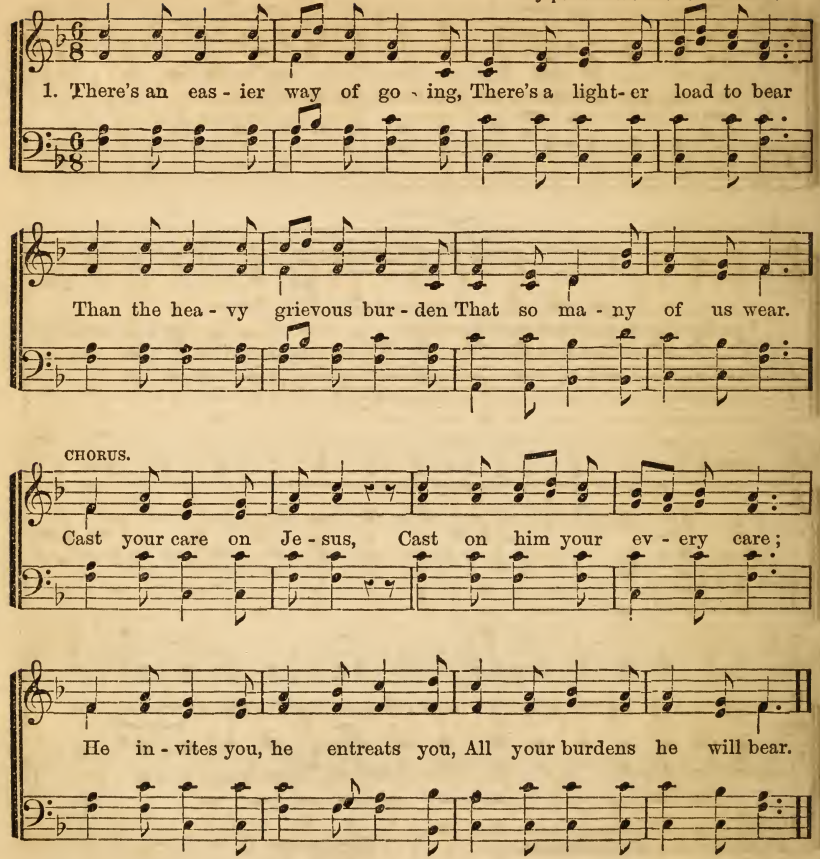
REV. R. LOWRY.

1ST
2D
1. Care for me, O, my Saviour—There is no arm but Thine, In this, my life's dread bat - tle Can help this arm of mine. Care Thy
1ST
2D
for me, O, thou Loved One,—Thine eye hath felt the tear, heart hath mourn'd in sorrow, In [OMIT.....] thy short journey
CHORUS.
here. The blessed Je - sus cares for me, He cares for ev - en
me, And boldly there I cast my care, For Je - sus cares for me.

81.

2 Care for me, my Redeemer,
In this mine hour of woe,
If Thine eye will not pity,
O, whither shall I go?
Once, Thou, in deepest anguish,
Did'st mourn Thy Father's face,
By clouds and darkness hidden;
O, grant me now Thy grace.

3 Care for me, O, my Saviour,—
In Thee may I be strong,
Beset by fierce temptation,
Help me against the wrong;
Then shall this weak one praise Thee,
Praise Thee, the weak one's friend,
And give Thee thanks rejoicing,
With songs that ne'er shall end.

THERE'S AN EASIER WAY.

By permission. T. F. SEWARD.

1. There's an eas - ier way of go - ing, There's a light- er load to bear
Than the hea - vy grievous bur - den That so ma - ny of us wear.
CHORUS.
Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast on him your ev - ery care;
He in - vites you, he entreats you, All your burdens he will bear.

82.

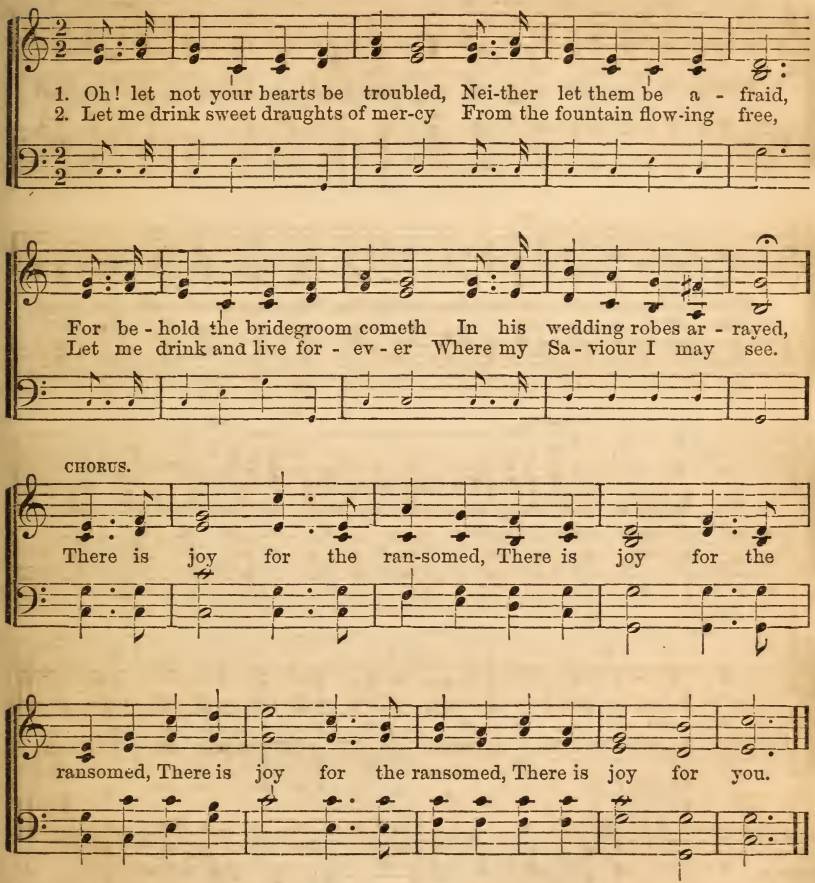
2.

There's a voice forever sounding
In the weary pilgims ear,
Voice of tenderest compassion
Framing sweetest words of cheer.
Cast your care, &c.

3.

"Cast on me your heavy burdens,
Cast on me your load of care,
I invite you, I entreat you,
All your burdens I will bear.
Cast your care," &c.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. S. J. VAIL.

1. Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Nei-ther let them be a - fraid,
2. Let me drink sweet draughts of mer-cy From the fountain flow-ing free,
For be - hold the bridegroom cometh In his wedding robes ar - rayed,
Let me drink and live for - ev - er Where my Sa - viour I may see.
CHORUS.
There is joy for the ran-somed, There is joy for the
ransomed, There is joy for the ransomed, There is joy for you.

83.

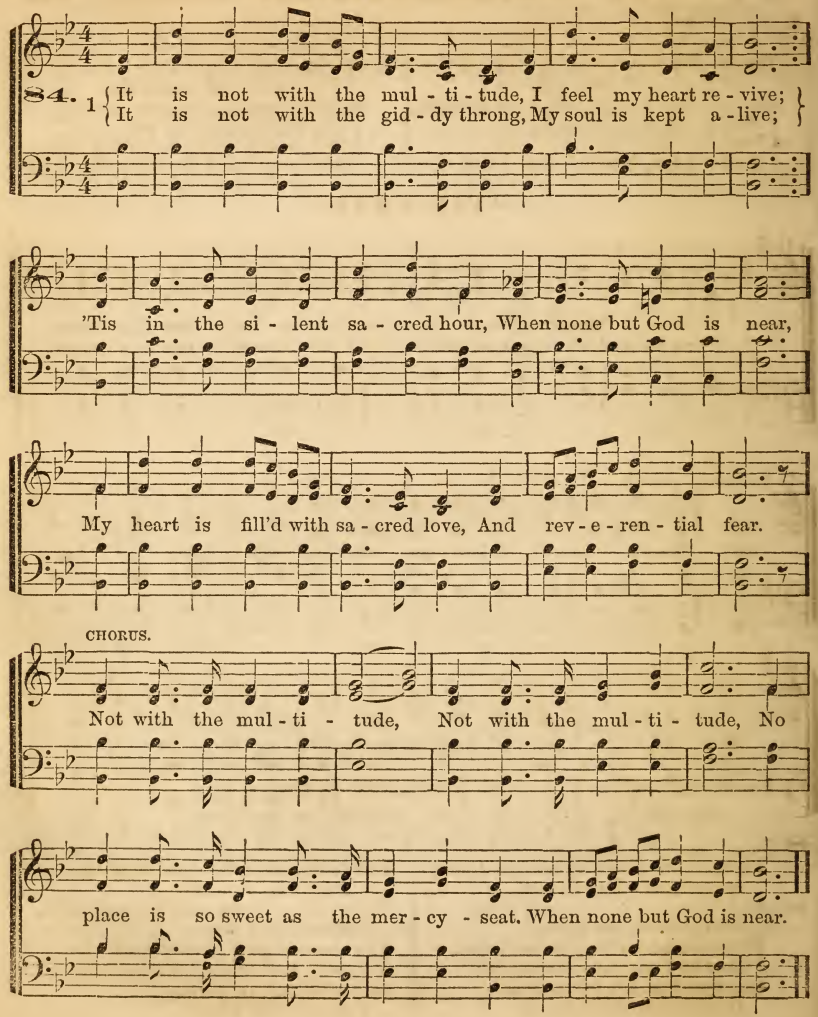
3.

Tell me not ye weary laden,
There is nought but sorrow here,
For the Lord hath sent his angels
And his chosen need not fear.

4.

Keep your lamps well trimmed and burning
And the wedding garments on,
For there's none that know the moment
Of the coming of the Son.

NOT WITH THE MULTITUDE.

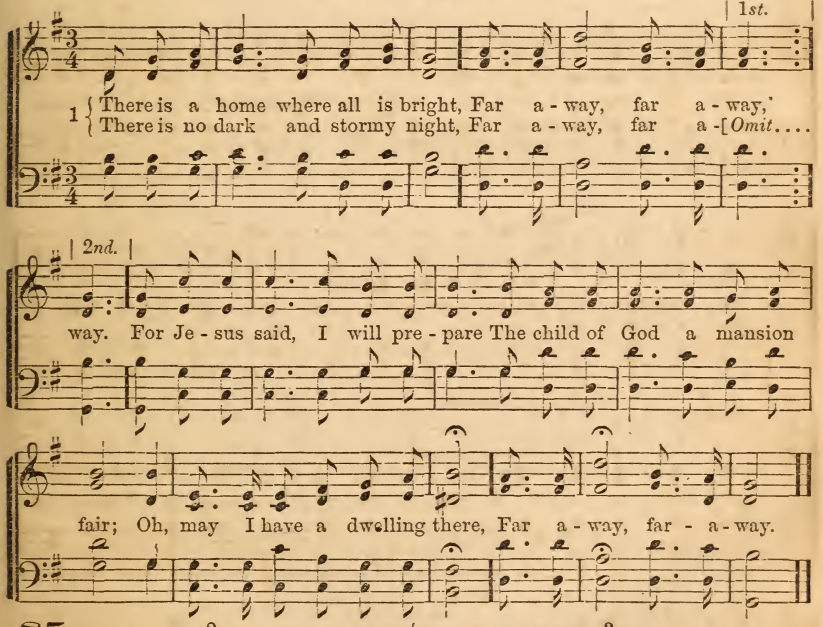
Rev. R. LOWRY.

84. 1 It is not with the mul - ti - tude, I feel my heart re - vive;
It is not with the gid - dy throng, My soul is kept a - live;
'Tis in the si - lent sa - cred hour, When none but God is near,
My heart is fill'd with sa - cred love, And rev - e - ren - tial fear.
CHORUS.
Not with the mul - ti - tude, Not with the mul - ti - tude, No
place is so sweet as the mer - cy - seat. When none but God is near.

2 It is not with the multitude,
I hear the still, small voice,
Which whispers messages of love,
And bids my heart rejoice ;
Oh, no; 'tis when withdrawn from earth,
And every earth-bound tie,
I hear Thy kind parental voice,
And "Abba, Father," cry. *Cho.*

3 It is not with the multitude,
My sweetest joys arise ;
Nor even with the saints on earth,
Tho' bound by sacred ties;
The fellowship of saints is sweet,
But sweeter, better far,
Is fellowship with Christ, my Lord,
The bright and Morning Star. *Cho.*

"FAR AWAY."

Rev. R. LOWRY.


1st.
1 There is a home where all is bright, Far a - way, far a - way,
There is no dark and stormy night, Far a - way, far a - [Omit....
2nd.
way. For Je - sus said, I will pre - pare The child of God a mansion
fair; Oh, may I have a dwelling there, Far a - way, far - a - way.

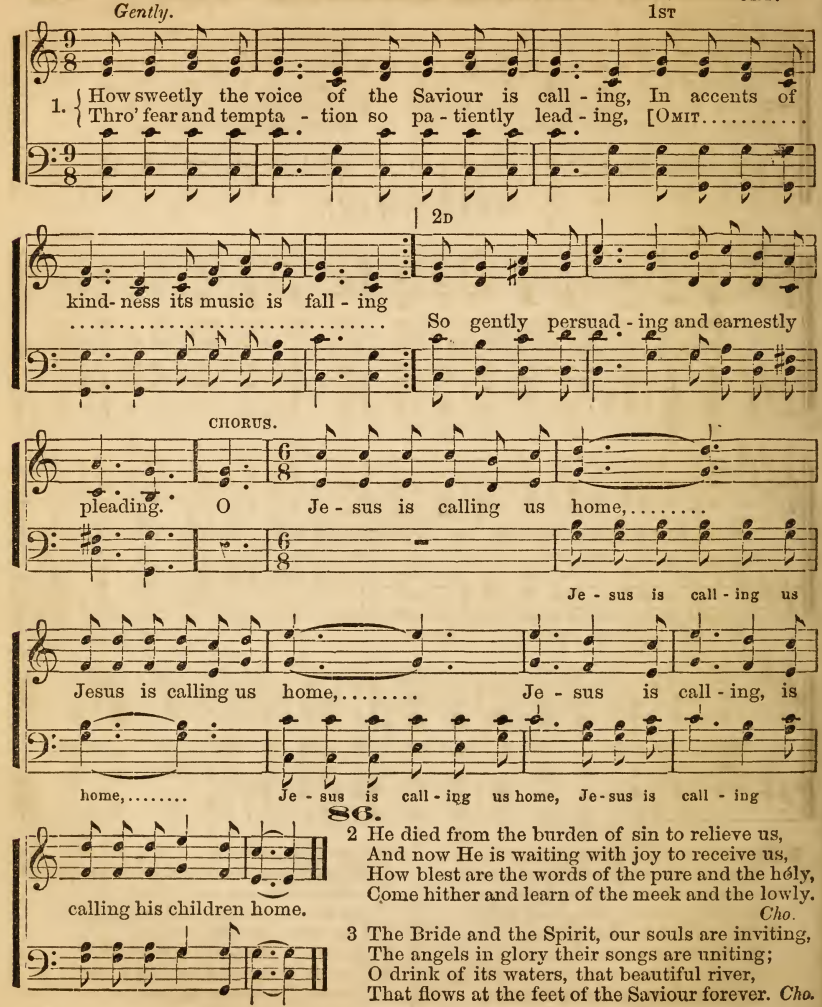
85.

2.

Then let the storm be wild and long,
Jesus loves; Jesus loves;
And this shall be my daily song,
Jesus loves; Jesus loves;
He loves, he loves; I know, I feel,
Young as I am, he loves me still;
Oh, may I do his blessed will ;
Jesus loves; Jesus loves.

3.

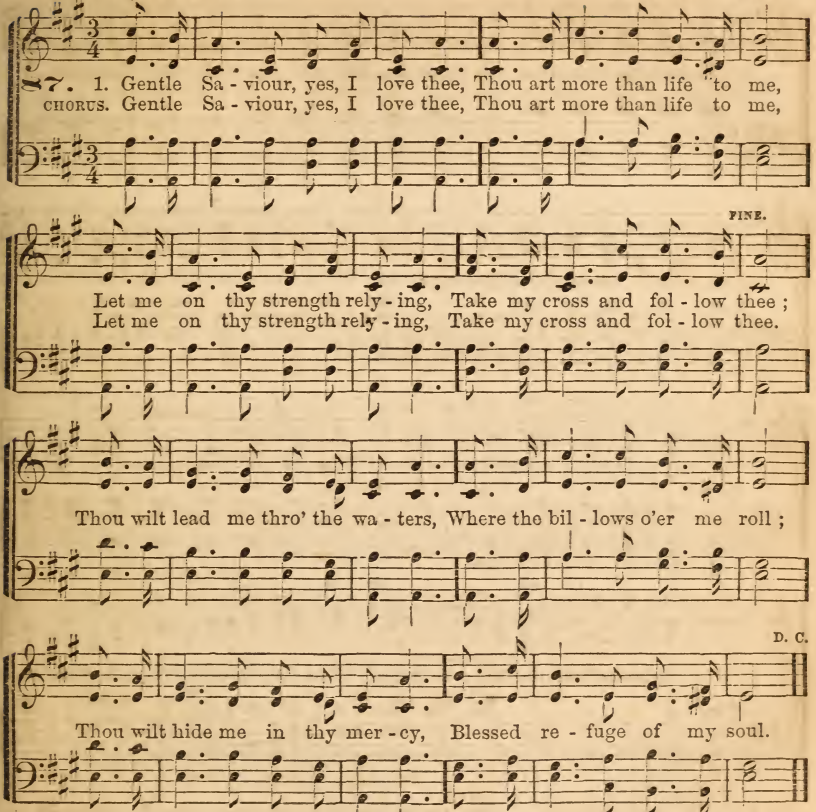
And then at home I soon shall be,
Far away, far away ;
From care and pain shall soon be free,
Far away, far away ;
For tears of grief are never known
In that bright world I call my own ;
And swiftly I am passing on,
Far away, far away.

JESUS IS CALLING US HOME. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.
1st
1. How sweetly the voice of the Saviour is call - ing, In accents of
Thro' fear and tempta - tion so pa - tiently lead - ing, [Omit.....
2d
kind- ness its music is fall - ing
.....
So gently persuad - ing and earnestly
CHORUS.
pleading. O Je - sus is calling us home,.....
Je - sus is call - ing us
Jesus is calling us home,..... Je - sus is call - ing, is
home,..... Je - sus is call - ing us home, Je - sus is call - ing
calling his children home.

86.

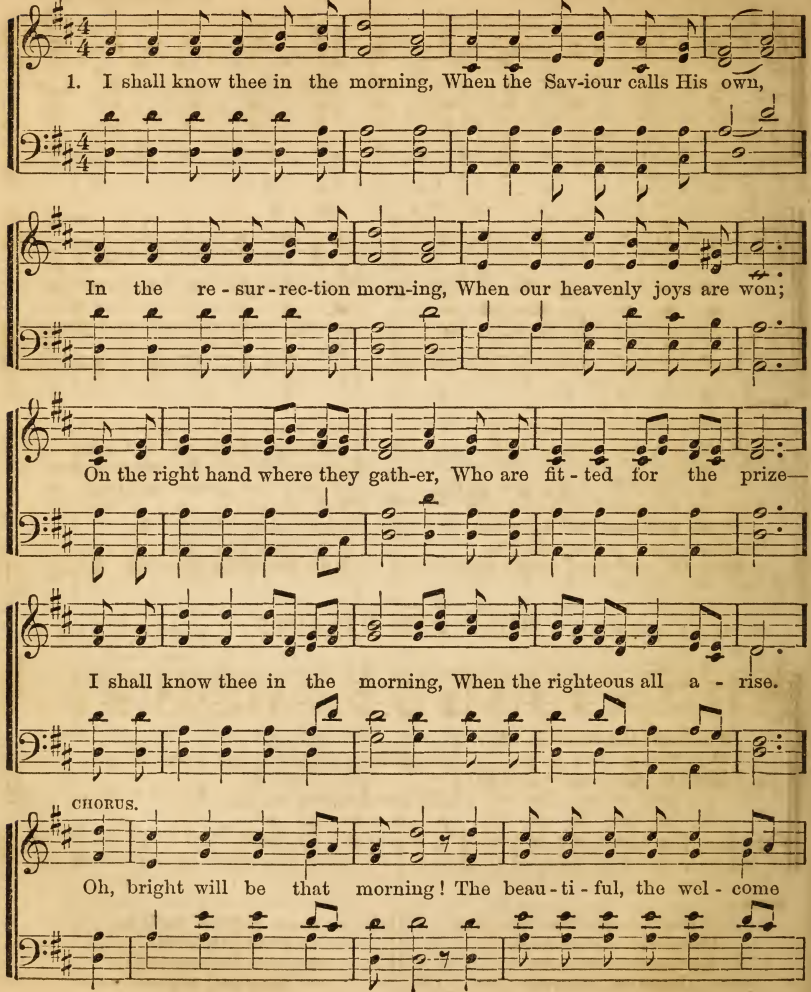
2 He died from the burden of sin to relieve us,
And now He is waiting with joy to receive us,
How blest are the words of the pure and the hóly,
Come hither and learn of the meek and the lowly.
Cho.

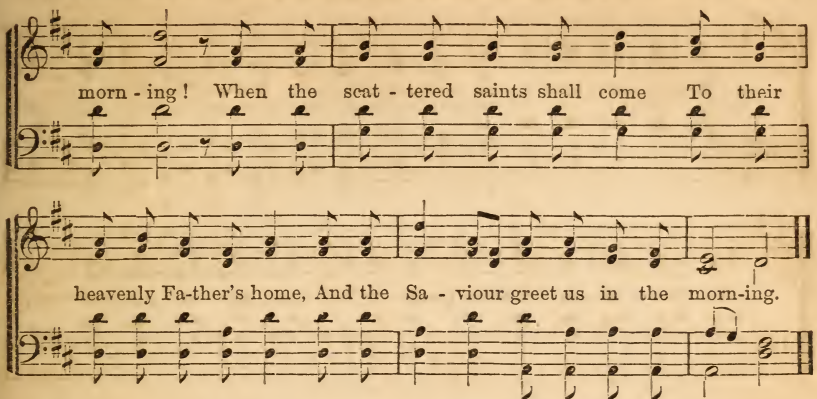
3 The Bride and the Spirit, our souls are inviting,
The angels in glory their songs are uniting;
O drink of its waters, that beautiful river,
That flows at the feet of the Saviour forever. *Cho.*

Words by FANNY CROSBY. A. VAN ALSTYNE.

17. 1. Gentle Sa - viour, yes, I love thee, Thou art more than life to me,
CHORUS. Gentle Sa - viour, yes, I love thee, Thou art more than life to me,
FINE.
Let me on thy strength rely - ing, Take my cross and fol - low thee ;
Let me on thy strength rely - ing, Take my cross and fol - low thee.
Thou wilt lead me thro' the wa - ters, Where the bil - lows o'er me roll ;
D. C.
Thou wilt hide me in thy mer - cy, Blessed re - fuge of my soul.

2 Earthly friendship's may deceive me,
Human hearts are weak and frail,
But my Saviour will not leave me,
Love like thine can never fail.
Patient will I bear affliction
If thy tender voice I hear,
Grief will make a brighter sunshine,
Rain is bliss, if Thou art near. *Cho.*

3 Thou wilt soothe my dying pillow,
When these fleeting scenes are past,
Thou my hope in every trial
Be my comfort in the last.
On celestial pinions wafted,
Shall my raptured spirit soar,
Shouting with the saints in glory,
Where the weary sigh no more. *Cho.*

84 I SHALL KNOW THEE IN THE MORNING. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. I shall know thee in the morning, When the Sav-iour calls His own,
In the re - sur - rec-tion morn-ing, When our heavenly joys are won;
On the right hand where they gath-er, Who are fit - ted for the prize—
I shall know thee in the morning, When the righteous all a - rise.
CHORUS.
Oh, bright will be that morning! The beau - ti - ful, the wel - come



88.

2.

I shall see thee in the morning
Of the heavens' eternal light,
Where the saints of every nation
Gather robed in changeless white;
With the Saviour and His angels,
All the glad hosts of the skies,
I shall see thee in the morning,
When the ransomed saints arise.

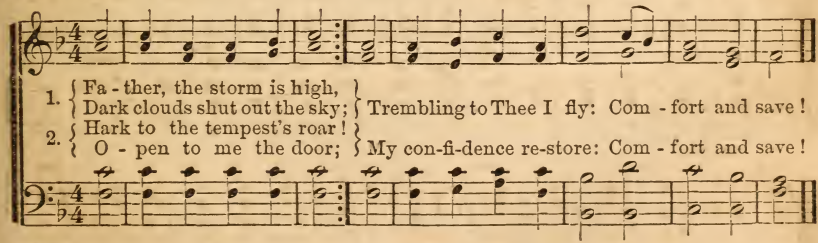
3.

I shall know thee in the morning,
With the waking sainted dead,
Gladdened by the shining presence
Of the Lord, our living Head;
When, arrayed in robes of brightness,
All the sons of God arise,
I shall know thee in the morning,
With the saints above the skies.

Words by C. E. POND.

HELP AND RELIEVE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Fa - ther, the storm is high, Dark clouds shut out the sky; Trembling to Thee I fly: Com - fort and save!
2. Hark to the tempest's roar! O - pen to me the door; My con-fi-dence re-store: Com - fort and save!

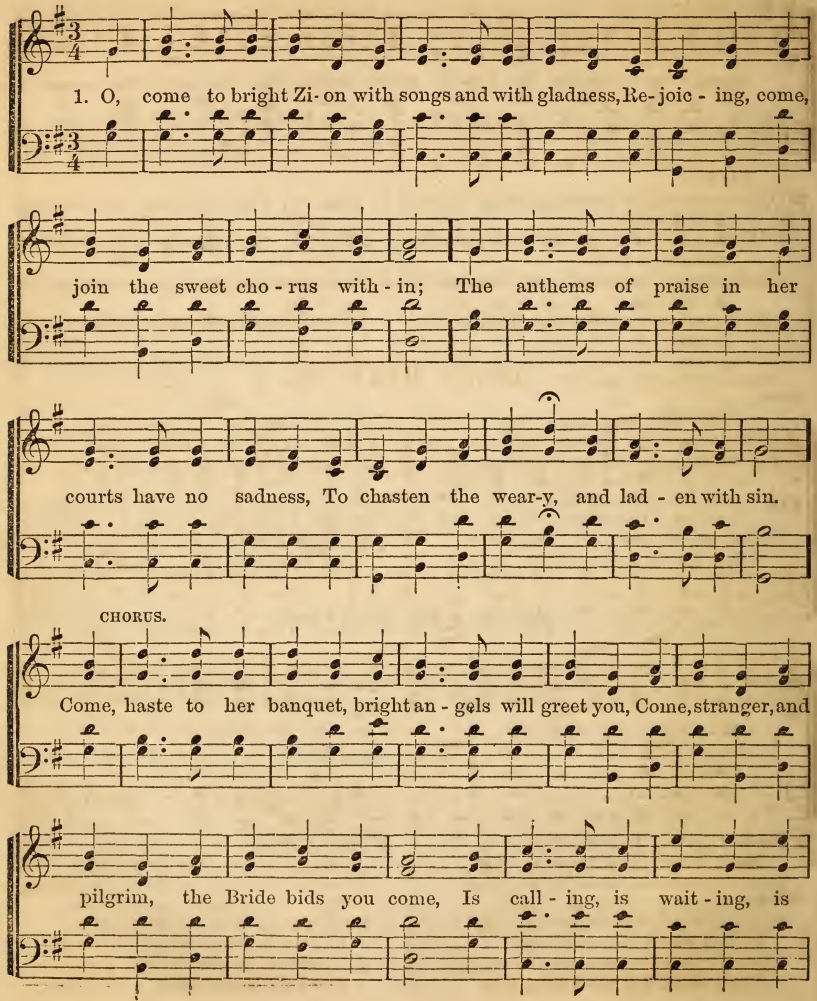
89.

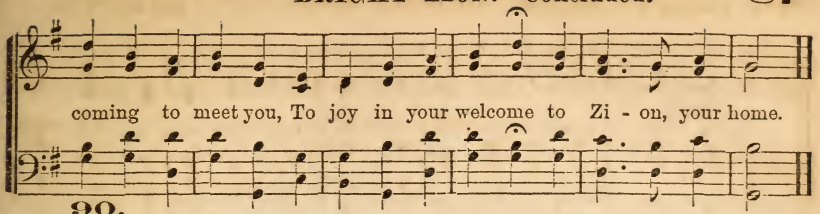
3.

O God! temptation's nigh;
Sin clouds the azure sky;
To thee for aid I fly:
Help and relieve!

4.

Hear, Father! hear my cry;
And if I live or die,
Saviour, be ever nigh:
Help and relieve.

86 Words by W. H. McNAMEE. **BRIGHT ZION.** REV. R. LOWRY.

1. O, come to bright Zi- on with songs and with gladness, Re- joic - ing, come,
join the sweet cho - rus with - in; The anthems of praise in her
courts have no sadness, To chasten the wear-y, and lad - en with sin.
CHORUS.
Come, haste to her banquet, bright an - gels will greet you, Come, stranger, and
pilgrim, the Bride bids you come, Is call - ing, is wait - ing, is

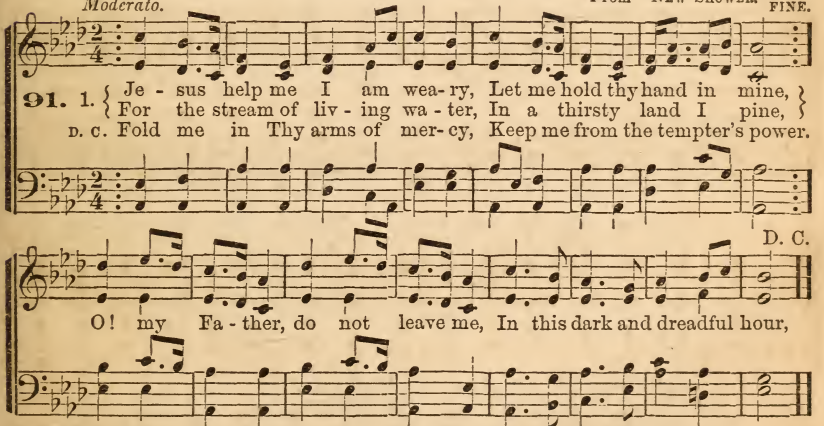


90.

2 O, come to life's fountain, drink blessings forever,
While Love at the festal crowns millions that come;
Come, sinner, e'er death meet thee at the dark river,
And evermore darken the light of thy home.

3 O, stay not, with doubting thy spirit to weary,
Nor bury thy hope in this valley of gloom;
For all things are ready: no longer, then, tarry,
While Jesus is waiting, poor wanderer, come.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. **JESUS HELP ME.** HENRY TUCKER.
From "NEW SHOWER."



91. 1. { Je - sus help me I am wea - ry, Let me hold thy hand in mine, }
{ For the stream of liv - ing wa - ter, In a thirsty land I pine, }
D. C. Fold me in Thy arms of mer - cy, Keep me from the tempter's power.

2 Jesus help me, I am fainting,
'Neath the deserts burning sky,
Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,
There my every want supply;
Shade me with thy wings eternal,
Let me feel Thee ever near,
Thou canst whisper words of comfort,
Thou canst dry the falling tear.

3 Jesus help me, I am sinking
In the cold and chilly wave,
Give me strength, my faith increasing,
Thou alone hast power to save,
Let my soul be filled with rapture,
Let my hope be stayed in Thee,
Let me bear my cross with patience,
Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

P. PHILLIPS.

From "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission.

92.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And
2. Can there o - ver - take me, An - y dark dis - as - ter,

all a - long my pilgrim way, His lov - ing hand has brought me.
While I sing for Je - sus, My bless-ed, bless-ed Mas - ter?

CHORUS.

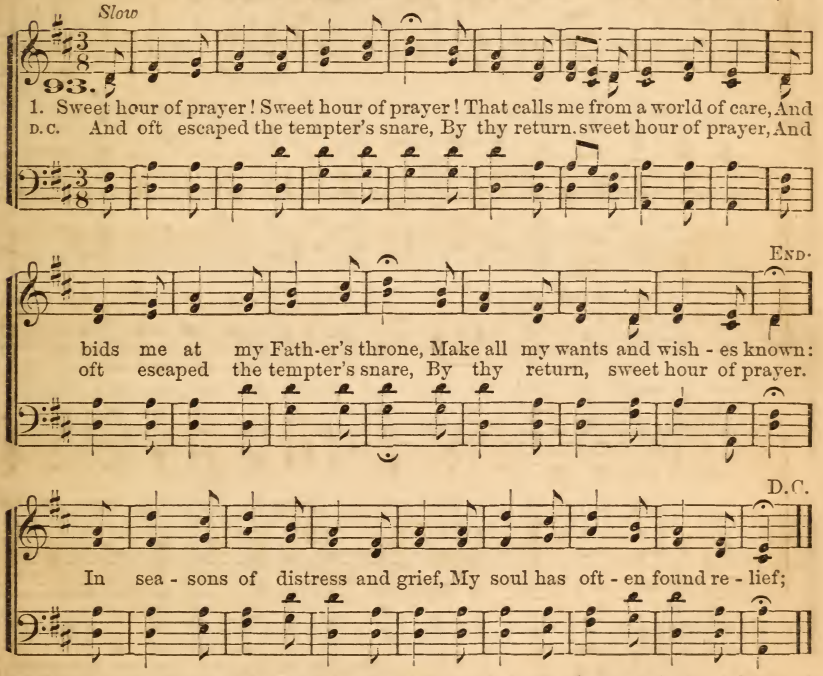
O! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of

him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing. *Cho.*

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how I will adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him. *Cho.*

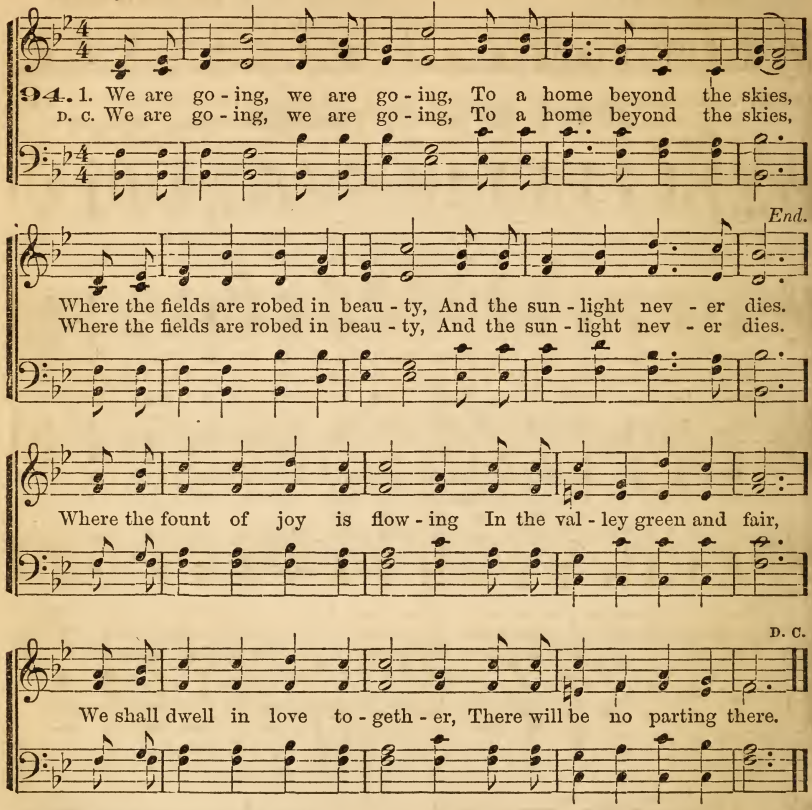
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


Slow
93.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And
D.C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And
END.
bids me at my Fath-er's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known:
oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
D.C.
In sea - sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

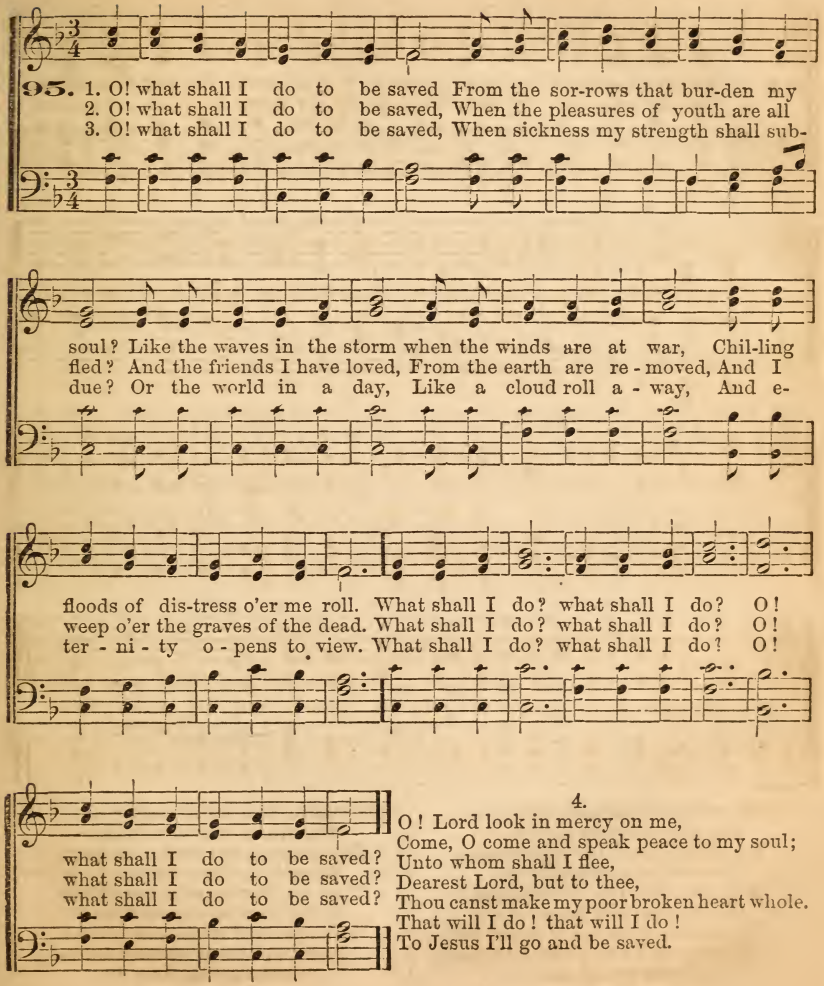
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

OUR HOME ABOVE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY

94. 1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home beyond the skies,
D. C. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home beyond the skies,
End.
Where the fields are robed in beau - ty, And the sun - light nev - er dies.
Where the fields are robed in beau - ty, And the sun - light nev - er dies.
Where the fount of joy is flow - ing In the val - ley green and fair,
D. C.
We shall dwell in love to - geth - er, There will be no parting there.

2 We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the wildwood,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

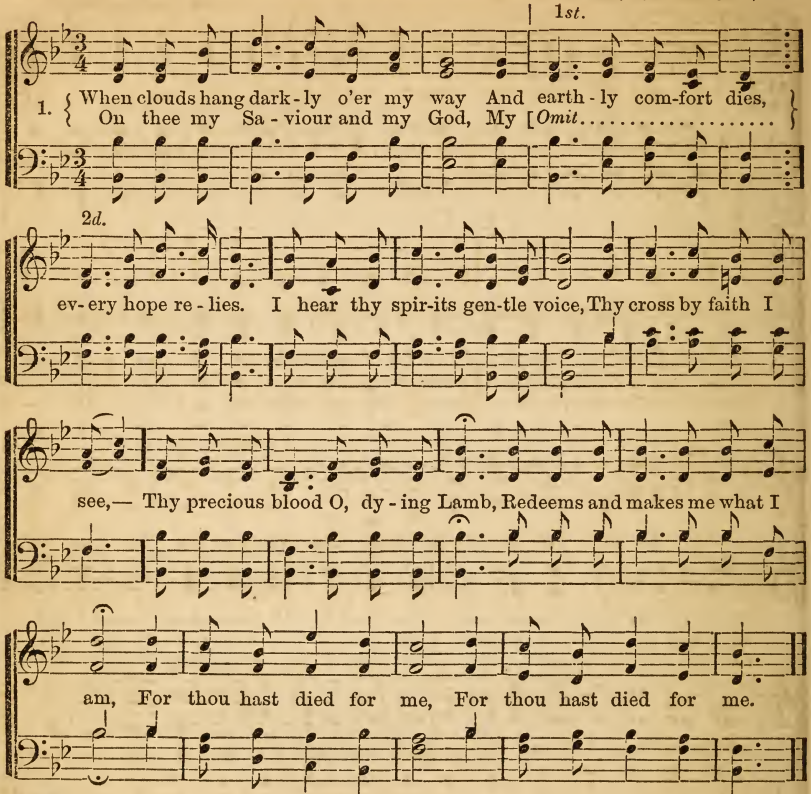
3 We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

95. 1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that bur-den my
2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall sub-
soul? Like the waves in the storm when the winds are at war, Chil-ling
fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-moved, And I
due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-way, And e-
floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!
weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!
ter-ni-ty o-pens to view. What shall I do? what shall I do? O!
what shall I do to be saved?
what shall I do to be saved?
what shall I do to be saved?

4.

O! Lord look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

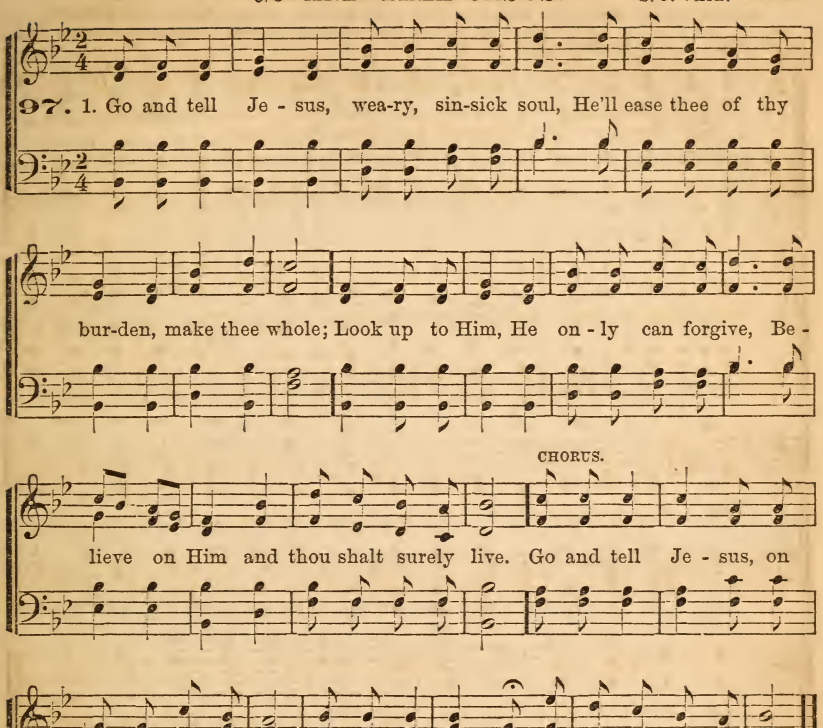
THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st.
1. When clouds hang dark-ly o'er my way And earth-ly com-fort dies,
On thee my Sa-viour and my God, My [Omit.....
2d.
ev-ery hope re-lies. I hear thy spir-its gen-tle voice, Thy cross by faith I
see,— Thy precious blood O, dy-ing Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I
am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

96.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

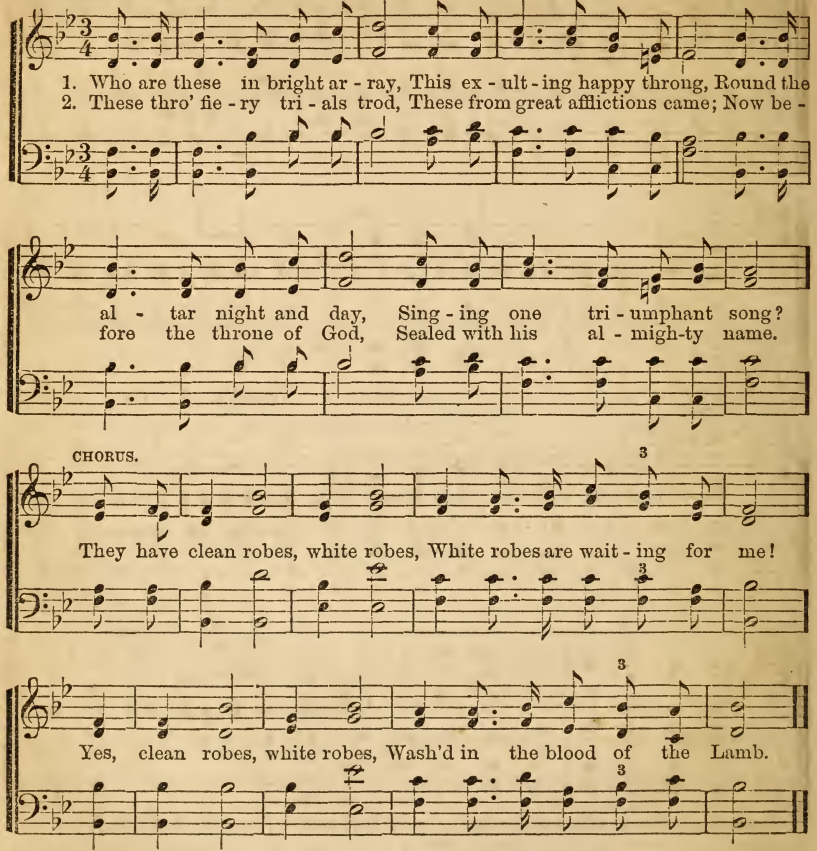

97. 1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea-ry, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy
bur-den, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can forgive, Be -
CHORUS.
lieve on Him and thou shalt surely live. Go and tell Je - sus, on
Him a - lone believe, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have. *Cho.*

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears:
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest. *Cho.*

WHITE ROBES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing happy throng, Round the
2. These thro' fie - ry tri - als trod, These from great afflictions came; Now be -
al - tar night and day, Sing - ing one tri - umphant song?
fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al - migh-ty name.
CHORUS.
They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are wait - ing for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

98.

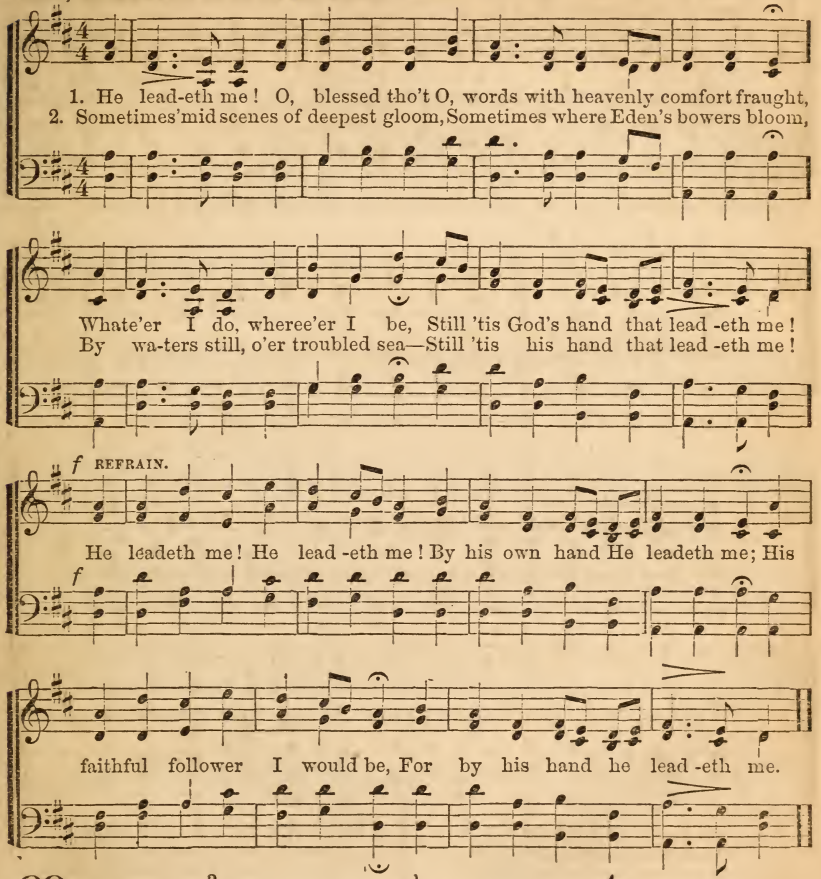
3.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand. *Cho.*

4.

Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears, *Cho.*

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."


1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed tho't O, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
Whate'er I do, wheree'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me!
f REFRAIN.
He leadeth me! He lead-eth me! By his own hand He leadeth me; His
faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

99.

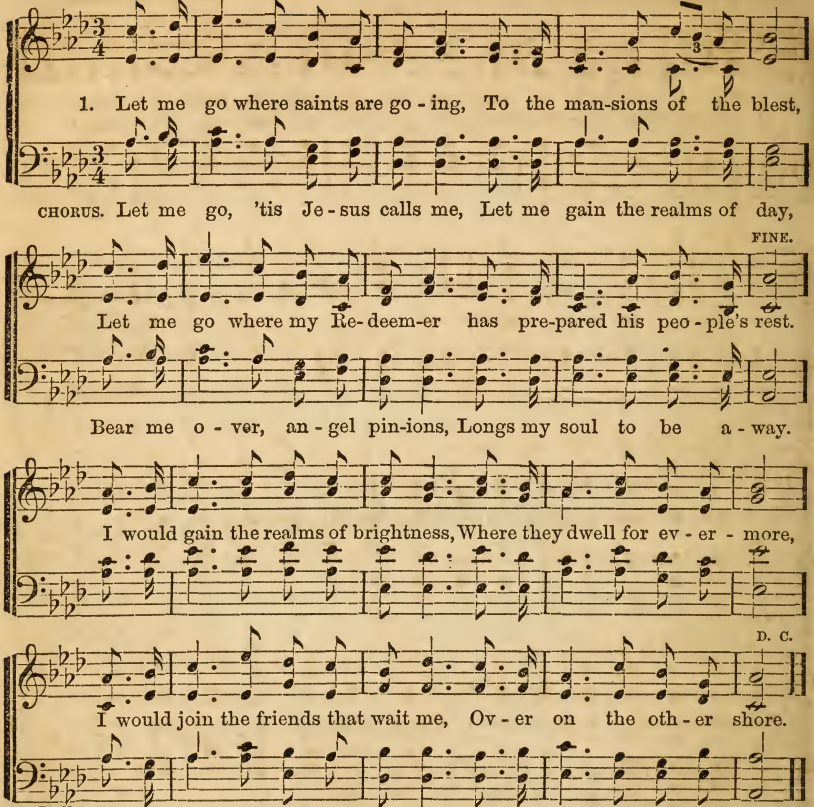
3.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Cho.*

4.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. *Cho.*

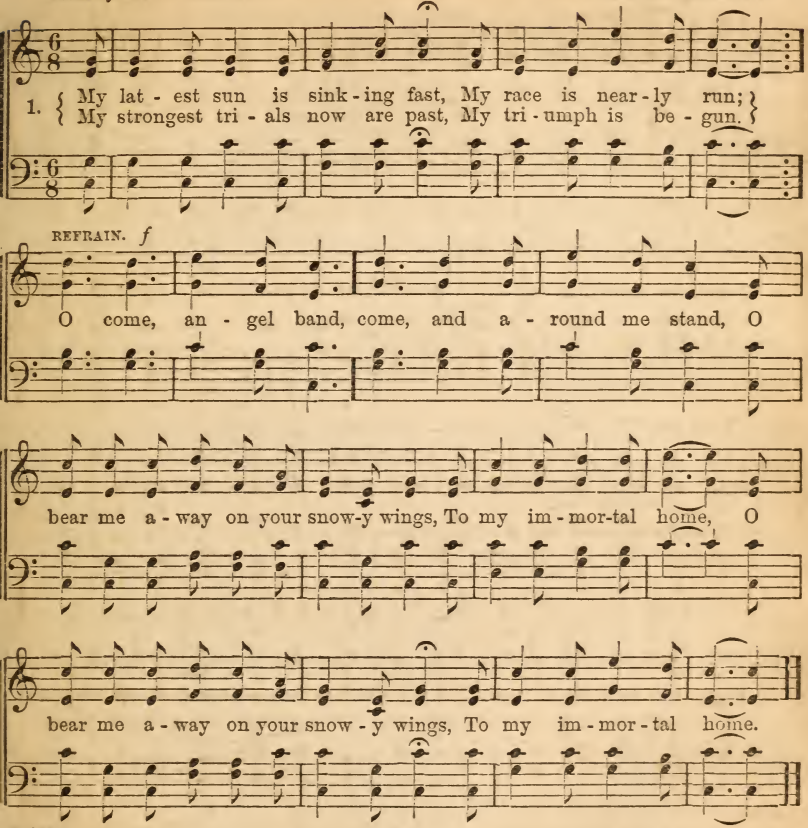
LET ME GO.

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. From "Pilgrim Songs," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Let me go where saints are go - ing, To the man-sions of the blest,
CHORUS. Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day,
FINE.
Let me go where my Re-deem-er has pre-pared his peo - ple's rest.
Bear me o - ver, an - gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a - way.
I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for ev - er - more,
D. C.
I would join the friends that wait me, Ov - er on the oth - er shore.

100.

2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

Words by Rev. J. HASKELL. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
REFRAIN. f
O come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand, O
bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im - mor-tal home, O
bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

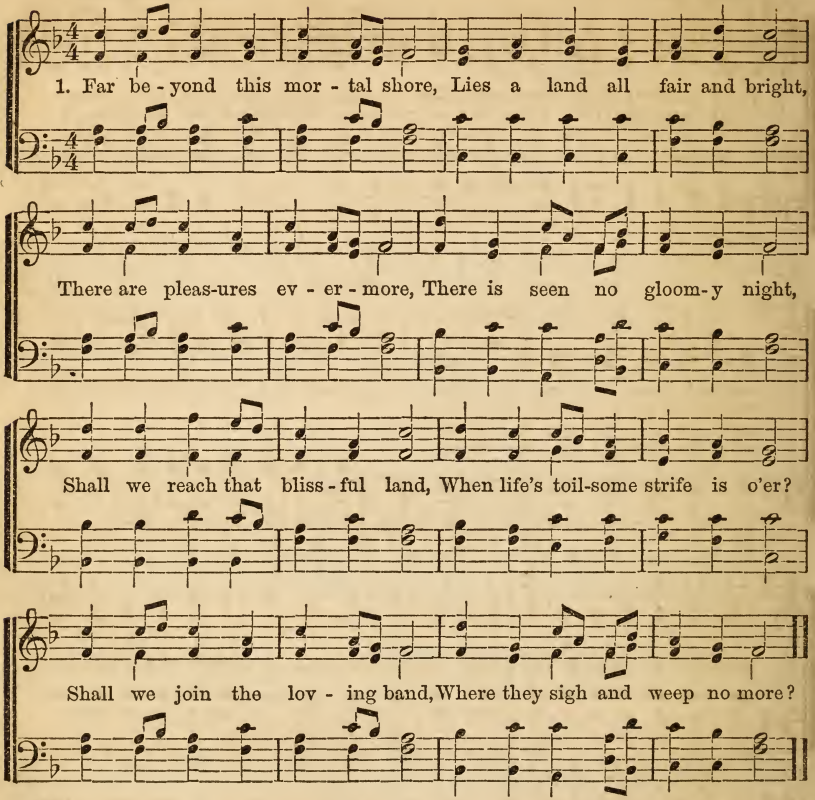
101.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL LAND.

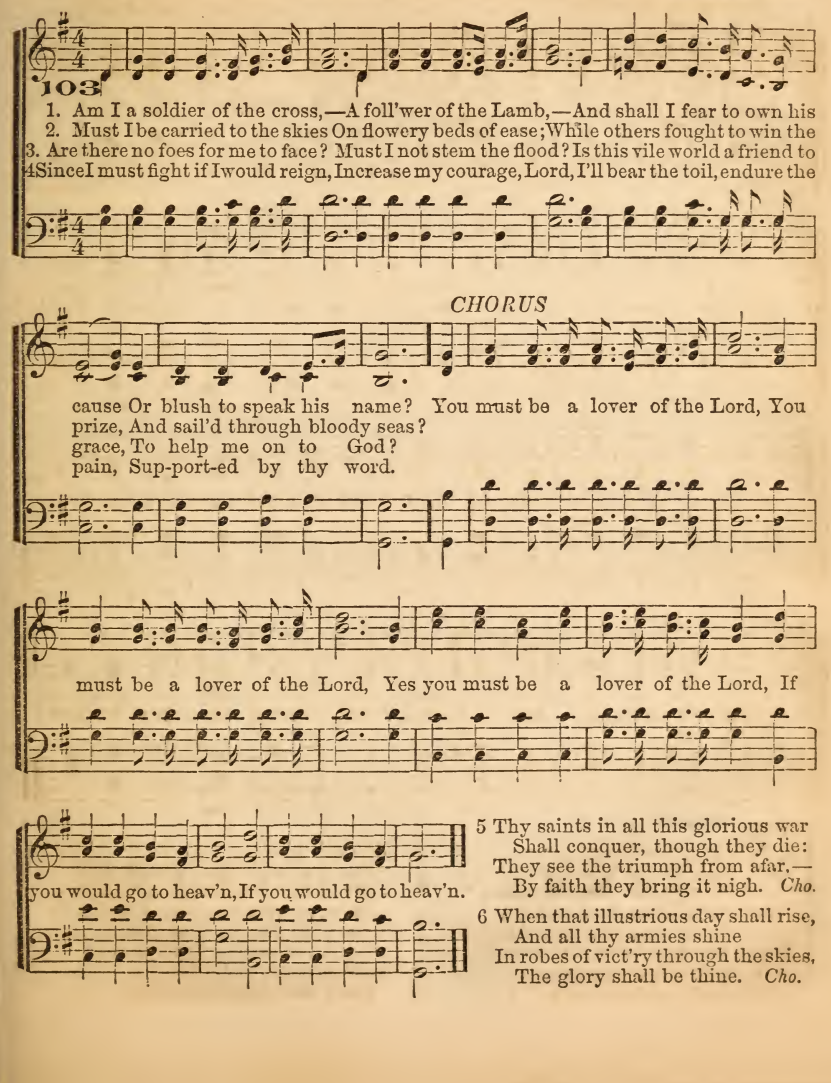
Words by W. BENNETT. C. G. ALLEN.

1. Far be - yond this mor - tal shore, Lies a land all fair and bright,
There are pleas-ures ev - er - more, There is seen no gloom-y night,
Shall we reach that bliss - ful land, When life's toil-some strife is o'er?
Shall we join the lov - ing band, Where they sigh and weep no more?

102.

2.

Yes, we'll gain that happy place,
  There shall be our final home,
When we've won the Christian race,
  When our pilgrim work is done,
There, with Saints and Angels bright,
  Round the great white throne we'll stand,
Basking in th'effulgent light,
  Of that pure celestial land.

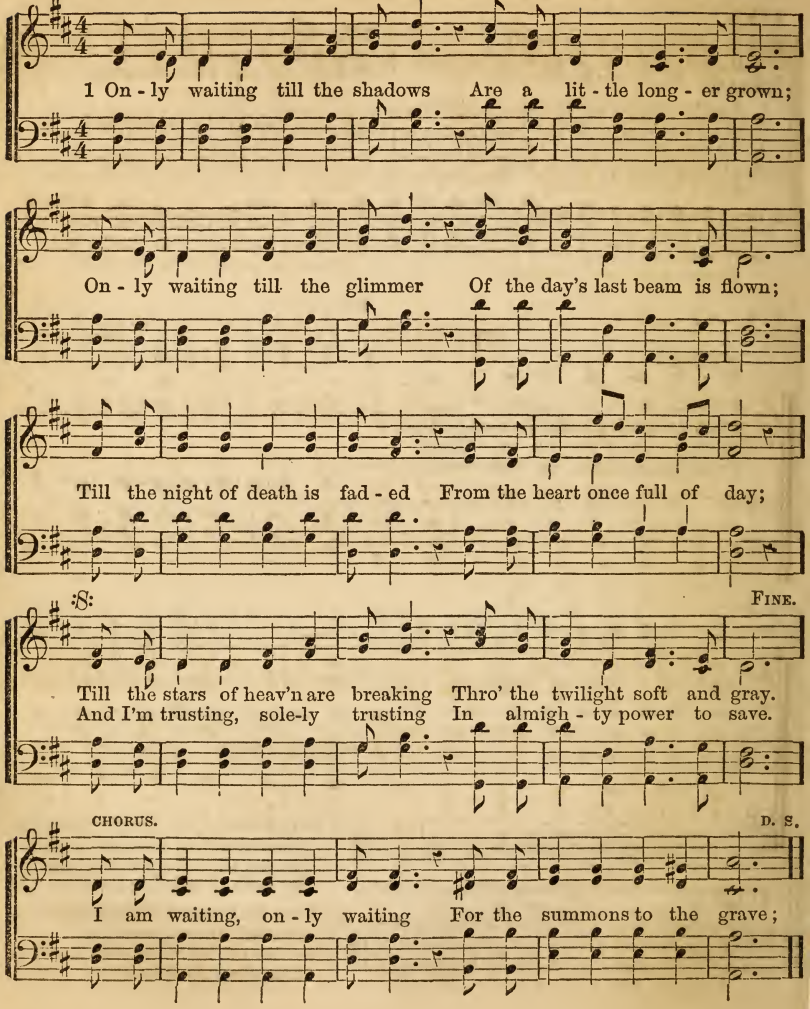
3.

Who will go along with me?
  Who will seek that blest abode?
There the Saviour's face to see,
  There to taste the love of God?
Come, poor sinner, haste away,
  Leave the world and all behind,
Cast your sins and follies by,
  Peace and consolation find.

103
1. Am I a soldier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—And shall I fear to own his
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord, I'll bear the toil, endure the
CHORUS
cause Or blush to speak his name? You must be a lover of the Lord, You
prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?
grace, To help me on to God?
pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.
must be a lover of the Lord, Yes you must be a lover of the Lord, If
you would go to heav'n, If you would go to heav'n.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh. *Cho.*

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine. *Cho.*

EVENING SHADOWS.

S. J. VAIL

1 On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of death is fad - ed From the heart once full of day;
:S:
FINE.
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
And I'm trusting, sole-ly trusting In almigh - ty power to save.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I am waiting, on - ly waiting For the summons to the grave;

104

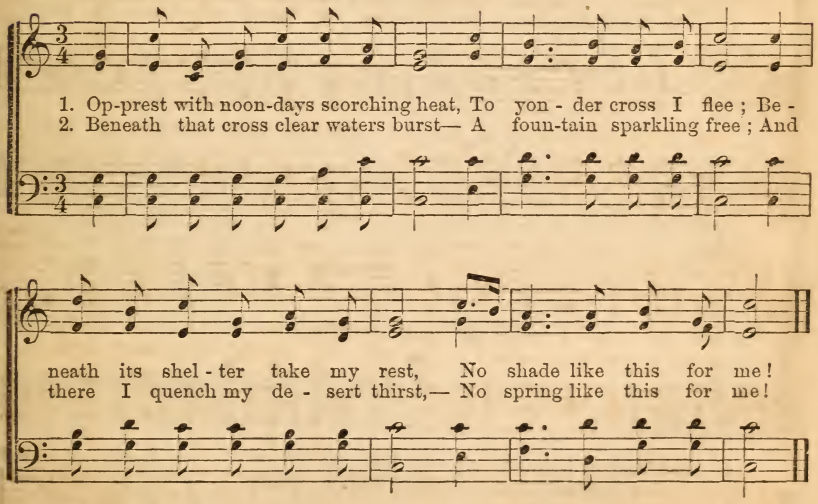
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart. *Cho.*

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

4 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies. *Cho.*

BUCKLEY. C. M.

S. J. VAIL.


1. Op-prest with noon-days scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee; Be -
2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst— A foun-tain sparkling free; And
neath its shel - ter take my rest, No shade like this for me!
there I quench my de - sert thirst,— No spring like this for me!

105

3.

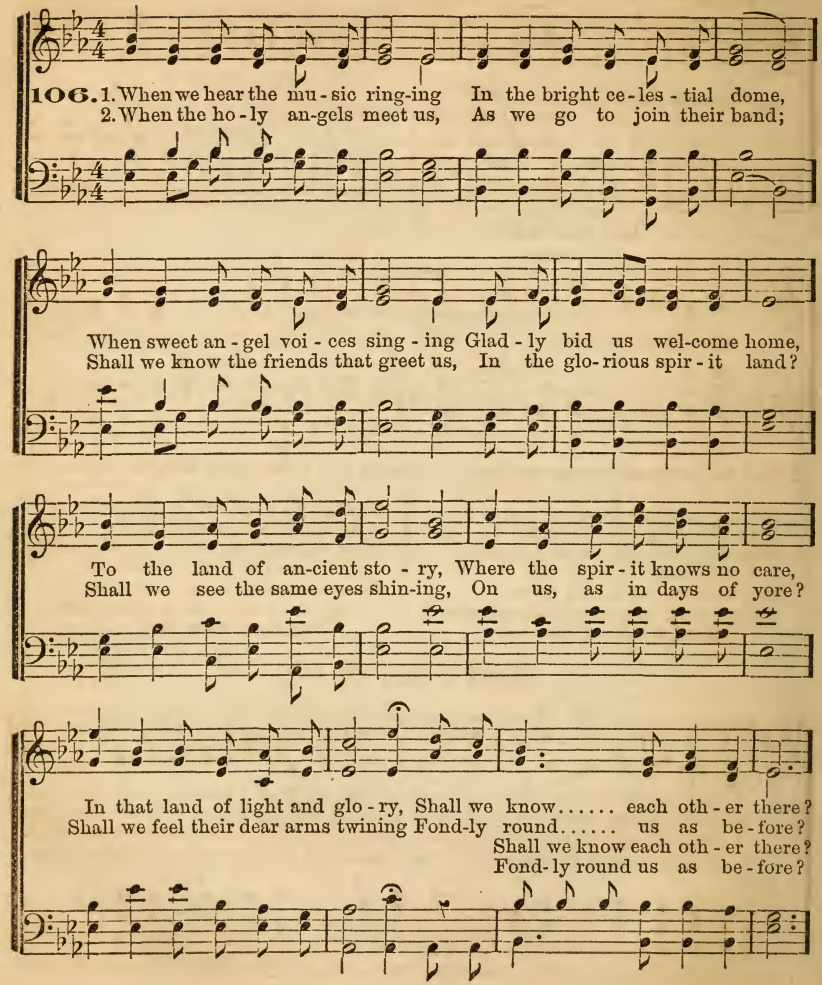
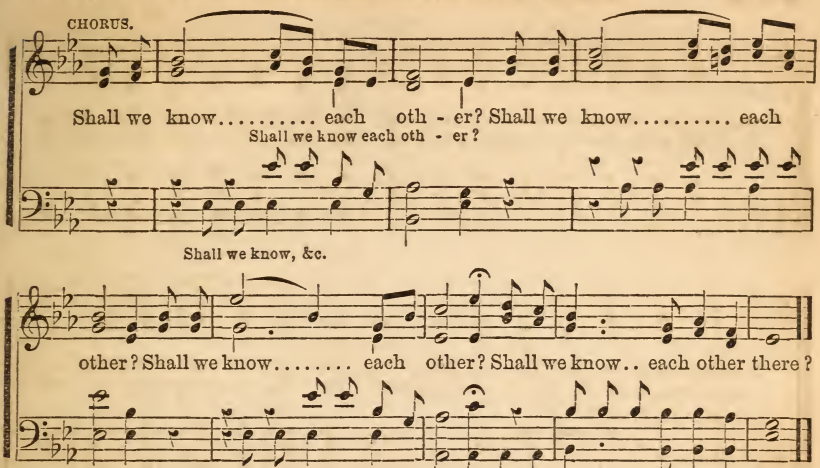
A stranger here I pitch my tent,
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,
No home like this for me!

4.

For burdened ones a resting place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness,
No rest like this for me!

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

Rev. R. LOWRY.

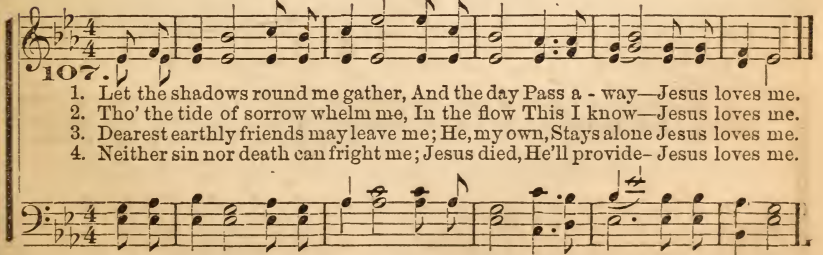

106. 1. When we hear the mu - sic ring-ing In the bright ce-les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band;
When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Glad - ly bid us wel-come home,
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo-rious spir - it land?
To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing, On us, as in days of yore?
In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know..... each oth - er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fond-ly round..... us as be - fore?
Shall we know each oth - er there?
Fond-ly round us as be - fore?

CHORUS.
Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know..... each
Shall we know each oth - er?
Shall we know, &c.
other? Shall we know..... each other? Shall we know.. each other there?

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the lov'd of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
Shall we know, &c.

4. Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!
We shall know, &c.

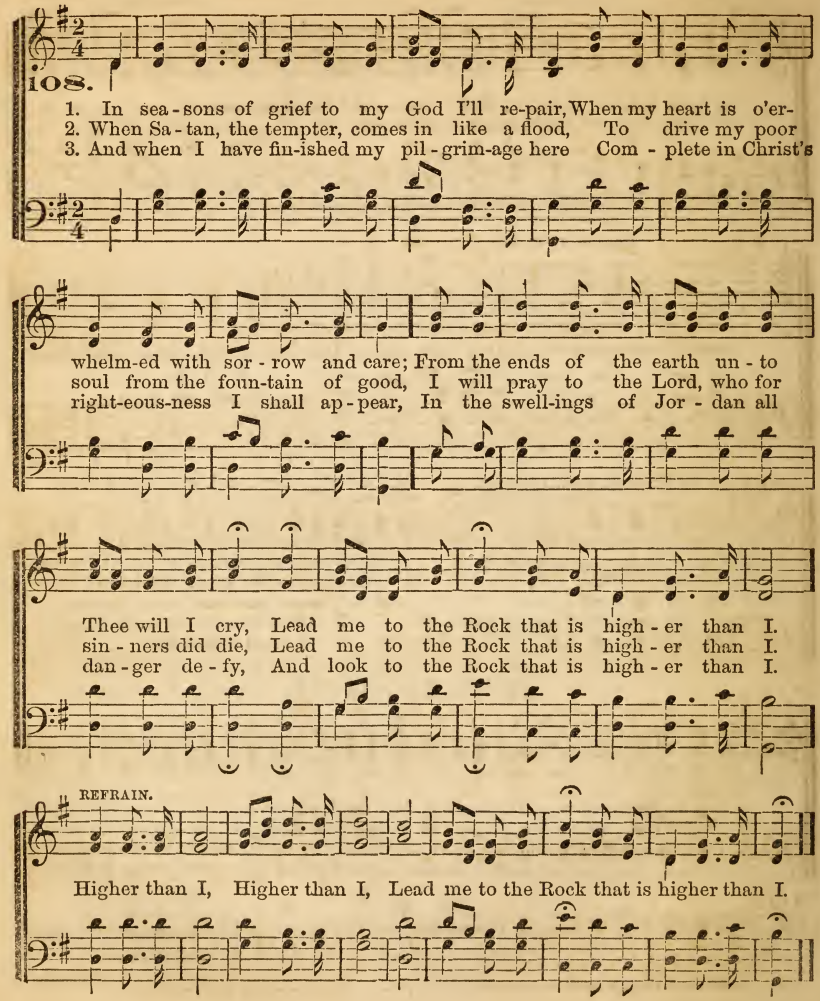
JESUS LOVES ME.

R. L.

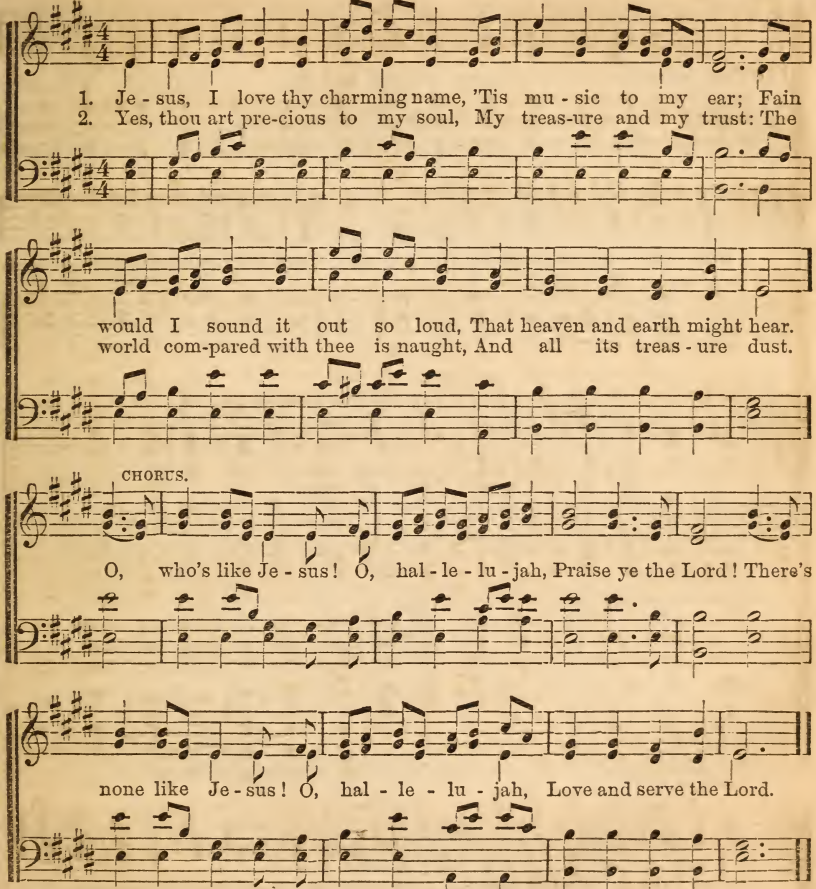

107.
1. Let the shadows round me gather, And the day Pass a - way—Jesus loves me.
2. Tho' the tide of sorrow whelm me, In the flow This I know—Jesus loves me.
3. Dearest earthly friends may leave me; He, my own, Stays alone Jesus loves me.
4. Neither sin nor death can fright me; Jesus died, He'll provide- Jesus loves me.
CHORUS. Je-sus loves me, always loves me; You may have All the world; Jesus loves me.

HIGHER THAN I.

Arranged.

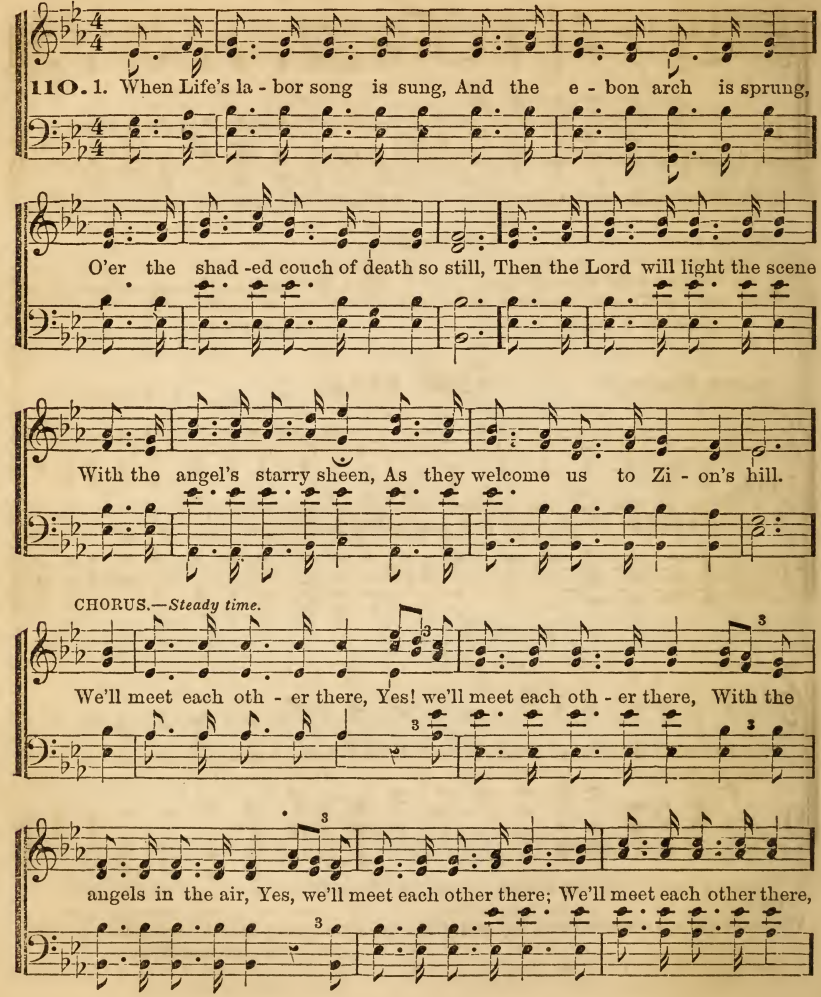
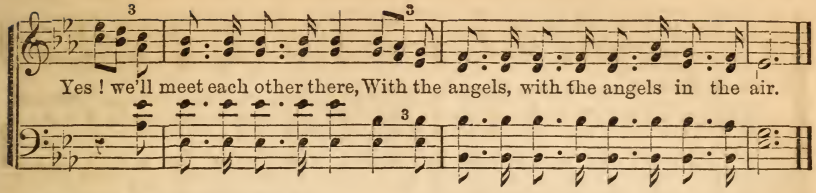

108.
1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-
2. When Sa - tan, the tempter, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor
3. And when I have fin-ished my pil - grim-age here Com - plete in Christ's
whelm-ed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to
soul from the foun-tain of good, I will pray to the Lord, who for
right-eous-ness I shall ap - pear, In the swell-ings of Jor - dan all
Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
dan - ger de - fy, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I.
REFRAIN.
Higher than I, Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS? Arranged.


1. Je - sus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain
2. Yes, thou art pre-cious to my soul, My treas-ure and my trust: The
would I sound it out so loud, That heaven and earth might hear.
world com-pared with thee is naught, And all its treas - ure dust.
CHORUS.
O, who's like Je - sus! O, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord! There's
none like Je - sus! O, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and serve the Lord.

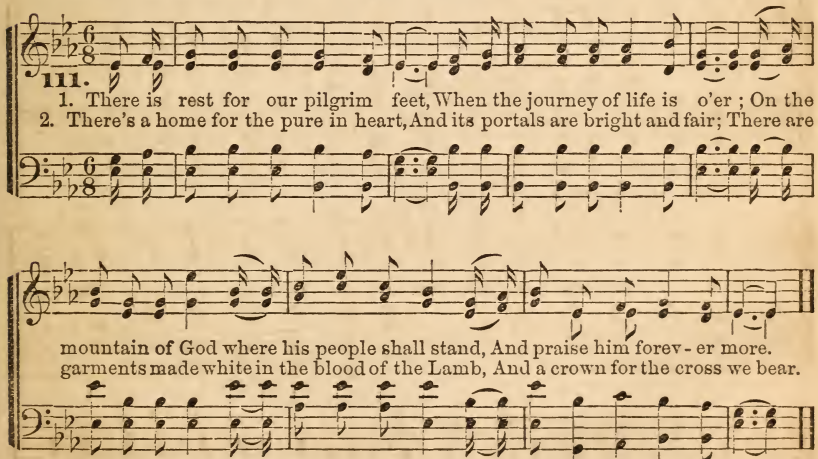
109.

3. All that my loftiest thoughts can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

110. 1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung,
O'er the shad -ed couch of death so still, Then the Lord will light the scene
With the angel's starry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.
CHORUS.—Steady time.
We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With the
angels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other there; We'll meet each other there,

2 Dark the shadows in the vale,
Fierce the howling of the gale,
But the shining ones are near our door:
With our robes as bright as they,
We will tread the starry way,
With the shadow and the storm no more.
We'll meet, &c.

3 Flood the heart with parting tears,
Frost the head with passing years,
Mingle want and woe together here,—
But the Lord will lift the cloud
That enwraps the shining shroud,
And we'll never know a sorrow there.
We'll meet, &c.

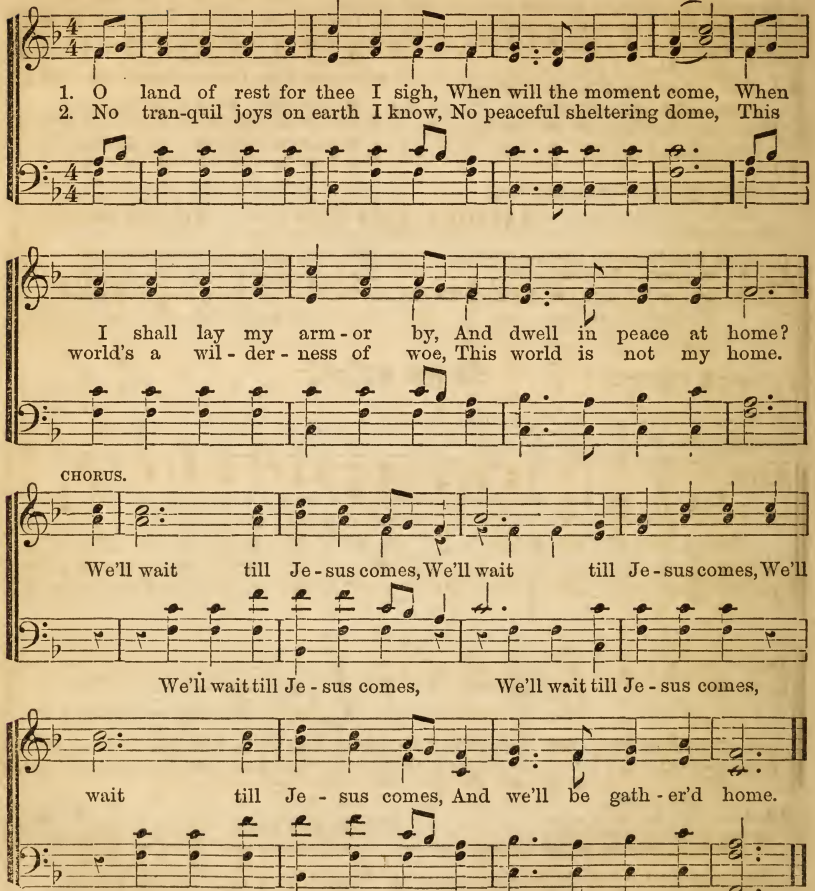
FANNY CROSBY. **SURE REST.** WM. HORTON.


111.
1. There is rest for our pilgrim feet, When the journey of life is o'er ; On the
2. There's a home for the pure in heart, And its portals are bright and fair; There are
mountain of God where his people shall stand, And praise him forev - er more.
garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, And a crown for the cross we bear.

3 We must work "till the Master comes,"
We must watch for the hour draws near;
We must pray, and not faint, rejoicing in hope,
And wait till his voice we hear.

4 There is rest, and that rest is sure,
'Tis promised, 'twill soon be ours ;
In a beautiful land by the River of Life,
A garden of fadeless flowers.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. WM. MILLER

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome, This
I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home?
world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
CHORUS.
We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll
We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,
wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

112.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side.
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

113.

1 Come let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.—*Cho.*

2 Let all the saints terrestial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.—*Cho.*

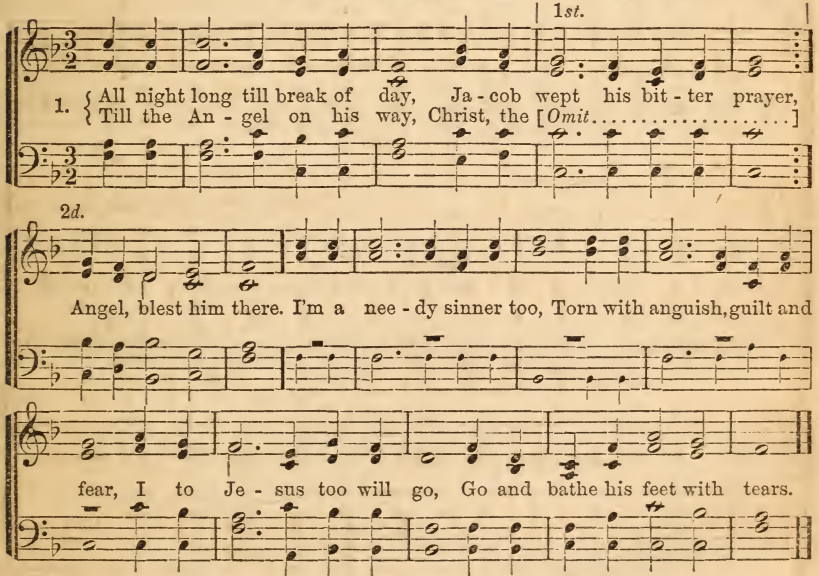
3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.—*Cho.*

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.—*Cho.*

5 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.—*Cho.*

JACOB'S PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1st.
1. All night long till break of day, Ja - cob wept his bit - ter prayer,
Till the An - gel on his way, Christ, the [Omit.....]
2d.
Angel, blest him there. I'm a nee - dy sinner too, Torn with anguish, guilt and
fear, I to Je - sus too will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

114.

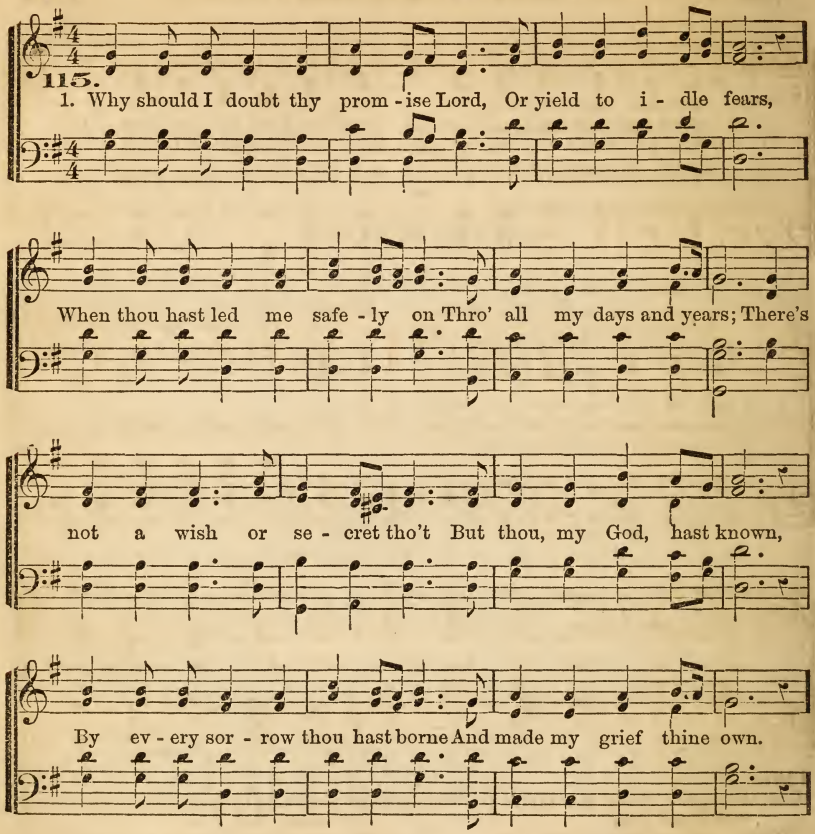
2.

Jesus at Thy cross I lie
All the night till break of day,
Do not spurn my humble cry,
Saviour cast me not away.
Till thou bless and make me Thine,
Till Thy pard'ning love I know,
Till the light of mercy shine,
"Lord, I will not let Thee go!"

3.

Now Thy gentle words I hear,
"Go in peace" thy sins forgiven.
Thou hast dried the mourners tear,
Help me follow Thee to heaven.
Jesus, I Thy goodness bless,
Still with wondering love adore;
Let me never love Thee less.
Let me love Thee more and more.

SUFFICIENT IS THY GRACE.

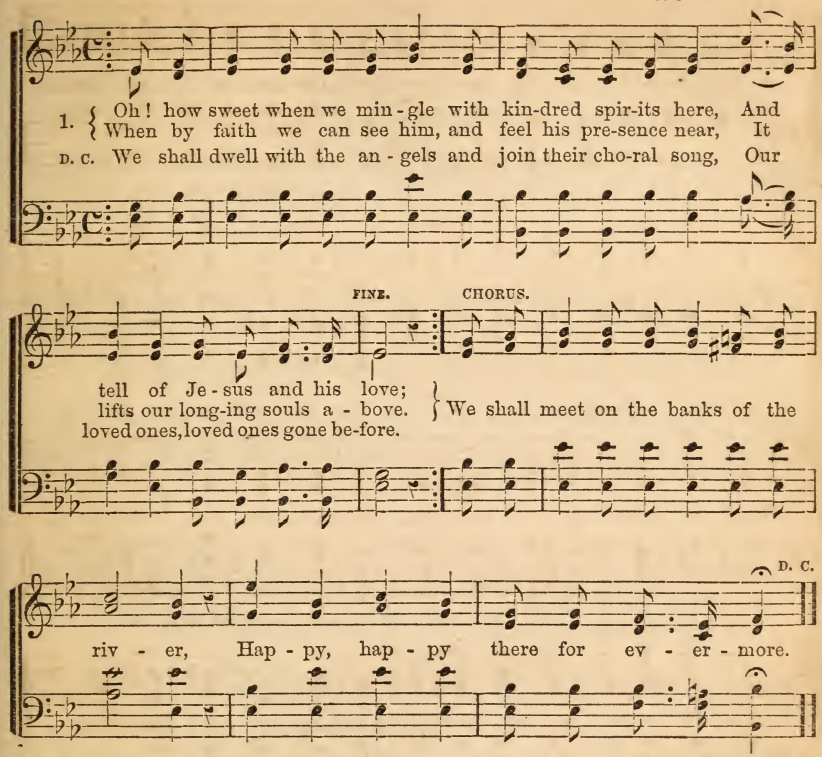
S. J. VAIL.

115.
1. Why should I doubt thy prom - ise Lord, Or yield to i - dle fears,
When thou hast led me safe - ly on Thro' all my days and years; There's
not a wish or se - cret tho't But thou, my God, hast known,
By ev - ery sor - row thou hast borne And made my grief thine own.

2.

Why should I doubt thy mercy Lord,
Is not each passing hour
A living witness to my heart
Of thy protecting power?
If thus afflictions weigh me down,
To thee my soul would fly;
Tho' long delayed the boon I ask,
'Tis but my faith to try.

3.

I would not doubt thy goodness Lord,
O give me strength divine,
Now help me consecrate to thee,
My life, and all that's mine;
Thus cheerful will I journey on
Till all my trials past,
I reach the pearly gates of light,
And dwell with thee at last.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Oh! how sweet when we min-gle with kin-dred spir-its here, And
{ When by faith we can see him, and feel his pre-sence near, It
D. C. We shall dwell with the an-gels and join their cho-ral song, Our
FINE.
CHORUS.
tell of Je-sus and his love;
lifts our long-ing souls a-bove.
{ We shall meet on the banks of the
loved ones, loved ones gone be-fore.
D. C.
riv-er, Hap-py, hap-py there for ev-er-more.

116.

2.

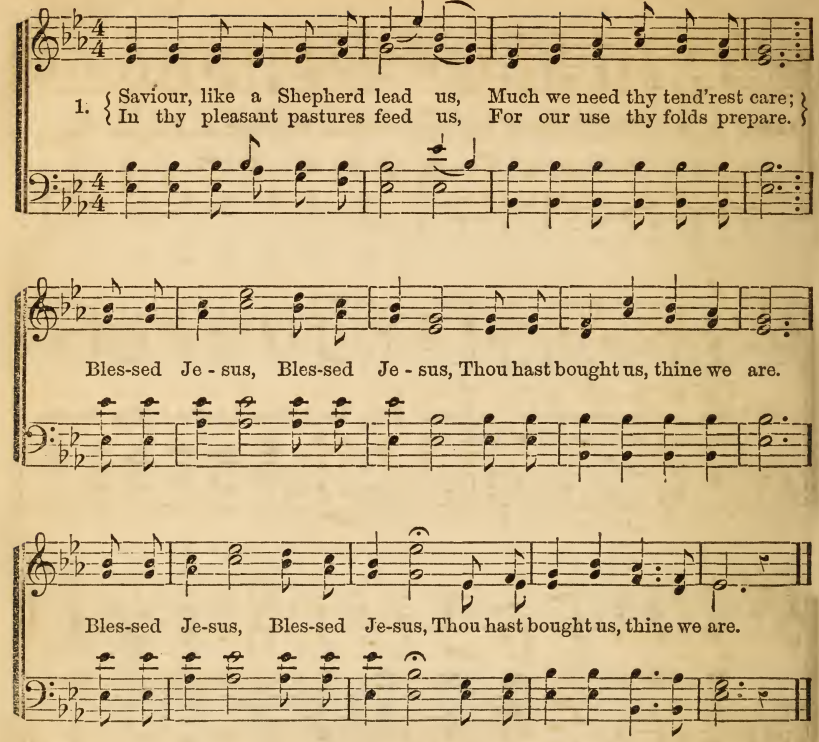
Hark the words of our Master, be faithful, watch and pray,
Press on where joys eternal flow;
Let us journey together along the shining way,
And sing rejoicing as we go.—*Cho.*

3.

We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
We'll count them blessings in disguise;
Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear,
In heaven, where pleasure never dies. *Cho.*

4.

When we walk thro' the valley and shadow of the tomb,
Dear Saviour thou wilt be our guide;
Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the gloom,
And keep the ransomed at thy side. *Cho.*


1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
{ In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare.
Bles-sed Je - sus, Bles-sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bles-sed Je-sus, Bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

117.

2.

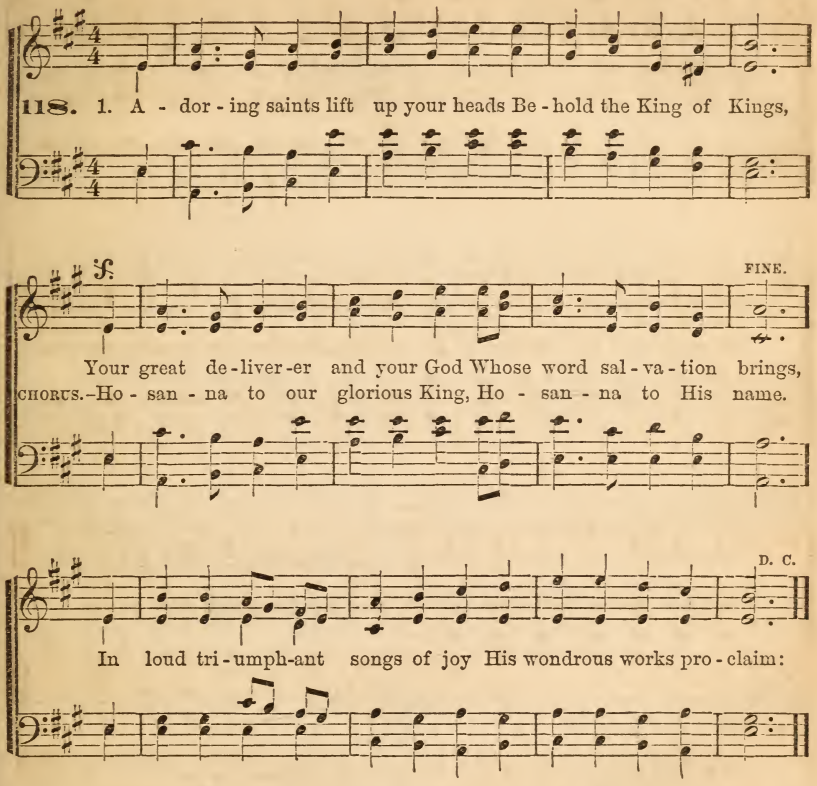
We are thine, do thou befriend us
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free,
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4.

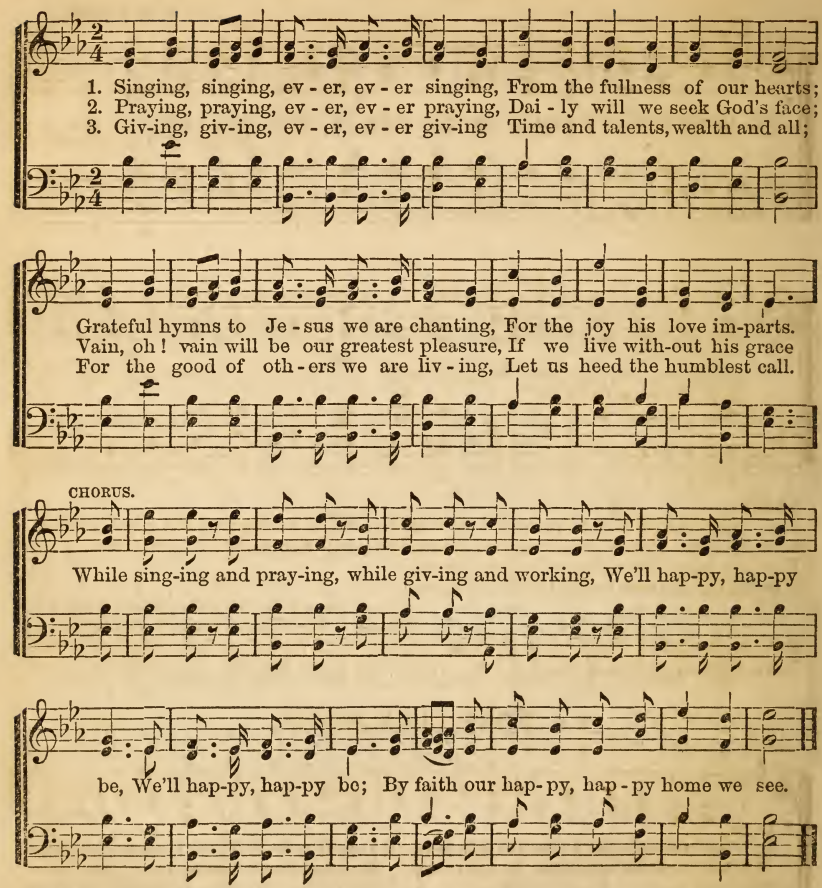
Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

C. G. ALLEN.

118. 1. A - dor - ing saints lift up your heads Be - hold the King of Kings,
FINE.
Your great de - liver - er and your God Whose word sal - va - tion brings,
CHORUS.–Ho - san - na to our glorious King, Ho - san - na to His name.
D. C.
In loud tri - umph-ant songs of joy His wondrous works pro - claim:

2.

The mighty Lord, the Prince of peace
He reigns victorious now,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall to his scepter bow;
From wave to wave, from clime to clime
Let every tongue proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King,
Hosanna to His name.

3.

Ye souls redeemed from sin and death,
Ye bright celestial band
That shout and praise Him day and night
As 'round His throne ye stand,
With you we'll strike our golden harps
In heaven we'll soon proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King
Hosanna to His name.

1. Singing, singing, ev - er, ev - er singing, From the fullness of our hearts;
2. Praying, praying, ev - er, ev - er praying, Dai - ly will we seek God's face;
3. Giv-ing, giv-ing, ev - er, ev - er giv-ing Time and talents, wealth and all;
Grateful hymns to Je - sus we are chanting, For the joy his love im-parts.
Vain, oh! vain will be our greatest pleasure, If we live with-out his grace
For the good of oth - ers we are liv - ing, Let us heed the humblest call.
CHORUS.
While sing-ing and pray-ing, while giv-ing and working, We'll hap-py, hap-py
be, We'll hap-py, hap-py be; By faith our hap-py, hap - py home we see.

119.

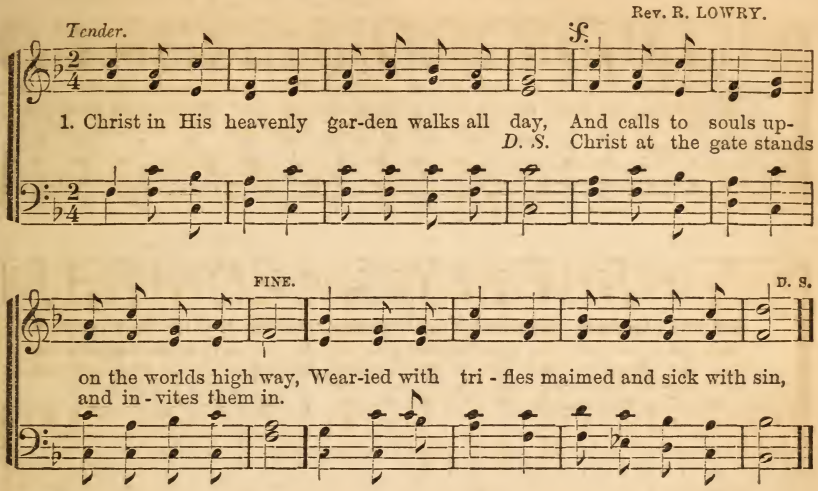
4.

Working, working, ever, ever working,
For the blessed Jesus' sake;
We will never, never cease our toiling,
Till we're called our rest to take. *Cho.*

5.

Welcome, welcome, joyful, joyful welcome,
When we reach the shining shore;
Christ himself will bid his children welcome
To our home for evermore. *Cho.*

Rev. R. LOWRY.


Tender.
f.
1. Christ in His heavenly gar-den walks all day, And calls to souls up-
D. S. Christ at the gate stands
FINE.
D. S.
on the worlds high way, Wear-ied with tri - fles maimed and sick with sin,
and in - vites them in.

120

2.

How long unwise will ye pursue your woe
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go,
Here the white lilies shine like stars above,
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

3.

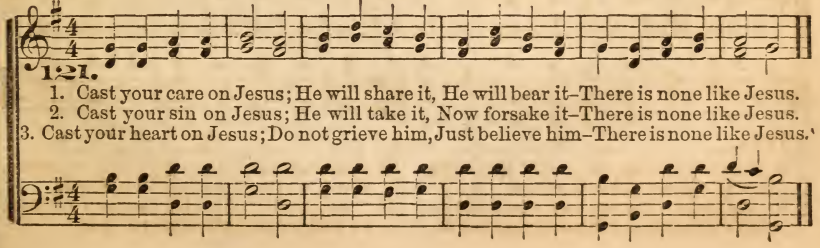
Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray,
Turn your steps hither, am not I the way?
The sun is falling and the night is nigh,
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?

4.

Look on my hands and side for I am He,
None to the Father cometh but by me,
For you I died, once more I call you home,
I live again for you—my children come!

NONE LIKE JESUS.

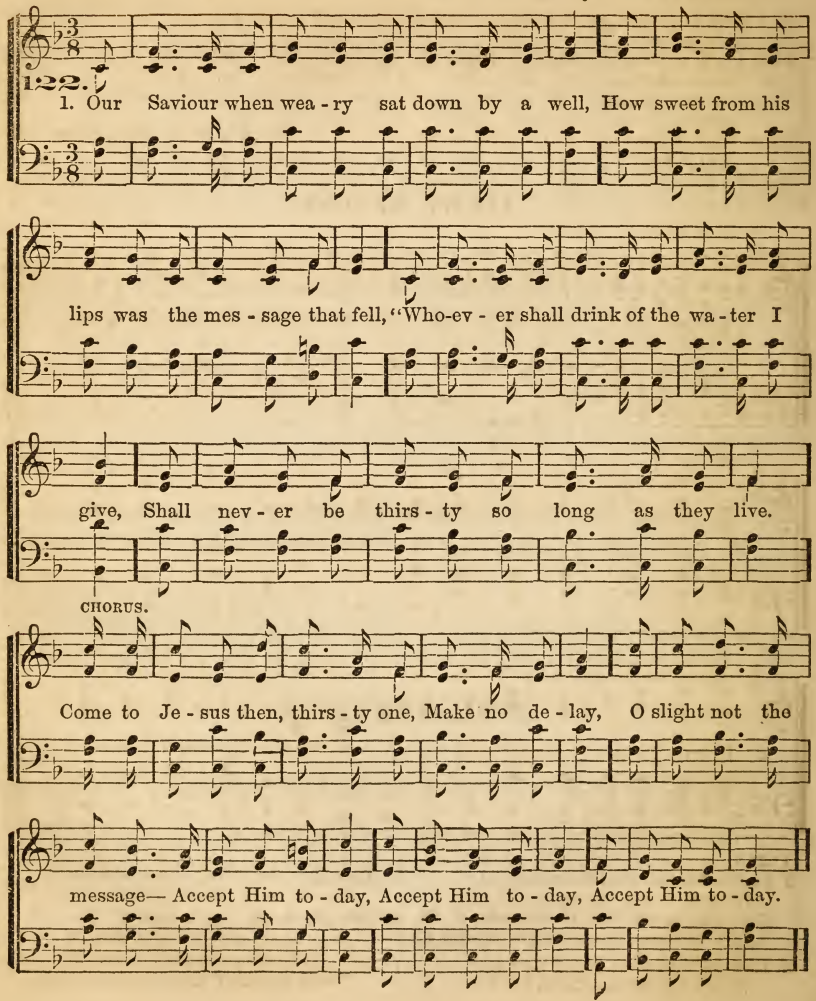
R. L.



121.

1. Cast your care on Jesus; He will share it, He will bear it–There is none like Jesus.
2. Cast your sin on Jesus; He will take it, Now forsake it–There is none like Jesus.
3. Cast your heart on Jesus; Do not grieve him, Just believe him–There is none like Jesus.

ACCEPT HIM TO-DAY.

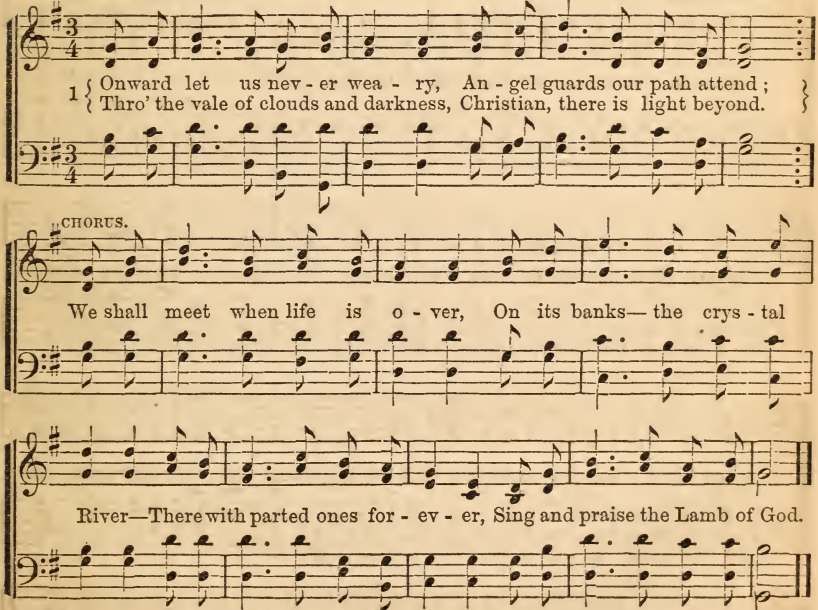
Words and music by P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

122.
1. Our Saviour when wea - ry sat down by a well, How sweet from his
lips was the mes - sage that fell, "Who-ev - er shall drink of the wa - ter I
give, Shall nev - er be thirs - ty so long as they live.
CHORUS.
Come to Je - sus then, thirs - ty one, Make no de - lay, O slight not the
message— Accept Him to - day, Accept Him to - day, Accept Him to - day.

2.
Oh! stop, thoughtless soul, and consider who spake,
Such words of sweet promise, to those who will take;
"The Water of Life," he so freely will give,
Then drink it poor sinner, O drink it and live..—*Cho.*

4.
How pure is the fountain from Jesus, that flows,
Its life-giving waters will heal all thy woes,
Then come heavy-laden now sighing for rest,
The Saviour invites thee, come, drink and be blest.—*Cho.*

LIGHT BEYOND.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. WM. HORTON.


1 Onward let us nev - er wea - ry, An - gel guards our path attend;
Thro' the vale of clouds and darkness, Christian, there is light beyond.
CHORUS.
We shall meet when life is o - ver, On its banks— the crys - tal
River—There with parted ones for - ev - er, Sing and praise the Lamb of God.

123.

2 Lo, the Saviour walks before us,
He our never changing friend;
Bids us when the tempest rages,
Lift our eyes, there's light beyond. *Cho*

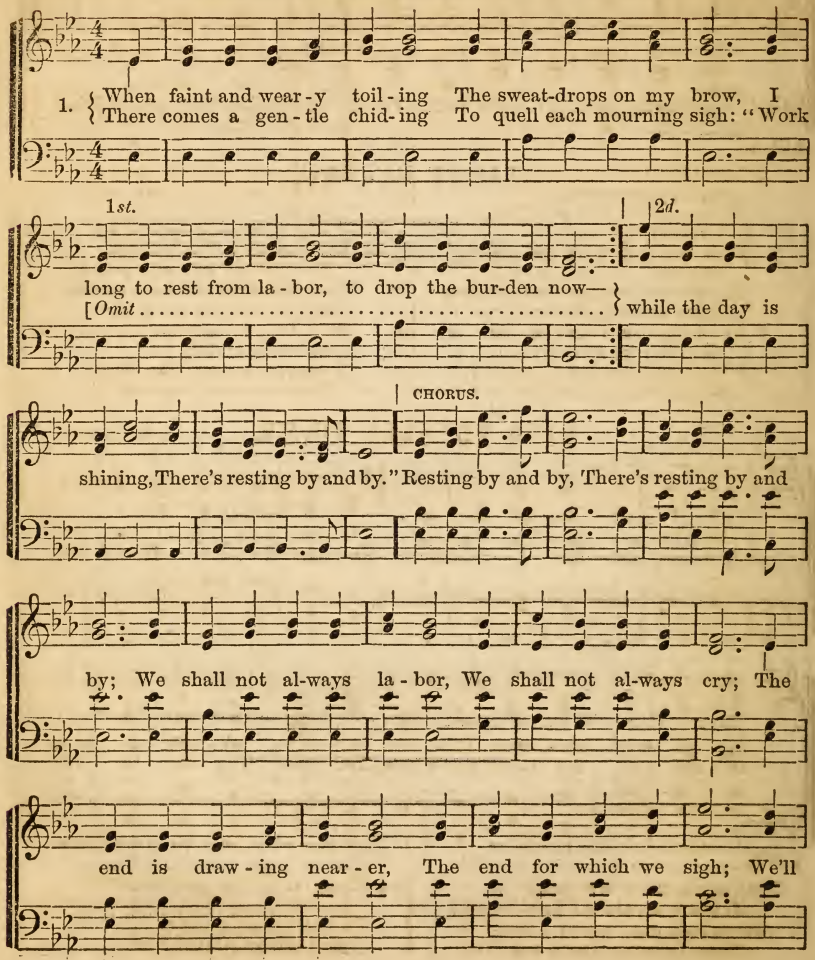
3 Tho' He chasten, 'tis in mercy
To his rod in meekness bend,
Tho' the night may close around us,
Blessed hope, there's light beyond. *Cho.*

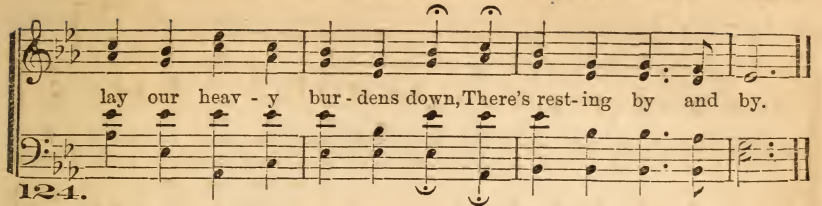
4 Onward, let us never weary,
They who now our path attend,
Soon will bear our spirit's upward,
Thank's to God, there's light beyond,

RESTING BY AND BY.

Words by Rev. SIDNEY DYER. R. LOWRY.

"LET US LABOR THEREFORE TO ENTER INTO THAT REST."—Heb. iv. 11.


1. When faint and wear-y toil-ing The sweat-drops on my brow, I
There comes a gen-tle chid-ing To quell each mourning sigh: "Work
1st.
2d.
long to rest from la-bor, to drop the bur-den now—
[Omit
while the day is
CHORUS.
shining, There's resting by and by." Resting by and by, There's resting by and
by; We shall not al-ways la-bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The
end is draw-ing near-er, The end for which we sigh; We'll



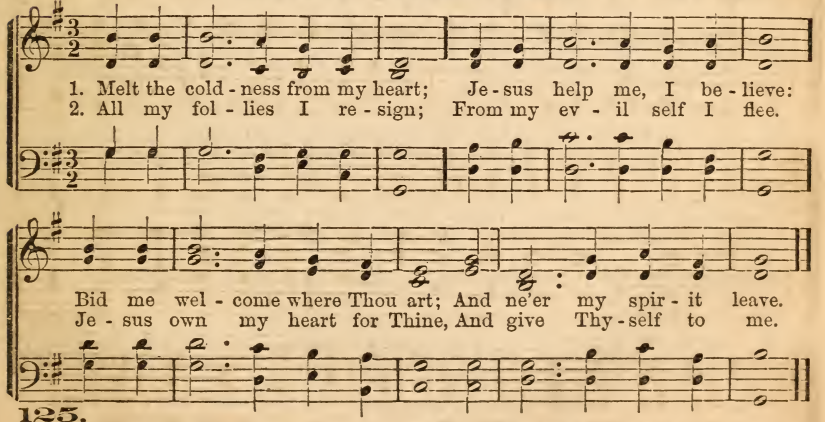
124.

2 This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor
To enter into rest;
Then pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by and by.

3 Nor ask when overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?
The Master bids him tarry;
And dare you ask him why.
"Go labor in my vineyard,"
There's resting by and by.

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
There's resting by and by.

GIVE THYSELF TO ME.

GEO. LEACH.

1. Melt the cold - ness from my heart; Je - sus help me, I be - lieve:
2. All my fol - lies I re - sign; From my ev - il self I flee.
Bid me wel - come where Thou art; And ne'er my spir - it leave.
Je - sus own my heart for Thine, And give Thy - self to me.

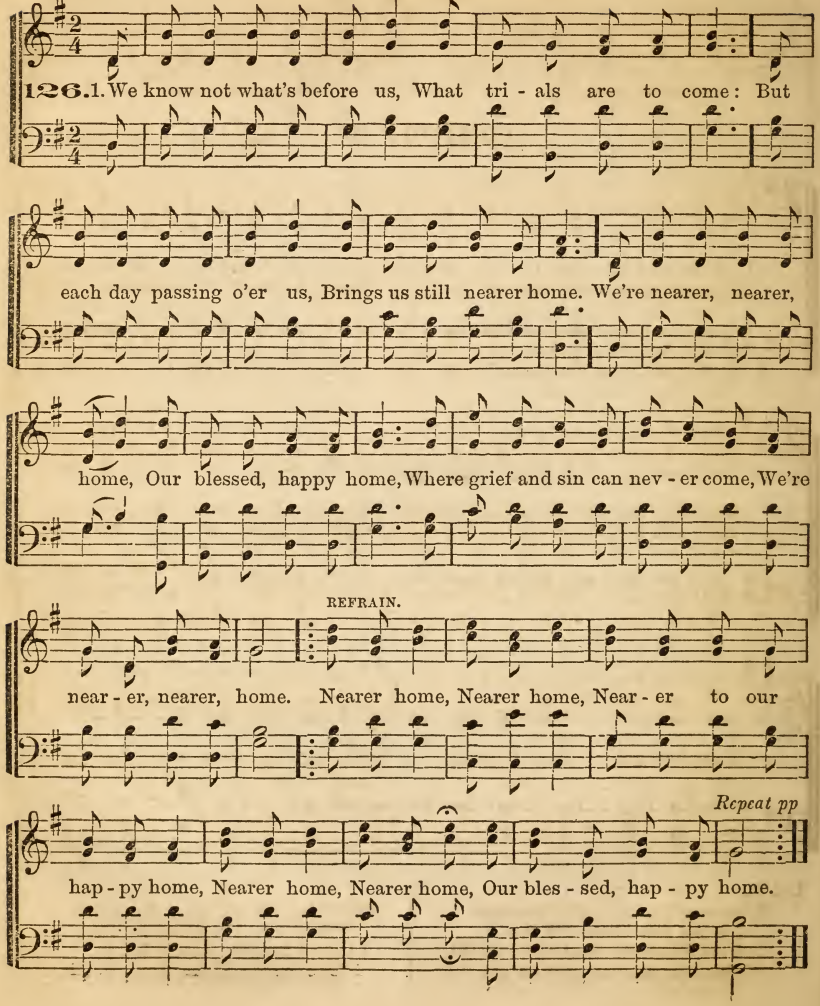
125.

5 Dreary is the desert land;
Friends depart and foes betray;
Jesus lead my trembling hand,—
Thou Life and Truth and Way.

4 Clasp me in Thy faithful arms:
Soothe me on Thy tender breast,—
This the sting of death disarms,
And brings eternal rest.

120 WE'RE NEARER HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON. WM. B. BRADBURY.

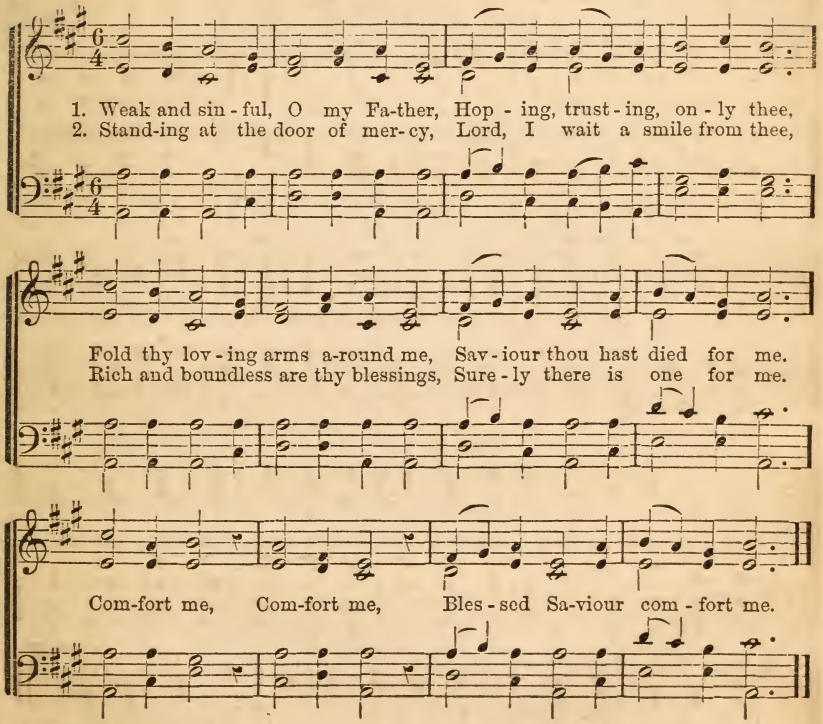

126. 1. We know not what's before us, What tri - als are to come: But
each day passing o'er us, Brings us still nearer home. We're nearer, nearer,
home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can nev - er come, We're
REFRAIN.
near - er, nearer, home. Nearer home, Nearer home, Near - er to our
Repeat pp
hap - py home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our bles - sed, hap - py home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.
Nearer home, &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish.
But cheerfully we'll sing.
Nearer home, &c.

COMFORT ME.

Music by W. H. PETTIBONE.


1. Weak and sin-ful, O my Fa-ther, Hop-ing, trust-ing, on-ly thee,
2. Stand-ing at the door of mer-cy, Lord, I wait a smile from thee,
Fold thy lov-ing arms a-round me, Sav-iour thou hast died for me.
Rich and boundless are thy blessings, Sure-ly there is one for me.
Com-fort me, Com-fort me, Bles-sed Sa-viour com-fort me.

127.

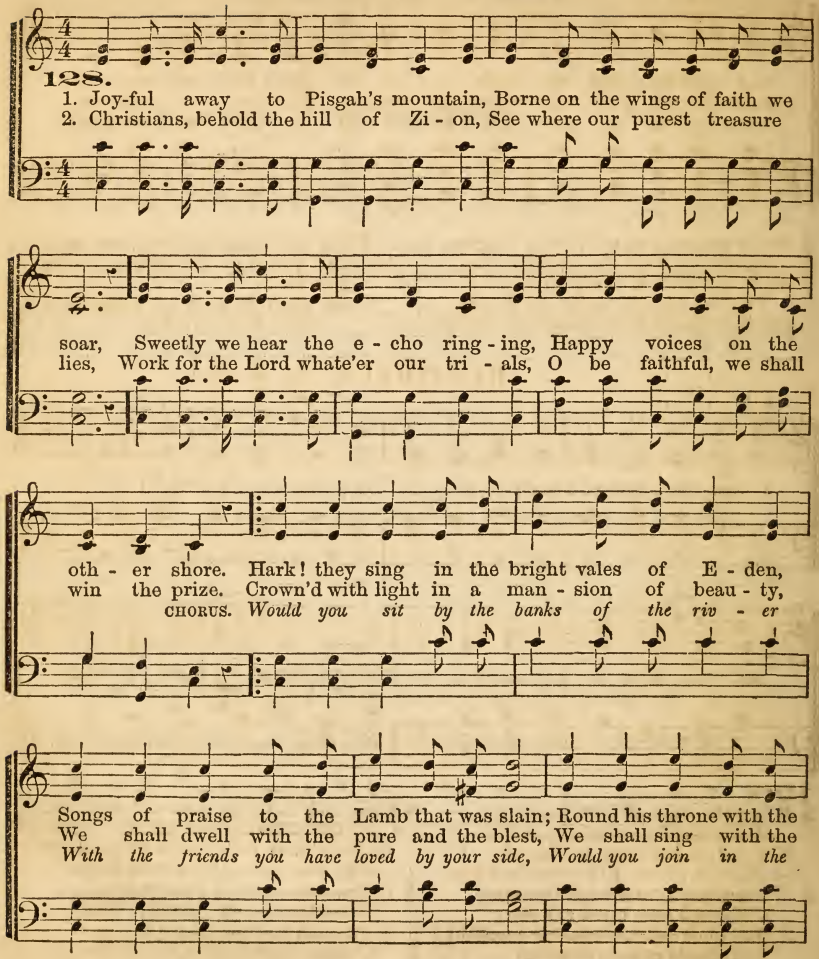
3.
Thou my life, my only treasure,
Let me give myself to thee,
Let me drink the healing fountain,
There is comfort still for me. *Cho.*

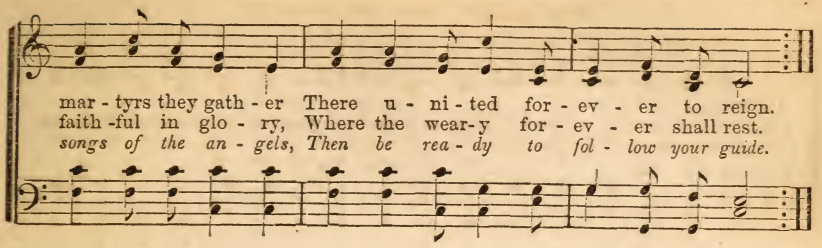
4.
Thou hast rolled away the burden,
Praise forever, praise to thee;
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me. *Cho.*

PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

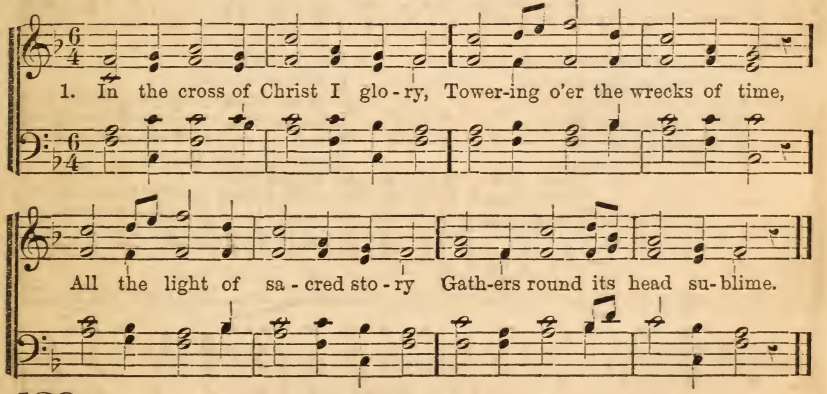
OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.


128.
1. Joy-ful away to Pisgah's mountain, Borne on the wings of faith we
2. Christians, behold the hill of Zi - on, See where our purest treasure
soar, Sweetly we hear the e - cho ring - ing, Happy voices on the
lies, Work for the Lord whate'er our tri - als, O be faithful, we shall
oth - er shore. Hark! they sing in the bright vales of E - den,
win the prize. Crown'd with light in a man - sion of beau - ty,
CHORUS. Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er
Songs of praise to the Lamb that was slain; Round his throne with the
We shall dwell with the pure and the blest, We shall sing with the
With the friends you have loved by your side, Would you join in the


mar - tyrs they gath - er There u - ni - ted for - ev - er to reign.
faith -ful in glo - ry, Where the wear-y for - ev - er shall rest.
songs of the an - gels, Then be rea - dy to fol - low your guide.

3 We're pressing on with eager longing,
Pressing toward the swelling tide;
Jesus will bear us safely over,
We shall anchor on the other side.
Saved by grace to his kingdom exalted,
When the billows of Jordan are pass'd,
We shall sing with the friends we have cherished,
Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.
Would you sit, &c.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

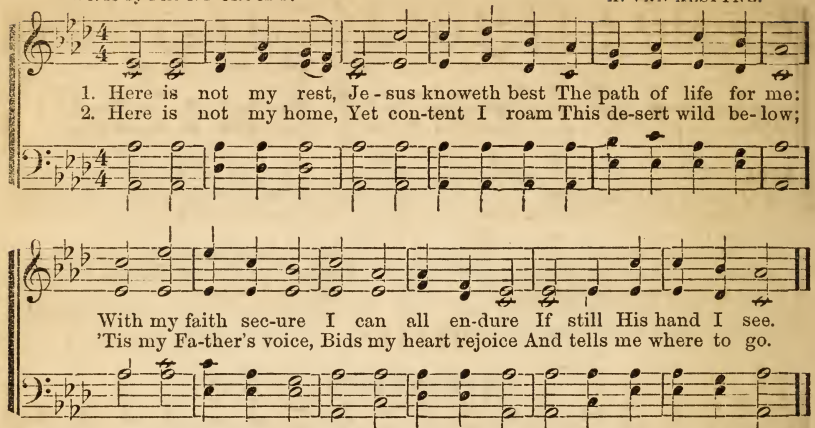

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head su-blime.

129.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified,
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

124 HERE IS NOT MY REST.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. A. VAN ALSTYNE.

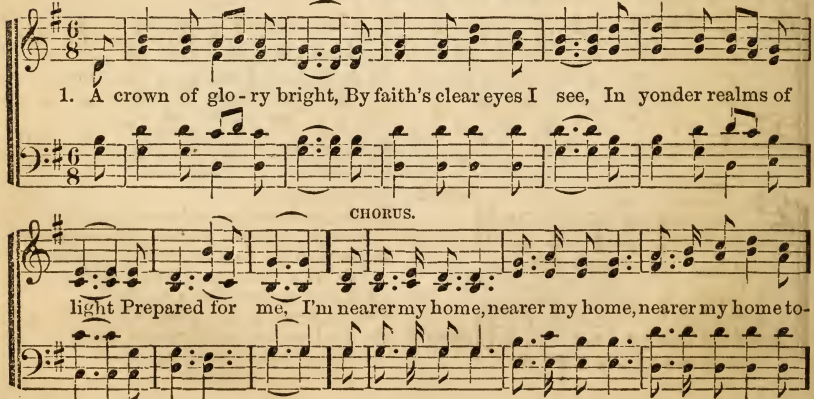

1. Here is not my rest, Je - sus knoweth best The path of life for me:
2. Here is not my home, Yet con-tent I roam This de-sert wild be-low;
With my faith sec-ure I can all en-dure If still His hand I see.
'Tis my Fa-ther's voice, Bids my heart rejoice And tells me where to go.

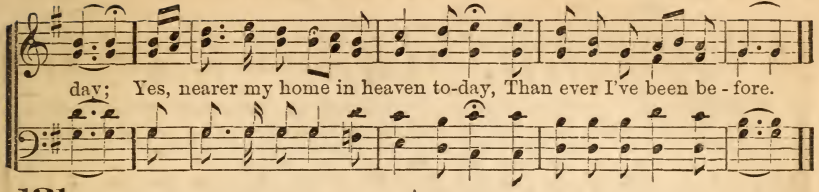
130.

3 Though temptation's power
Chill the brightest hour,
I lift my soul above,
With my Saviour near
What have I to fear
Protected by his love.

4 Pilgrim of a day
I shall pass away,
Where endless joys are given;
Lord, at home with thee
Sweet my rest will be,
Eternal rest in Heaven.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of
CHORUS.
light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to-

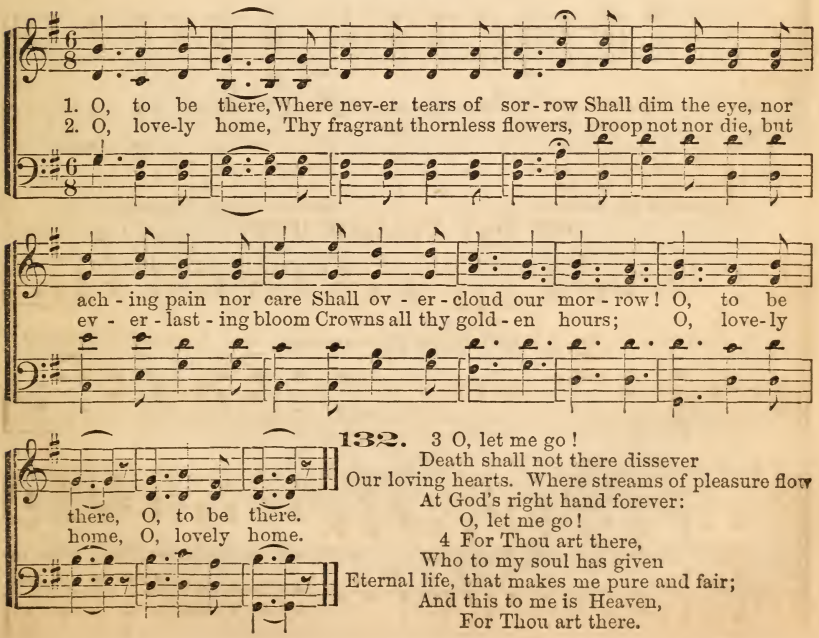


131.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.
3 Jesus be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.
4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

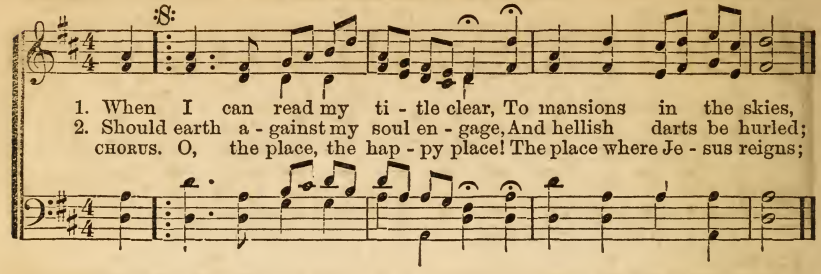

1. O, to be there, Where nev-er tears of sor - row Shall dim the eye, nor
2. O, love-ly home, Thy fragrant thornless flowers, Droop not nor die, but
ach - ing pain nor care Shall ov - er - cloud our mor - row! O, to be
ev - er - last - ing bloom Crowns all thy gold - en hours; O, love-ly
there, O, to be there.
home, O, lovely home.

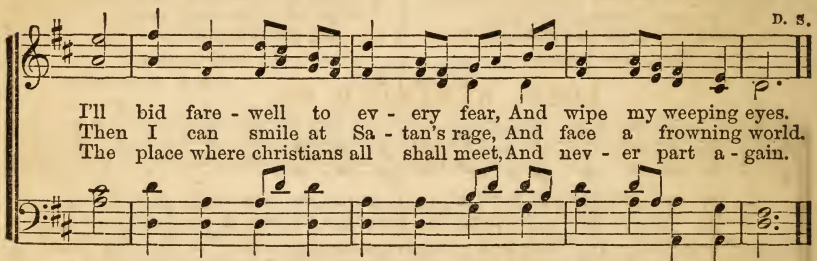
132.

3 O, let me go!
Death shall not there dissever
Our loving hearts. Where streams of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!
4 For Thou art there,
Who to my soul has given
Eternal life, that makes me pure and fair;
And this to me is Heaven,
For Thou art there.

THE HAPPY PLACE.

Arr. by R. L.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And hellish darts be hurled;
CHORUS. O, the place, the hap - py place! The place where Je - sus reigns;


D. S.
I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
The place where christians all shall meet, And nev - er part a - gain.

133.

3.

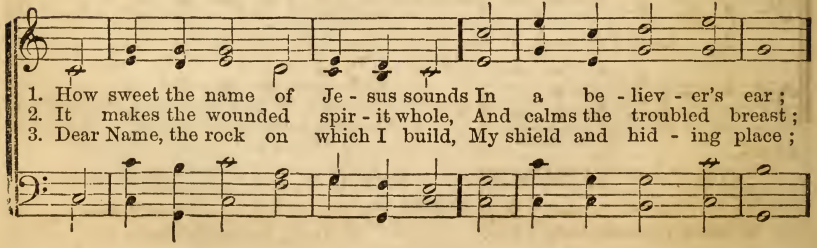
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
O, the place, &c.

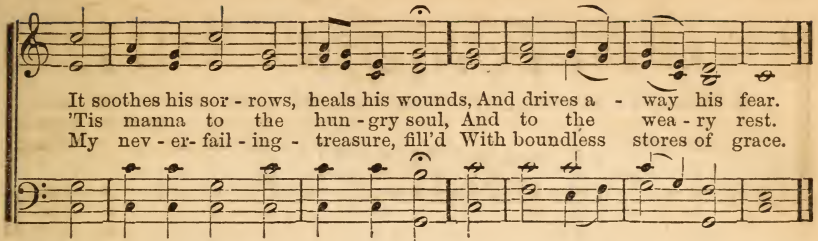
4.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
O, the place, &c.

BELIEVER. C. M.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;


It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis manna to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
My nev - er- fail - ing - treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.

134.

4.

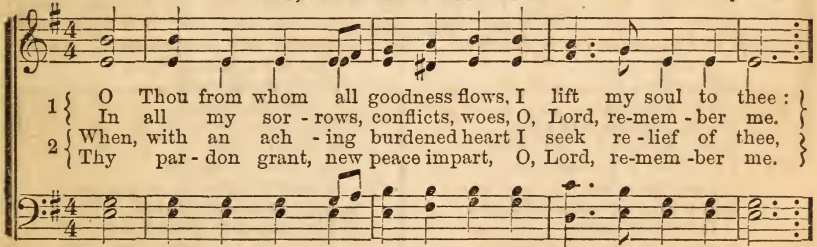
Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

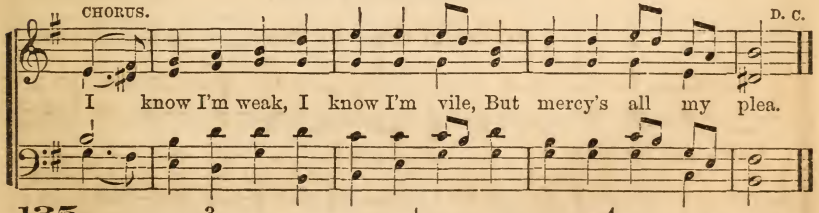
5.

I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

Arr. by R. L.


1 O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee :
In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, O, Lord, re-mem - ber me.
2 When, with an ach - ing burdened heart I seek re - lief of thee,
Thy par - don grant, new peace impart, O, Lord, re-mem -ber me.
D. C. Re - mem - ber Lord, thy dying groans, And then remem - ber me.



135.

3.

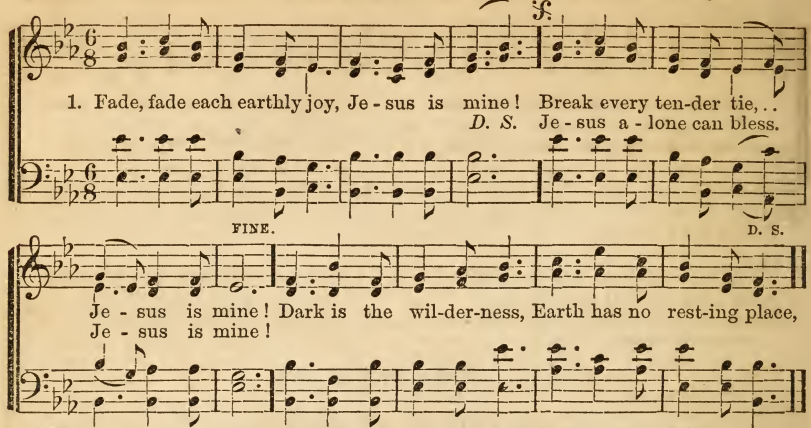
When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day,
O, Lord, remember me. *Cho.*

4.

When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O, Lord, Remember me. *Cho.*

JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS, by permission.


1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break every ten-der tie,..
D. S. Je - sus a - lone can bless.
FINE.
D. S.
Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place,
Je - sus is mine!

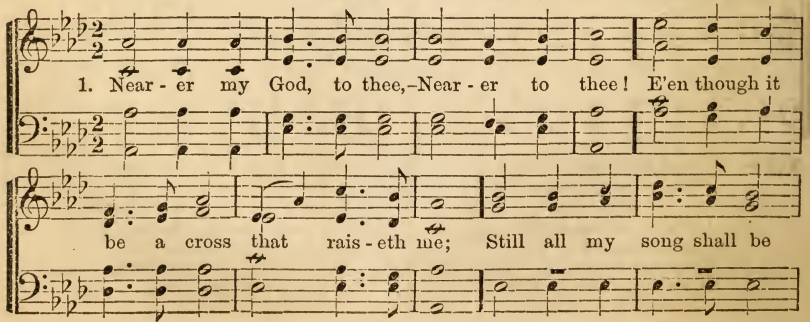
136. 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

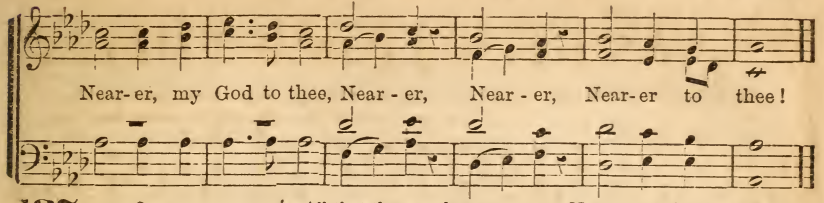
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast.
Jesus is mine!

NEARER TO THEE.

REV. R. LOWRY.





137.

2.
Though like a wanderer.
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

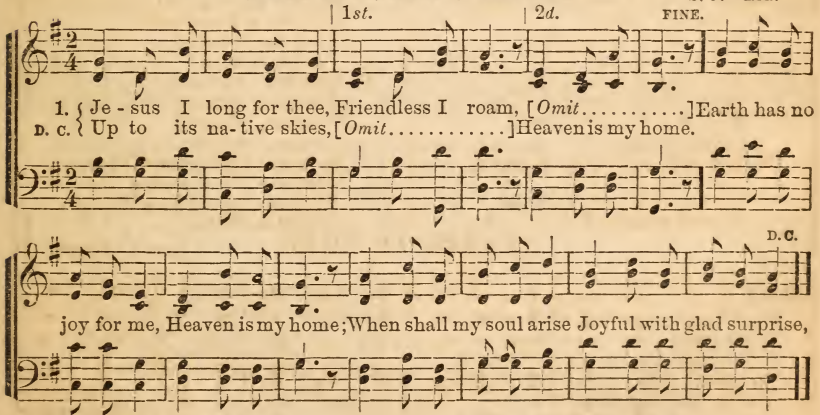
3.
There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4.
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5.
And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

S. J. VAIL.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
1. Je - sus I long for thee, Friendless I roam, [Omit.....]Earth has no
D. C. Up to its na-tive skies, [Omit.....]Heaven is my home.
D.C.
joy for me, Heaven is my home; When shall my soul arise Joyful with glad surprise,

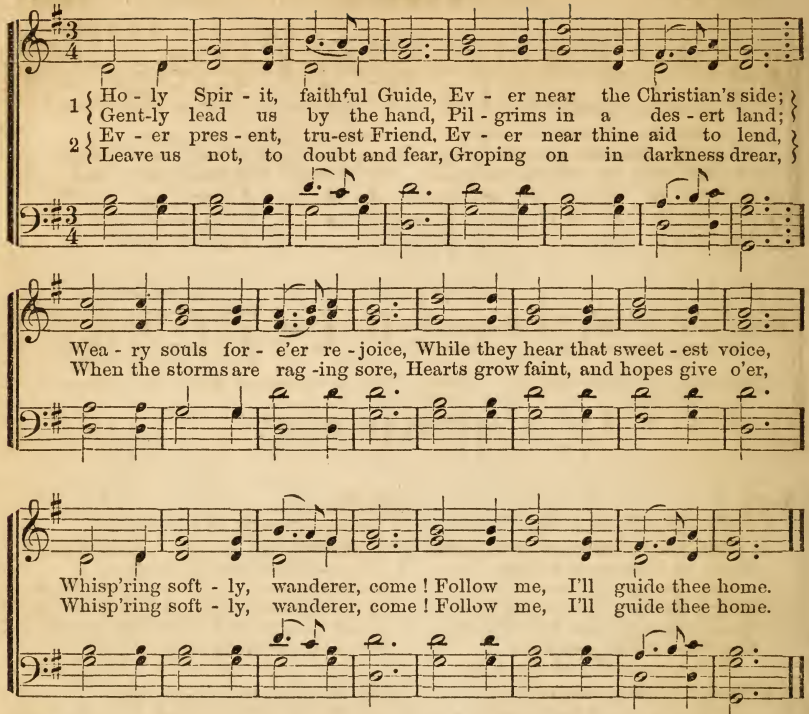
138.

2 Grant me a light divine
While here I roam,
O'er my dark path to shine,
Heaven is my home.
O my sad heart be still,
Patient in every ill,
Thine be a father's will,
Heaven is my home;

3 There shall I see his face,
No more to roam,
Clasped in his dear embrace,
Heaven is my home;
Soon shall my spirit rise,
Joyful with glad surprise,
Up to its native skies,
Heaven is my home.

GUIDE.

M. M. WELLS.


1 Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2 Ev - er pres - ent, tru-est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not, to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear,
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag -ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

139.

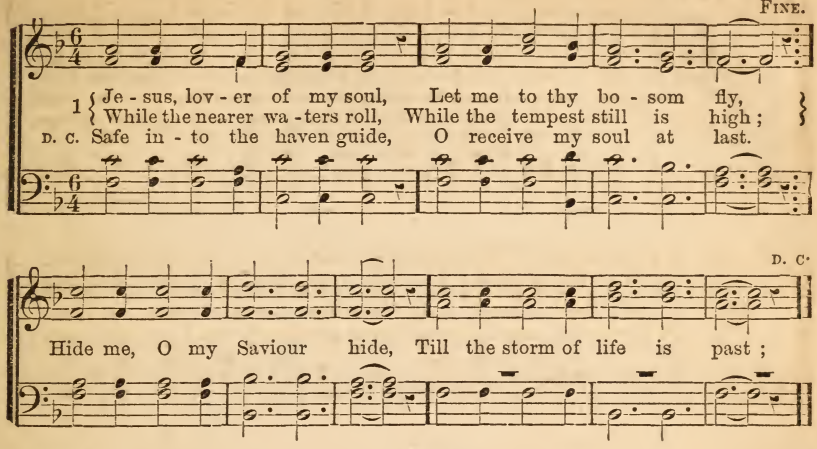
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

140.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

S. B. MARSH.


FINE.
1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
D. C. Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

141.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
And my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

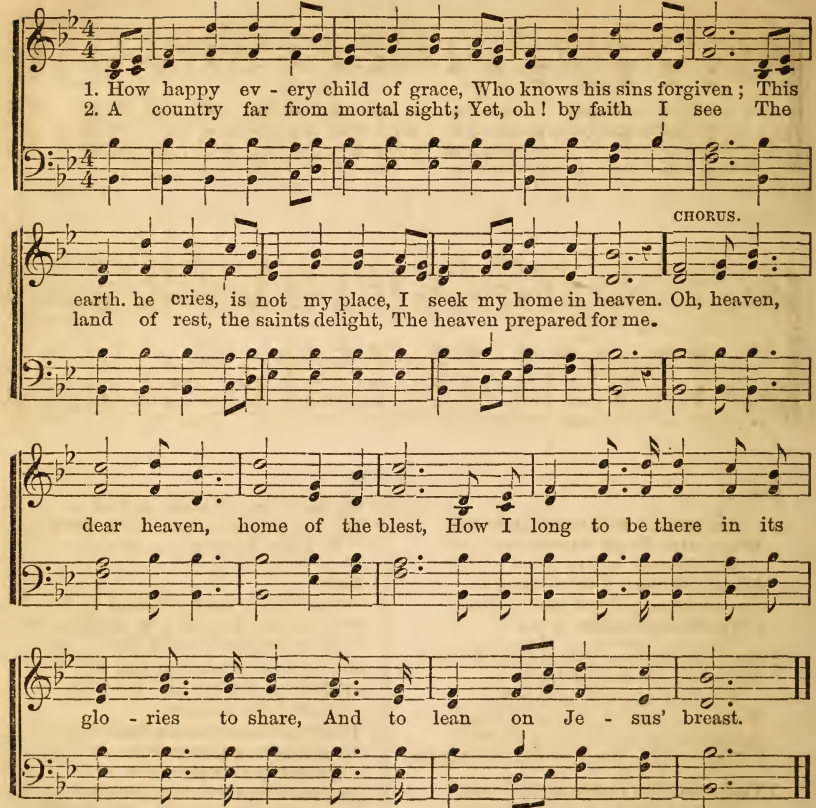
142.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In our way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news shall come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

HAPPY CHILD OF GRACE.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. How happy ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven; This
2. A country far from mortal sight; Yet, oh! by faith I see The
CHORUS.
earth. he cries, is not my place, I seek my home in heaven. Oh, heaven,
land of rest, the saints delight, The heaven prepared for me.
dear heaven, home of the blest, How I long to be there in its
glo - ries to share, And to lean on Je - sus' breast.

143.

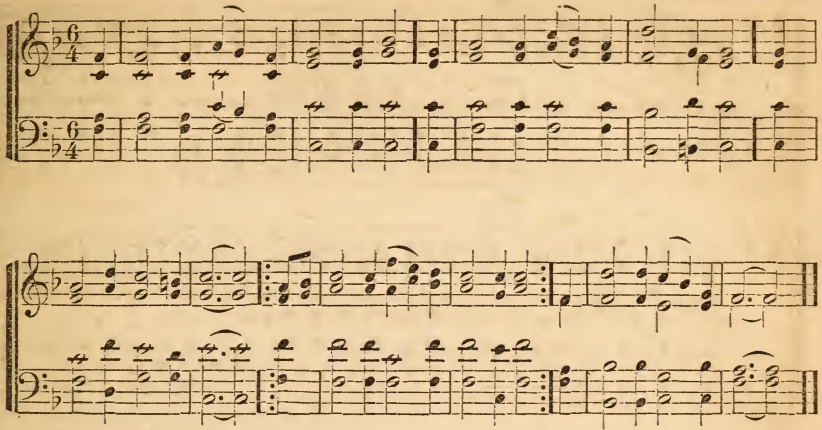
3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day. *Cho.*

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthern vessels filled. *Cho.*

5 O, would he more of heaven bestow;
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek? *Cho.*

6 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity. *Cho.* C. WESLEY.

Dr. HASTINGS.



144.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For this I sigh, for Thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

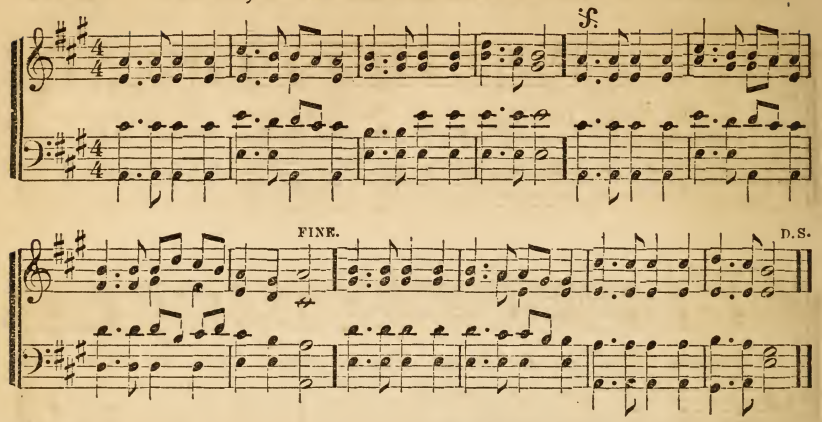
4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

145.

1 O Lord! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee—
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer—
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!

134 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN. MOZART. Arr.

146.

1 Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

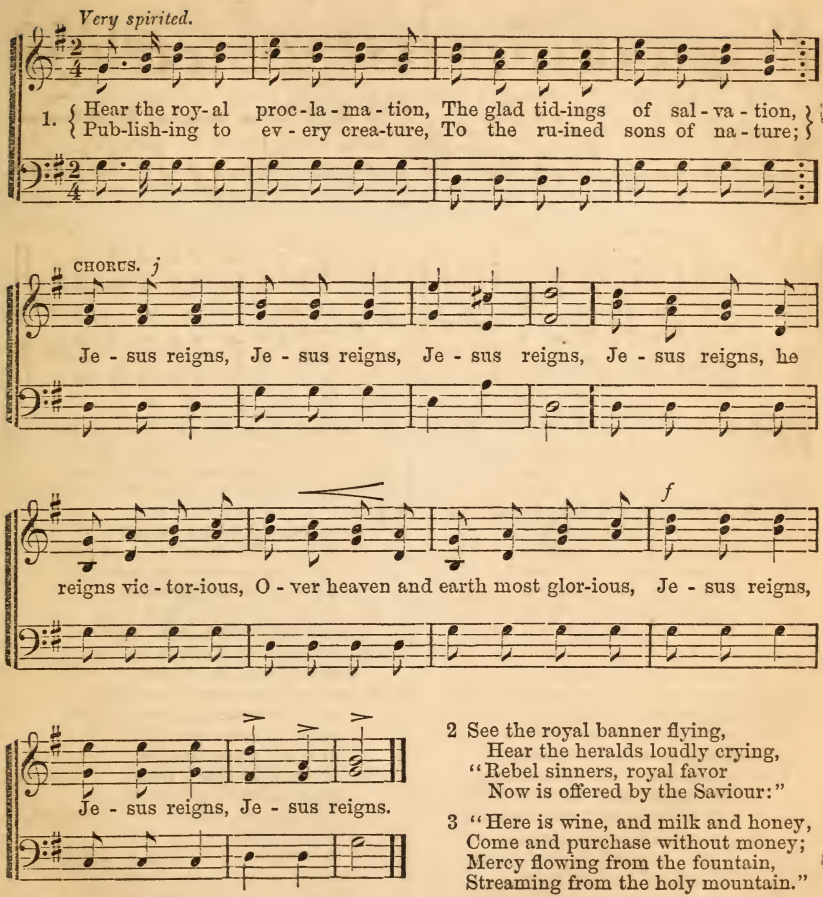
4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

147.

1 "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
"Others by the word are saved;
Now to me afford thine aid."
Many, for his crying, chid him,
But he cried the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him:
Come, and ask me what you will.

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."


Very spirited.
1. { Hear the roy-al proc-la-ma-tion, The glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion, }
{ Pub-lish-ing to ev-ery crea-ture, To the ru-ined sons of na-ture; }
CHORUS. j
Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, he
f
reigns vic - tor-ious, O - ver heaven and earth most glor-ious, Je - sus reigns,
Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour:"

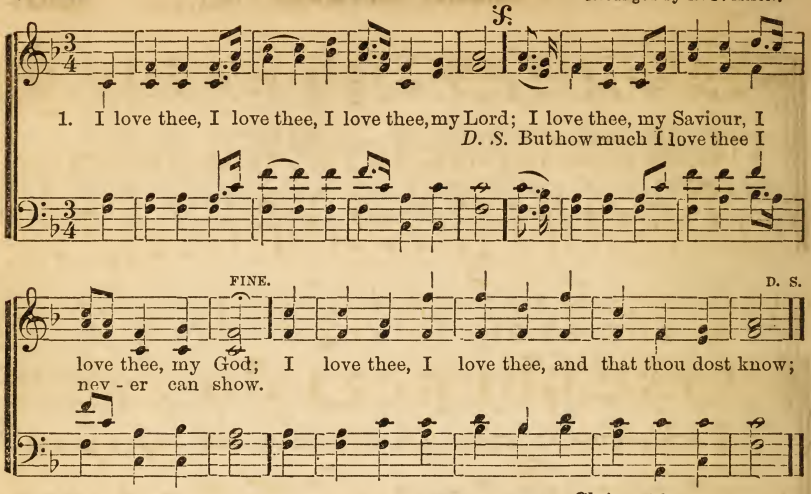
3 "Here is wine, and milk and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from the fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."

148.

4 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bound of the creation:
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion. *Cho.*

5 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory. *Cho.*

I LOVE THEE.

Arranged by H. P. MAIN.

f.
1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I
D. S. But how much I love thee I
FINE.
D. S.
love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
nev - er can show.

149.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal;
I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
And long to be there,
With Jesus and angels,
My kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour,
With thee I am blest!
My life and salvation,
My joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme,
And thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire
Both my heart and my tongue.

5 O, who 's like my Saviour?
He 's Salem's bright king;
He smiles, and he loves me,
He helps me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him,
With notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

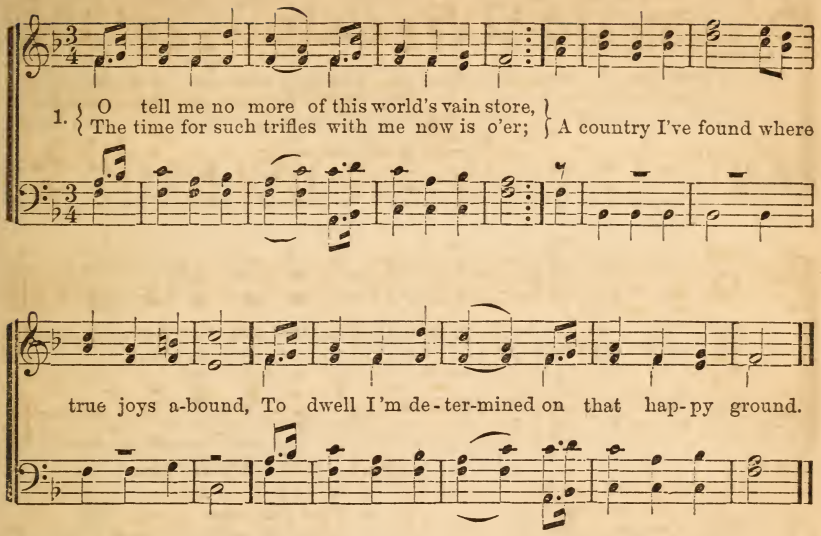
150.

TUNE.—*Christ within.*

1 My God, I am thine;
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing, to know
That my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice
At the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound,
And whoever has found it,
Hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know,
To feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—
'Tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness,
But this is the taste;
And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens
In Jesus's love.


1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where
true joys a-bound, To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground.

151.

2.

The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls me away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3.

No mortal doth know what He can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4.

Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5.

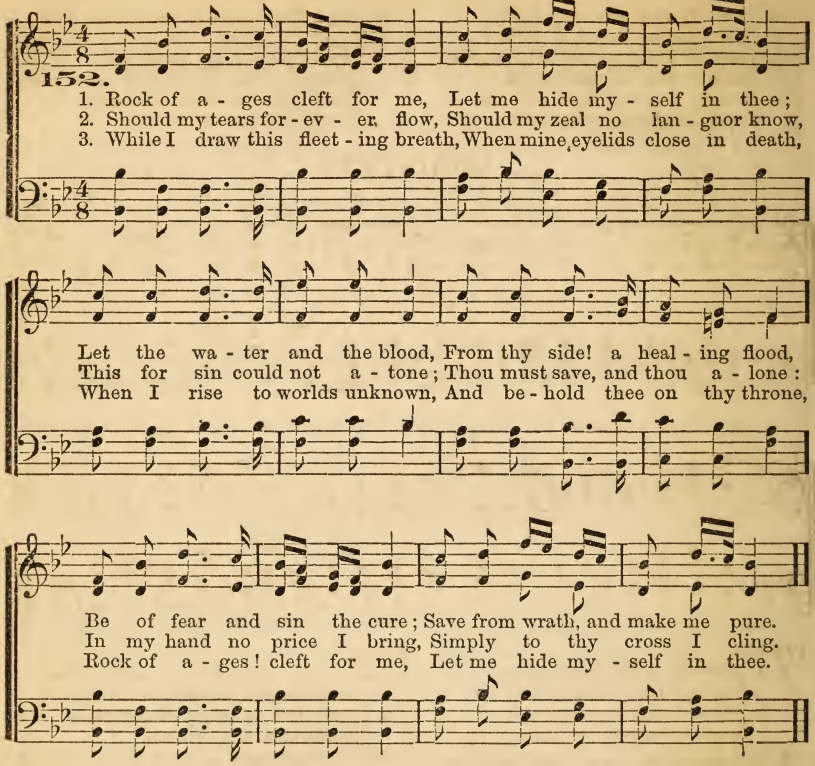
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6.

And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

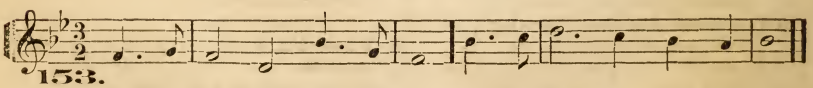
REFUGE. 7s., 6 lines.

S. J. VAIL.


152.
1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side! a heal - ing flood,
This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,
Be of fear and sin the cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

TOPLADY. 7s., 6 lines.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



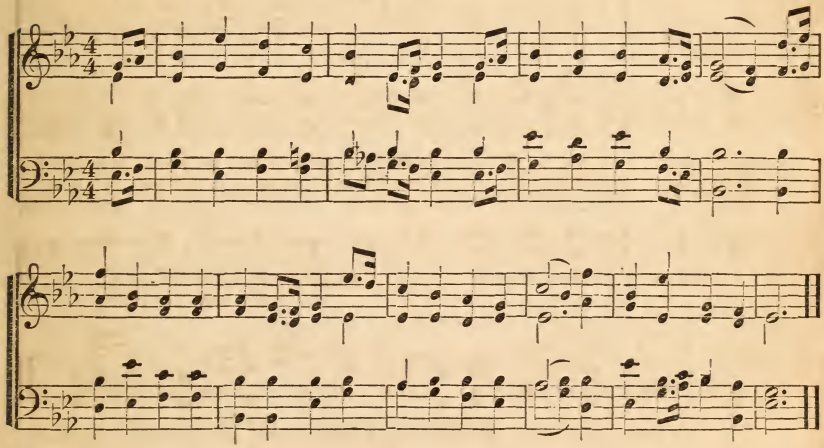
1 Happy Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee,
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust Thy goodness to provide;
Trust Thy saving love and power;
Trust Thee every day and hour.

2 Trust Thee as the only light,
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust Thy promise for relief.

3 Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;
Trust Thee living, dying too;
Trust Thee all my journey through;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

CHRISTMAS.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



154.

1 A glory glids the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but sorrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a word of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

155.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

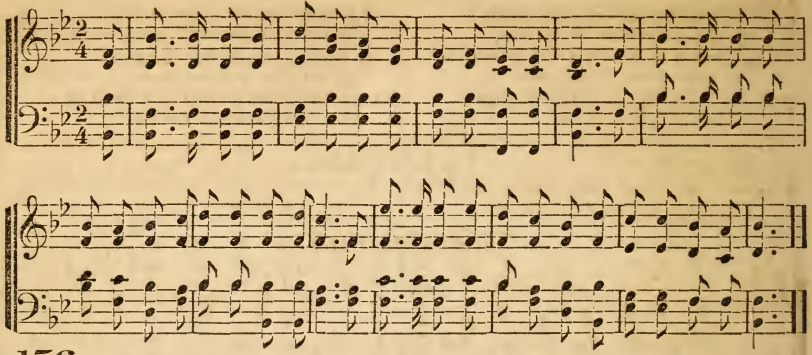
2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And crown'd with victory at thy feet,
We'll lay our trophies down.

DIADEM. C. M.

S. J. VAIL.



156.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

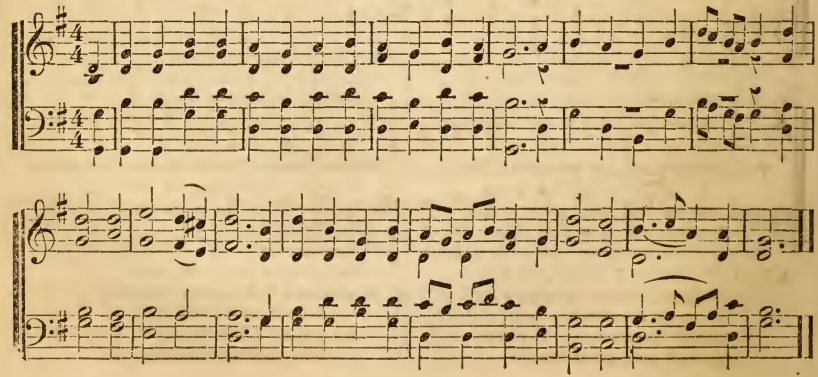
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



157.

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

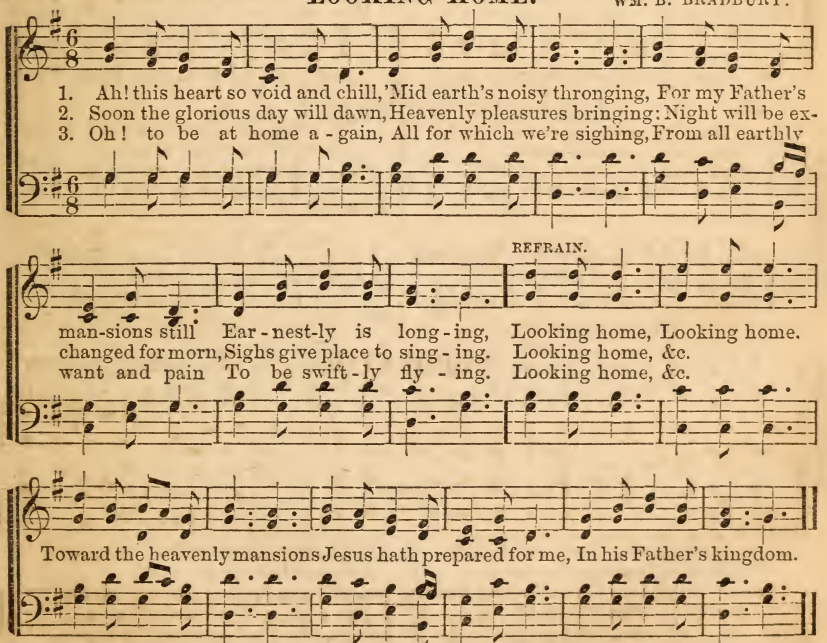
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

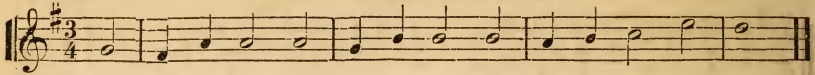

1. Ah! this heart so void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging, For my Father's
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing: Night will be ex-
3. Oh! to be at home a - gain, All for which we're sighing, From all earthly
REFRAIN.
man-sions still Ear - nest-ly is long - ing, Looking home, Looking home.
changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing. Looking home, &c.
want and pain To be swift - ly fly - ing. Looking home, &c.
Toward the heavenly mansions Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

158.

4 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
Waiting angels meet us there
On our soul attending.

5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
For whose courts we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.



159.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious [blood,
I shall from sin be free.

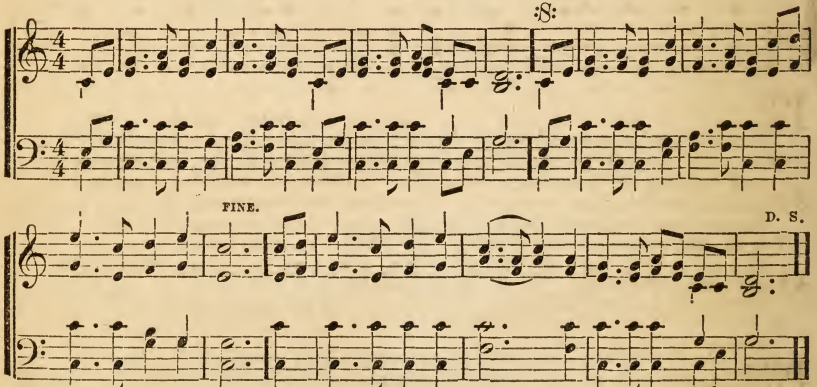
2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death. *Cho.*

3 Author of faith to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

4 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give. *Cho.*

5 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace. *Cho.*

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



160.

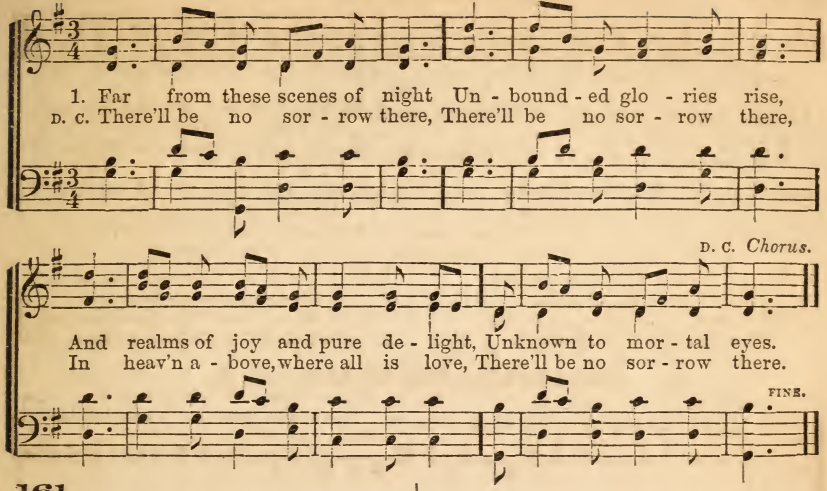
1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,


1. Far from these scenes of night Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,
D. C. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,
D. C. Chorus.
And realms of joy and pure de - light, Unknown to mor - tal eyes.
In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.
FINE.

161.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.—*Cho.*

3 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.—*Cho.*

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.—*Cho.*

162.

1 And may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land forever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more?

Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubt be given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly
On angel's wings to heaven.—*Cho.*

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise.—*Cho.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past,
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last.—*Cho.*

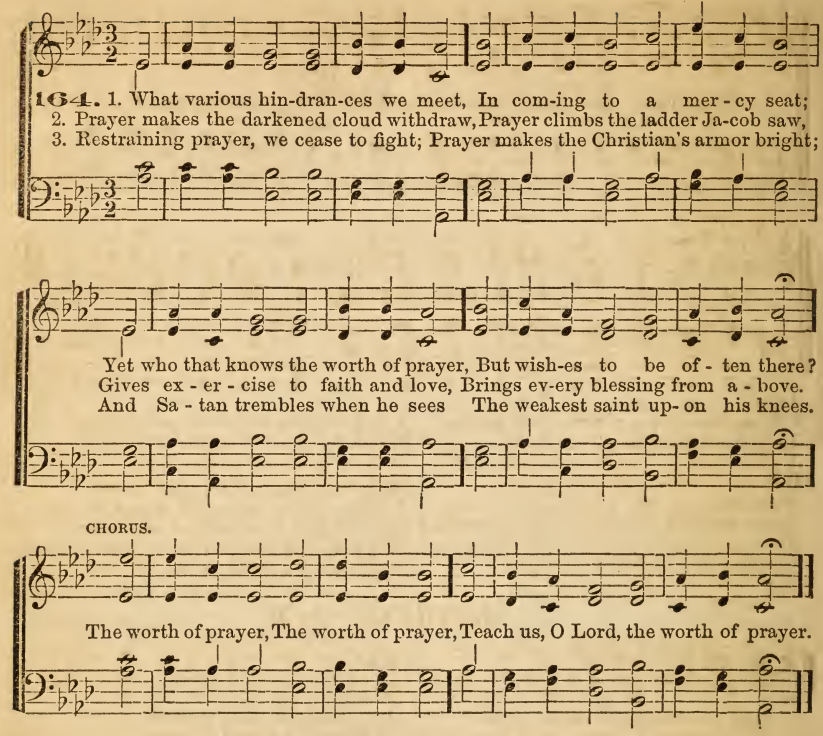
163.

1 O, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.

3 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.


164. 1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet, In com-ing to a mer - cy seat;
2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw,
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be of - ten there?
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings ev-ery blessing from a - bove.
And Sa - tan trembles when he sees The weakest saint up- on his knees.
CHORUS.
The worth of prayer, The worth of prayer, Teach us, O Lord, the worth of prayer.

165. DESIGN OF PRAYER.

1.

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2.

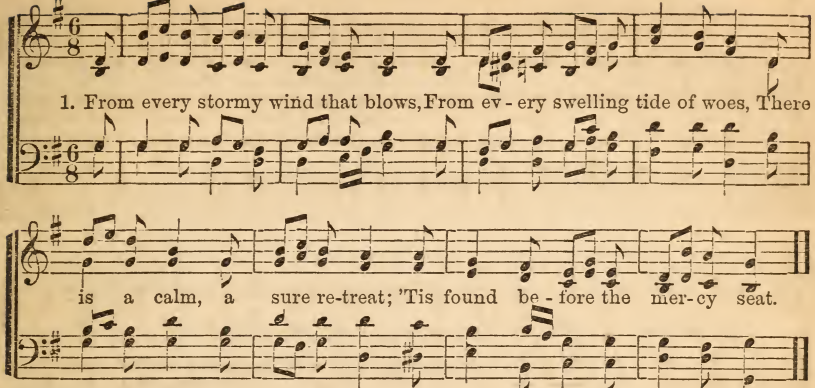
If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4.

Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.


1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There
is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - fore the mer-cy seat.

166.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet.—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

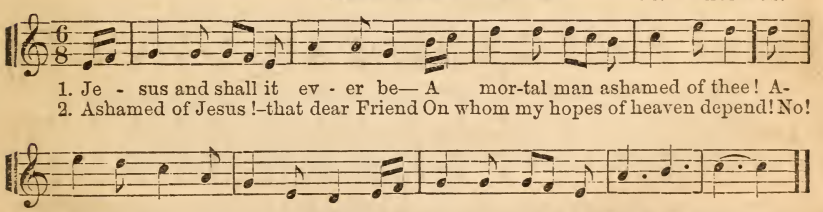
3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.


1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of thee! A-
2. Ashamed of Jesus!–that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No!
shamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!
when I blush be this my shame–That I no more re - vere his name.

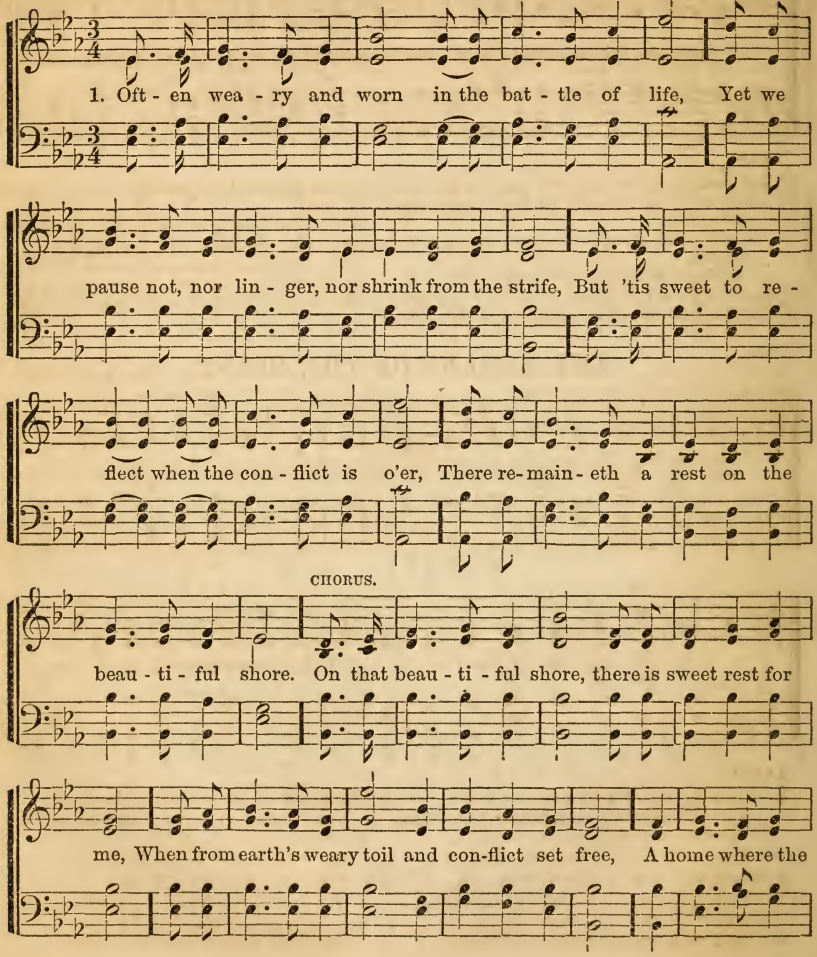
167.

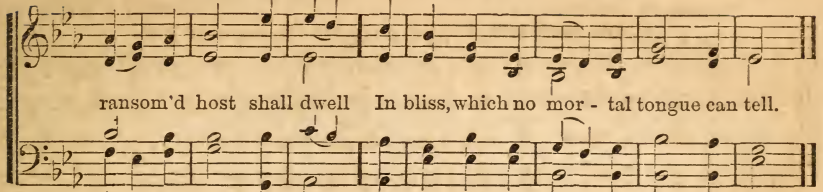
3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

146 REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Words by W. BENNETT. HUBERT P. MAIN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

1. Oft - en wea - ry and worn in the bat - tle of life, Yet we
pause not, nor lin - ger, nor shrink from the strife, But 'tis sweet to re -
flect when the con - flict is o'er, There re-main - eth a rest on the
CHORUS.
beau - ti - ful shore. On that beau - ti - ful shore, there is sweet rest for
me, When from earth's weary toil and con-flict set free, A home where the



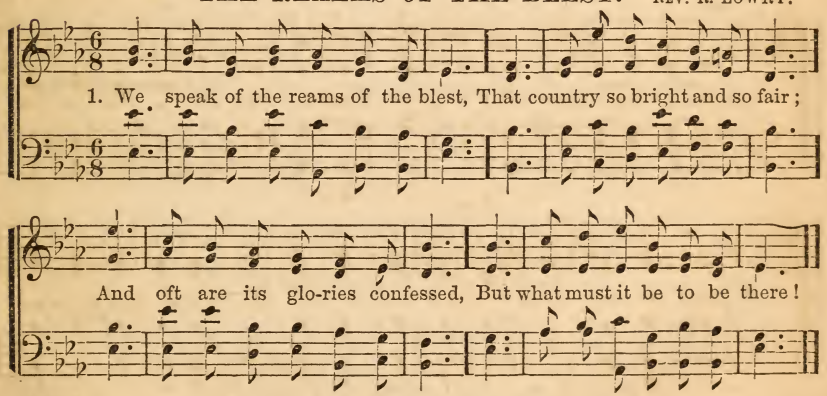
168

2 Oh, that blissful abode! sweet home of the soul,
There we'll rest with our Lord whilst the ages shall roll,
We will drink from the fountain of joy evermore,
And bask in the light of the beautiful shore. *Cho.*

3 But the joy of that home no mortal doth know,
For between us and it, a dark river doth flow,
But the Saviour hath promised to guide us safe o'er,
And land us in peace on the beautiful shore. *Cho.*

4 Then be faithful, my soul, a few weary years,
In thy wilderness journey of sorrow and tears,
Till the Master shall say: Thy warfare is o'er,
Then away to thy rest on the beautiful shore.
Cho.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. We speak of the reams of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there!

169.

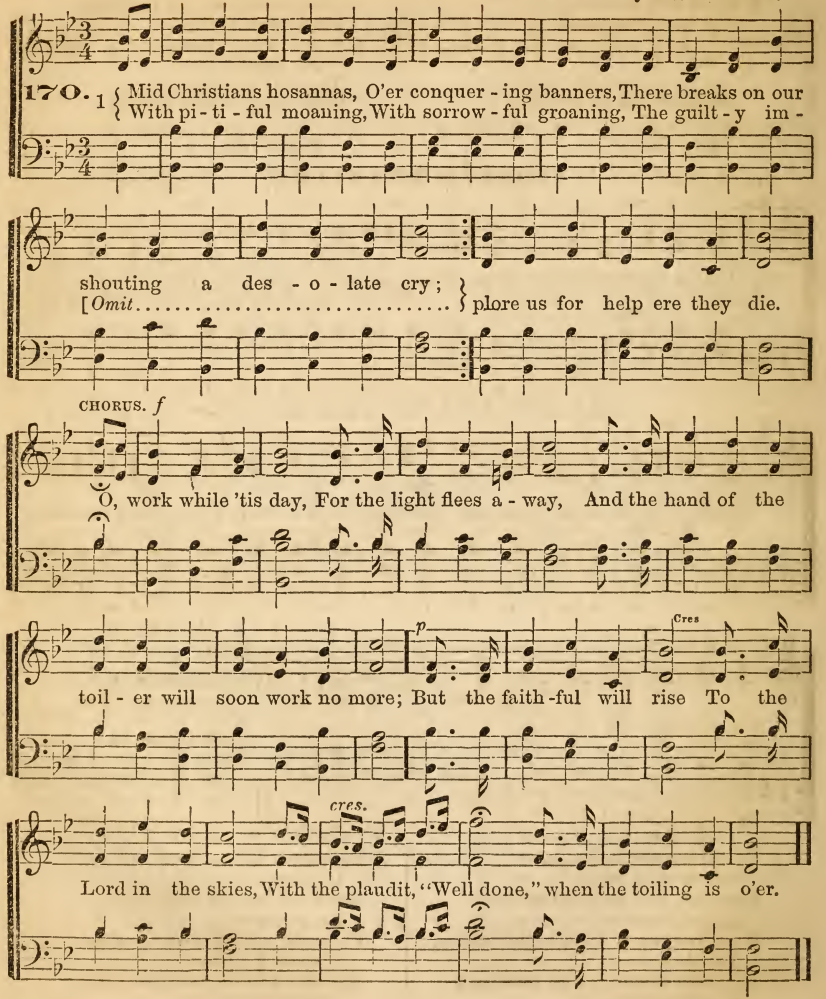
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

5 O Lord, in the valley of wo,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

O, WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

170.
1 Mid Christians hosannas, O'er conquer - ing banners, There breaks on our
With pi - ti - ful moaning, With sorrow - ful groaning, The guilt - y im -
shouting a des - o - late cry;
[Omit.....
plore us for help ere they die.
CHORUS. f
O, work while 'tis day, For the light flees a - way, And the hand of the
p
Cres
toil - er will soon work no more; But the faith - ful will rise To the
cres.
Lord in the skies, With the plaudit, "Well done," when the toiling is o'er.

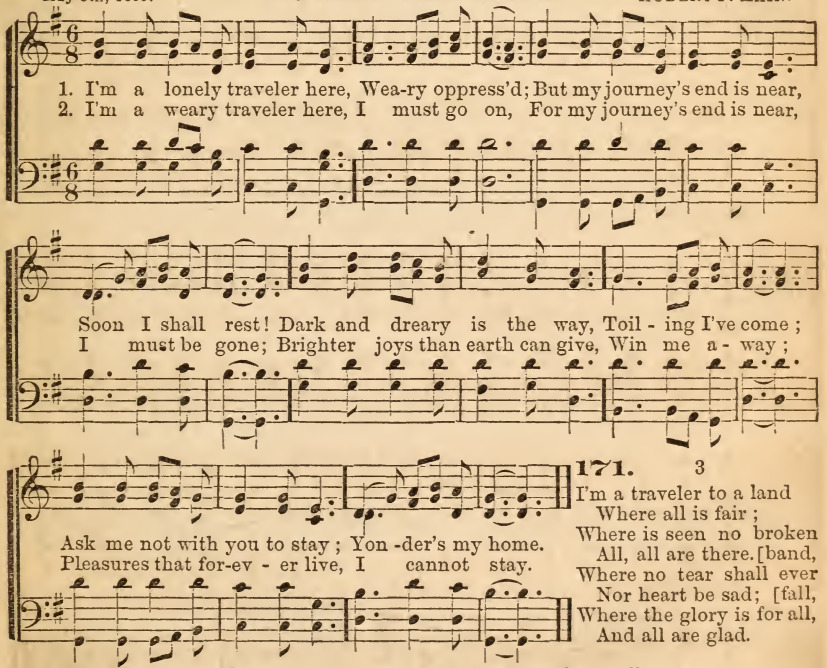
2 O, up and be doing,
Our duty pursuing,
Nor drown with rejoicing the wailing of woe;
Our hearts will be lighter,
Our path will be brighter,
The nearer our Master's own foot-prints we go.—*Cho.*

3 With watching and praying,
No longer delaying.
We'll follow with gladness the voice of our Lord;
The field is before us,
The crown is just o'er us,
And working for Jesus brings precious reward.—*Cho.*

May 5th, 1859.

LONELY TRAVELER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Wea-ry oppress'd; But my journey's end is near,
2. I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest! Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come;
I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a - way;
Ask me not with you to stay; Yon - der's my home.
Pleasures that for-ev - er live, I cannot stay.

171. 3

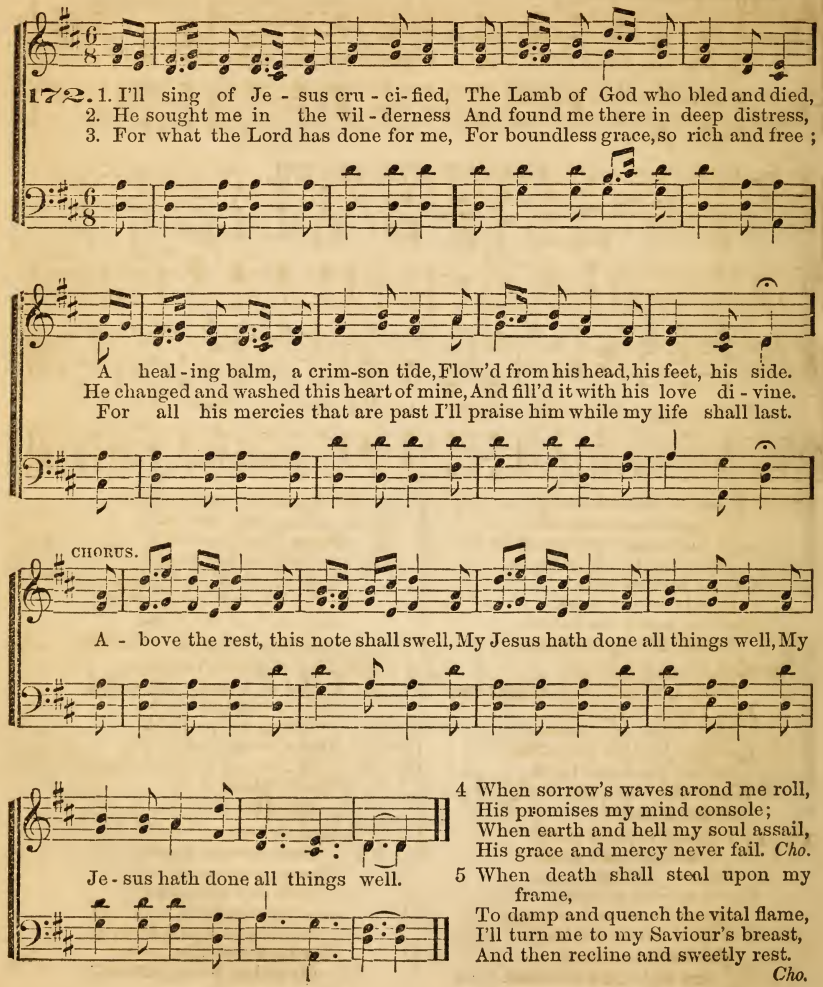
I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band,
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

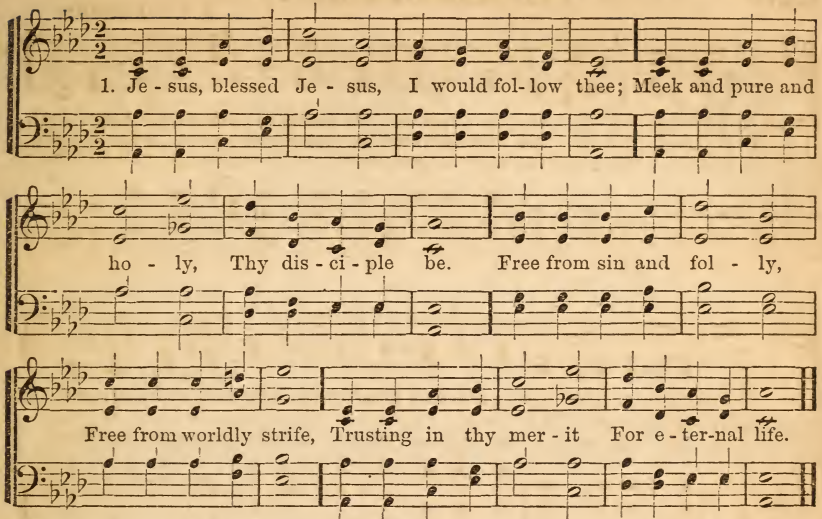
I'LL SING OF JESUS.

P. P. Van Arsdale.


172. 1. I'll sing of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, The Lamb of God who bled and died,
2. He sought me in the wil - derness And found me there in deep distress,
3. For what the Lord has done for me, For boundless grace, so rich and free ;
A heal - ing balm, a crim-son tide, Flow'd from his head, his feet, his side.
He changed and washed this heart of mine, And fill'd it with his love di - vine.
For all his mercies that are past I'll praise him while my life shall last.
CHORUS.
A - bove the rest, this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well, My
Je - sus hath done all things well.

4 When sorrow's waves arond me roll,
His promises my mind console;
When earth and hell my soul assail,
His grace and mercy never fail. *Cho.*

5 When death shall steal upon my frame,
To damp and quench the vital flame,
I'll turn me to my Saviour's breast,
And then recline and sweetly rest.
Cho.


1. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, I would fol- low thee; Meek and pure and
ho - ly, Thy dis - ci - ple be. Free from sin and fol - ly,
Free from worldly strife, Trusting in thy mer - it For e - ter-nal life.

173. 2 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me near thy side;
Lest the world's allurements
Cause my feet to slide.
On the rock of ages,
Firmly let me stand,
Yielding strict obedience,
To my Lord's command.

3 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thus through life's dark maze,
May I seek thy glory,
May I live thy praise.
Looking for that mansion
Of the pure and blest,
Where the meek and lowly
Enter into rest.

174. 1 Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find.
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

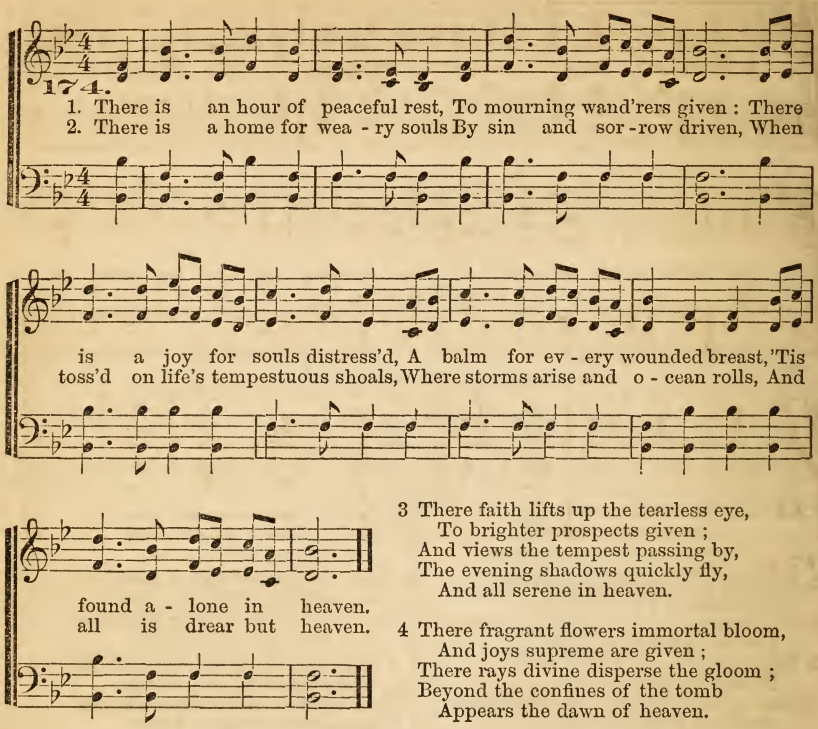
2 Calmer yet, and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light, serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the German.


174.
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given : There
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sor - row driven, When
is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis
toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o - cean rolls, And
found a - lone in heaven.
all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

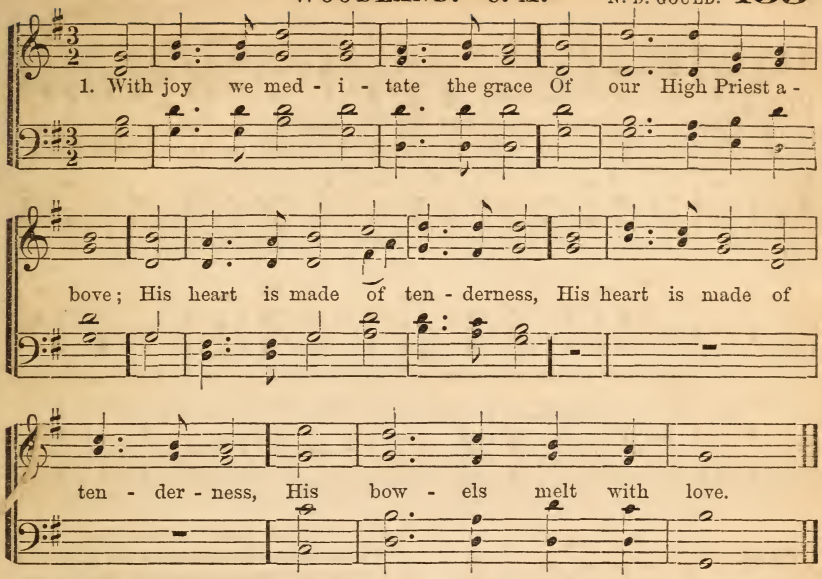
175.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.


1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a -
bove; His heart is made of ten - derness, His heart is made of
ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

176.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
||: He knows what sore temptations mean, :||
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
||: And in his measure feels afresh :||
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
||: The bruised reed he never breaks, :||
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 The let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
||: We shall obtain deliv'ring grace :||
In every trying hour.

177.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;

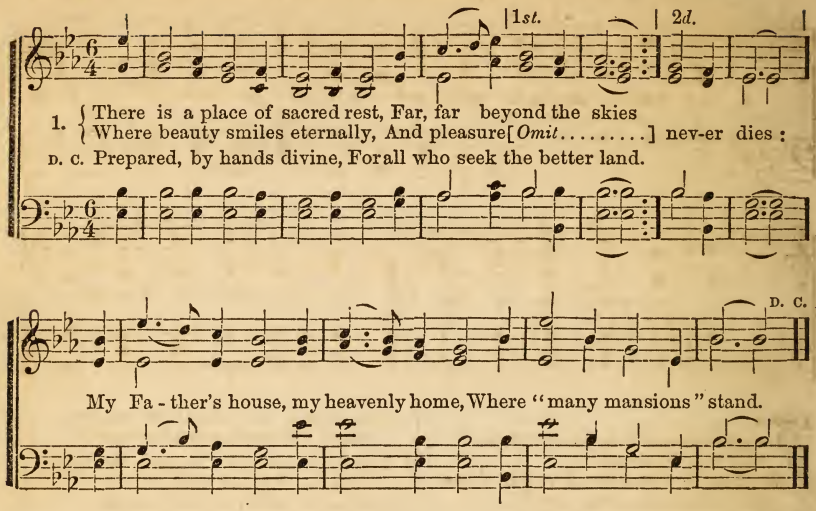
2 That will not murmur or complain,
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without :
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.


1st.
2d.
1. There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies
Where beauty smiles eternally, And pleasure[Omit.....] nev-er dies :
D. C. Prepared, by hands divine, For all who seek the better land.
D. C.
My Fa - ther's house, my heavenly home, Where "many mansions" stand.

178.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

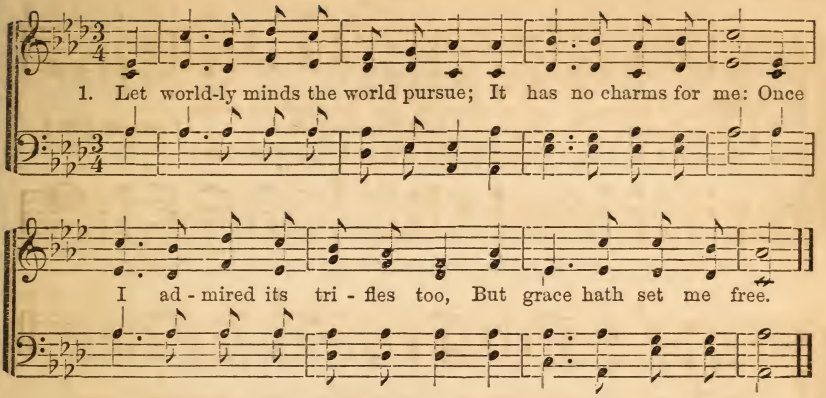
3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

179.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest:—
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore:
There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.



180.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

181.

1 We meet upon this lonely shore,
Those whom we dearly love:
When shall we meet to part no more,
When shall we meet above?

3 We meet to bid the sad farewell;
To love, to sigh, to part;
Alas, how soon the sweetest spell
Is driven from the heart!

3 The fairest flowers we fondly love,
How soon their beauty dies!
But purer they will bloom above,
In bowers of paradise.

4 In that bright, happy land afar
We 'll find, the loved, the lost;
And nought our happiness can mar,
When life's rough sea is crossed.

5 There love, so pure, so rich, so deep
Fills every heart with joy;
Faith shall its full fruition reap,
For doubt can ne'er alloy.

6 We 'll meet again when storms are o'er,
The ills of life are past;
When partings rend the heart no more,
We 'll meet, we 'll meet at last.

182.

1 O, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

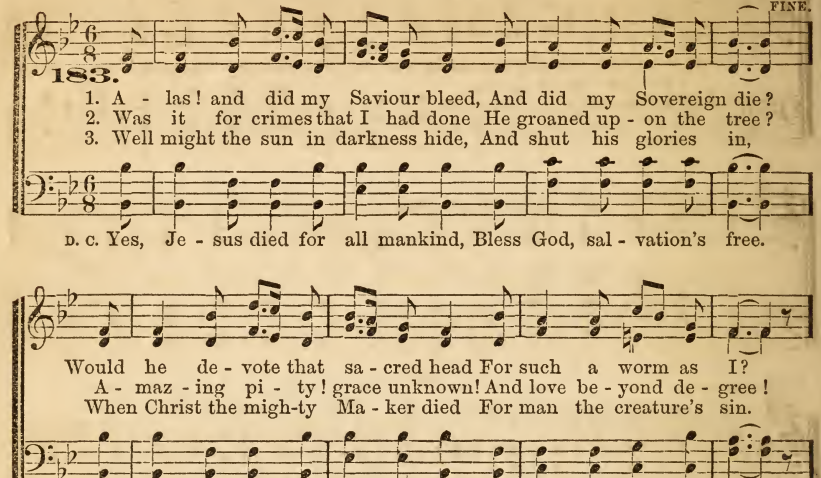
2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death
My soul shall love thee more.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

S. J. VAIL.


FINE.
183.
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - vation's free.
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the migh-ty Ma - ker died For man the creature's sin.
CHORUS.
D.C. in Chorus.
Jesus died for you, And Jesus died for me.
for you, for you, And Jesus died for me. for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Disolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

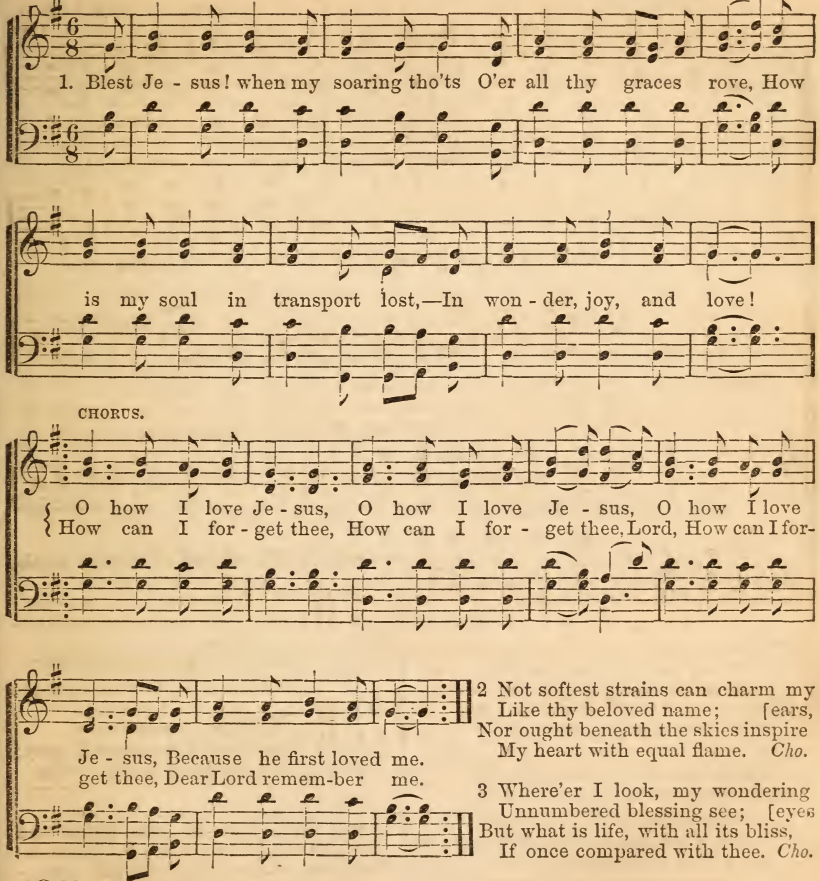
184.

1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

Arranged by H. P. MAIN.

1. Blest Je - sus! when my soaring tho'ts O'er all thy graces rove, How
is my soul in transport lost,—In won - der, joy, and love!
CHORUS.
O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love
How can I for - get thee, How can I for - get thee, Lord, How can I for-
Je - sus, Because he first loved me.
get thee, Dear Lord remem-ber me.

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame. *Cho.*

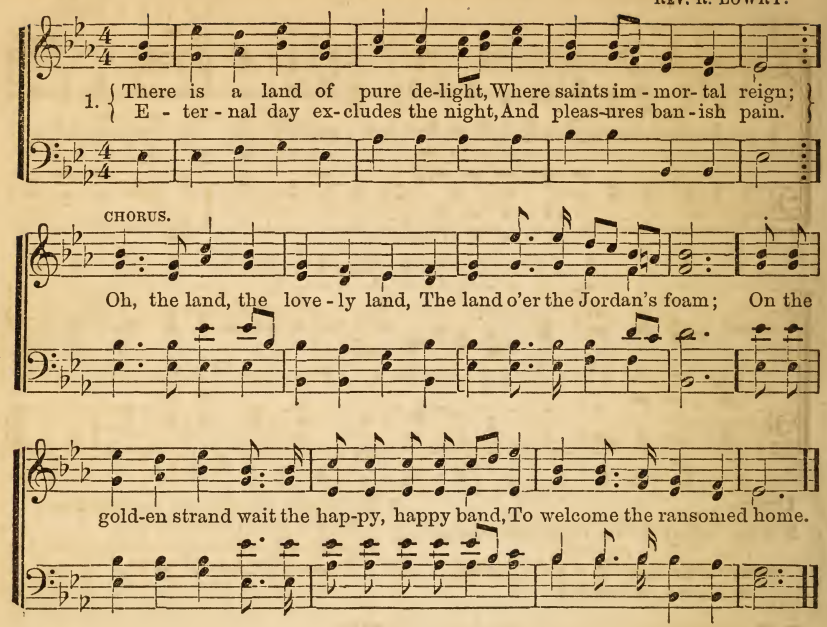
3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessing see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee. *Cho.*

185.

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well. *Cho.*

5 No: thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ. *Cho.*

REV. R. LOWRY.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
CHORUS.
Oh, the land, the love-ly land, The land o'er the Jordan's foam; On the
gold-en strand wait the hap-py, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.

186.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours. *Cho.*

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between. *Cho.*

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. *Cho.*

187.

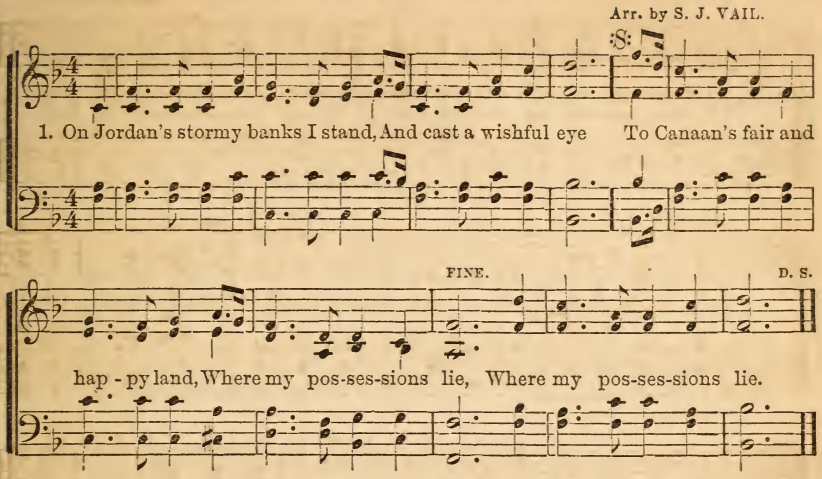
1 O Mother, dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see? *Cho.*

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. *Cho.*

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines like the sun,
For God himself gives light. *Cho.*

4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there. *Cho.* F. QUARLES.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.


:S:
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and
FINE.
D. S.
hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

188.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow,
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling wind, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

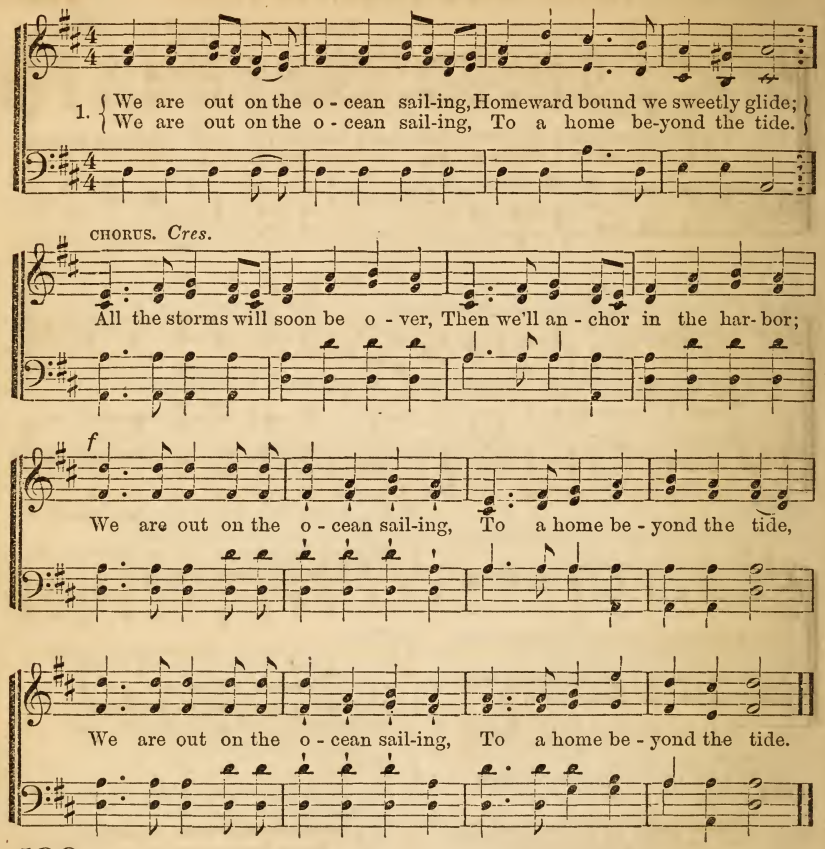
6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

189.

1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love!
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
Cho. The good, &c.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain;
In heaven we shall each other see
And never part again.
Cho. And never part, &c.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we with those we love may join
In never-ending praise.
Cho. In never-ending, &c.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide.
CHORUS. Cres.
All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har- bor;
f
We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be - yond the tide,
We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

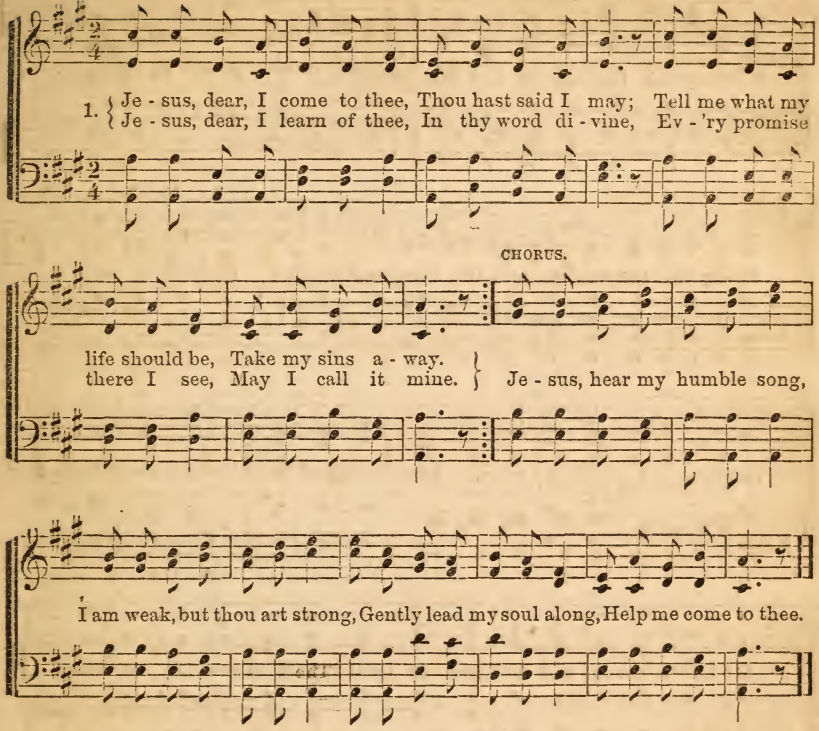
190.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more. *Cho.*

3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song. *Cho.*

4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore. *Cho.*

Words and Music by FANNY CROSBY.


1. Je - sus, dear, I come to thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my
Je - sus, dear, I learn of thee, In thy word di - vine, Ev - 'ry promise
CHORUS.
life should be, Take my sins a - way.
there I see, May I call it mine.
Je - sus, hear my humble song,
I am weak, but thou art strong, Gently lead my soul along, Help me come to thee.

191.

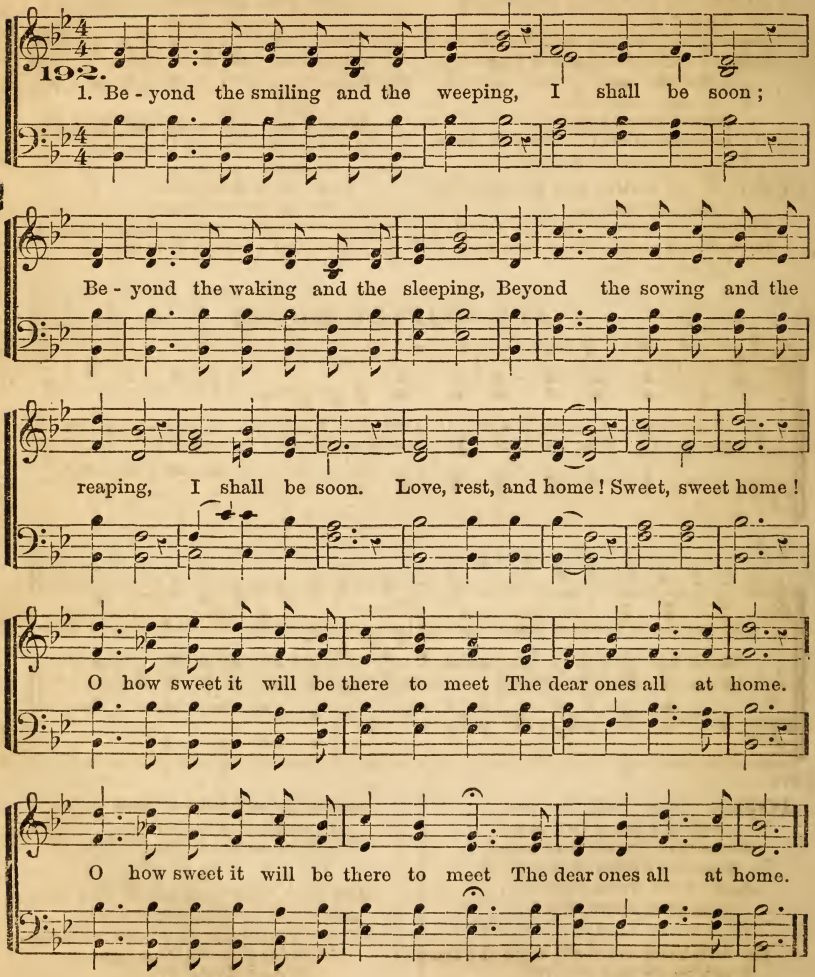
2.

Jesus, dear, I long for thee,
Long thy peace to know,
Grant those purer joys to me,
Earth can ne'er bestow;
Jesus, dear, I cling to thee;
When my heart is sad,
Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
Thou wilt make me glad.
Cho. Jesus, hear, &c.

3.

Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love,
There's a happy home for me,
With thy saints above;
Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may,
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.
Cho. Jesus, hear, &c.

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

192.
1. Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon;
Be - yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the
reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home!
O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.
O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

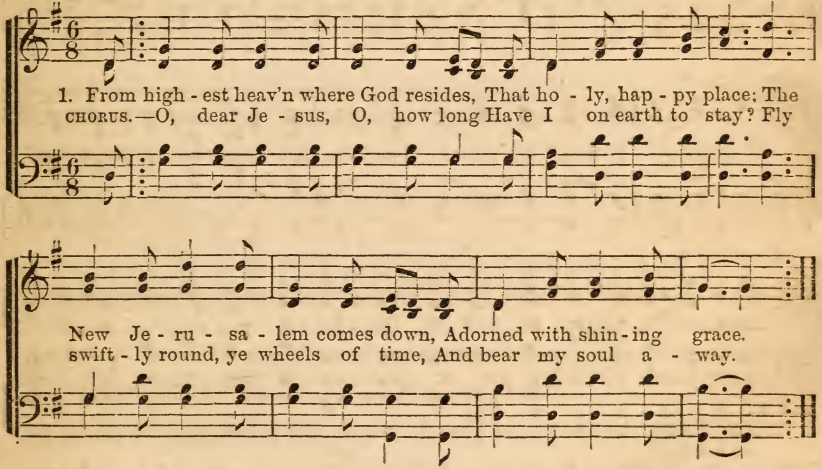
2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

FLY SWIFTLY ROUND.

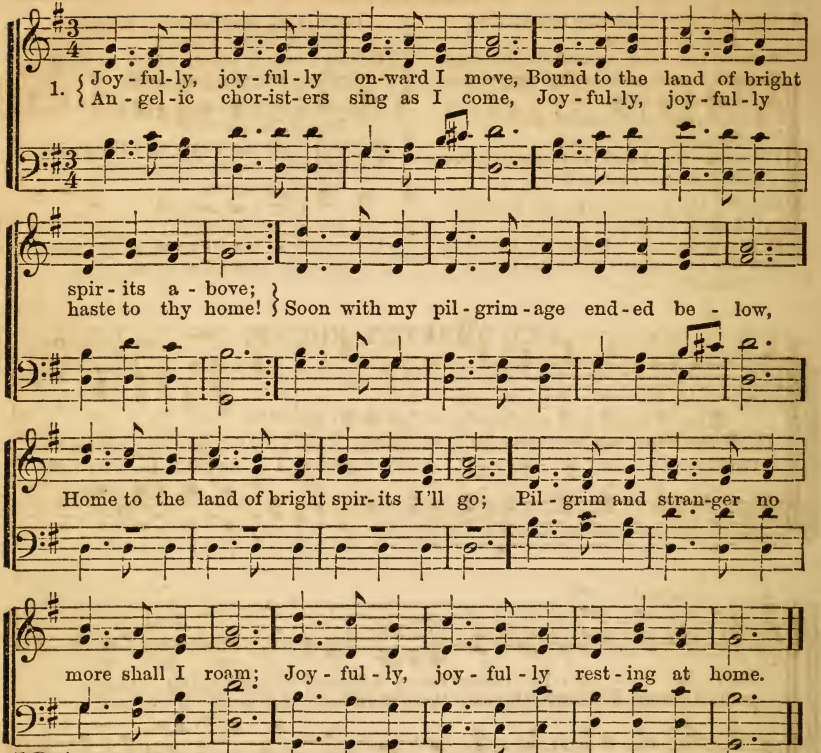
Arranged.


1. From high - est heav'n where God resides, That ho - ly, hap - py place; The
CHORUS.—O, dear Je - sus, O, how long Have I on earth to stay? Fly
New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shin - ing grace.
swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, And bear my soul a - way.

193.

2.
The God of glory down to men,
Removes his blest abode—
To men, the object of his grace,
And he the living God.
O, dear Jesus, &c.

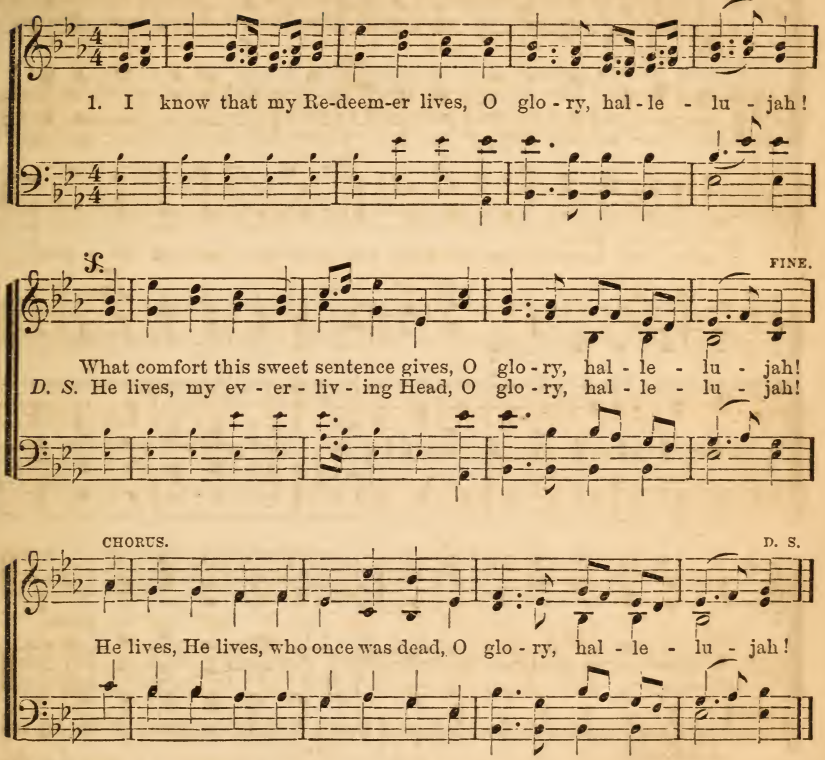
3.
His own kind hand will wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.
O, dear Jesus, &c.

4.
How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.
O, dear Jesus, &c.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
{ An - gel - ic chor - ist - ers sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
spir - its a - bove; }
haste to thy home! { Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,
Home to the land of bright spir - its I'll go; Pil - grim and stran - ger no
more shall I roam; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

194.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone:
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Arranged by Rev. CH. BEECHER.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
FINE.
What comfort this sweet sentence gives, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
D. S. He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
D. S.
He lives, He lives, who once was dead, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

195.

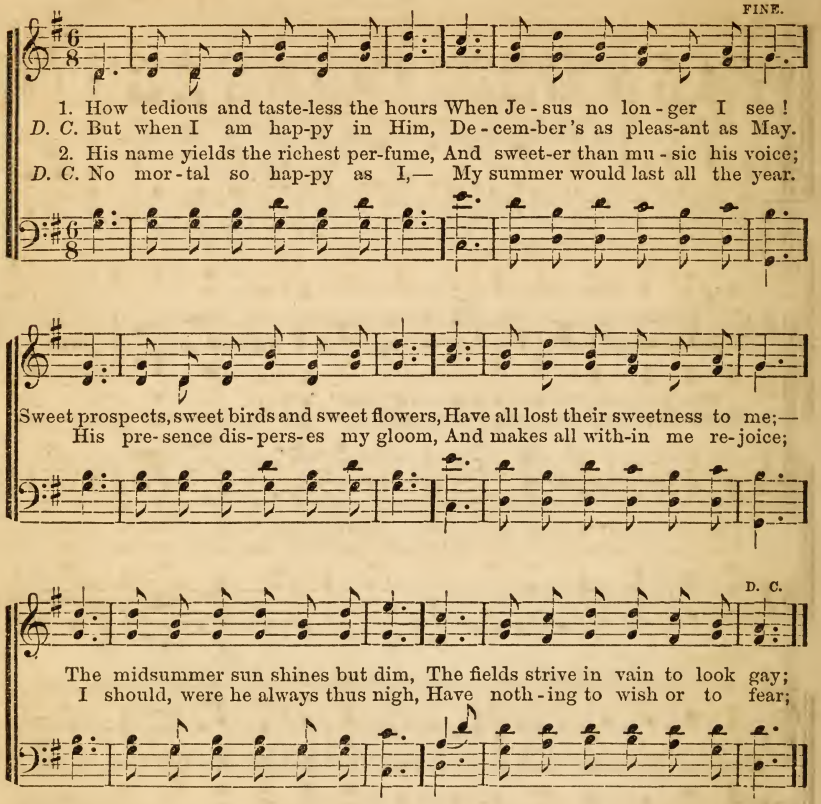
2.

He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3.

He lives to silence all my fears.
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

4.

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same,
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

FINE.
1. How tedious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see !
D. C. But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic his voice;
D. C. No mor - tal so hap-py as I,— My summer would last all the year.
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
His pre - sence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice;
D. C.
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;

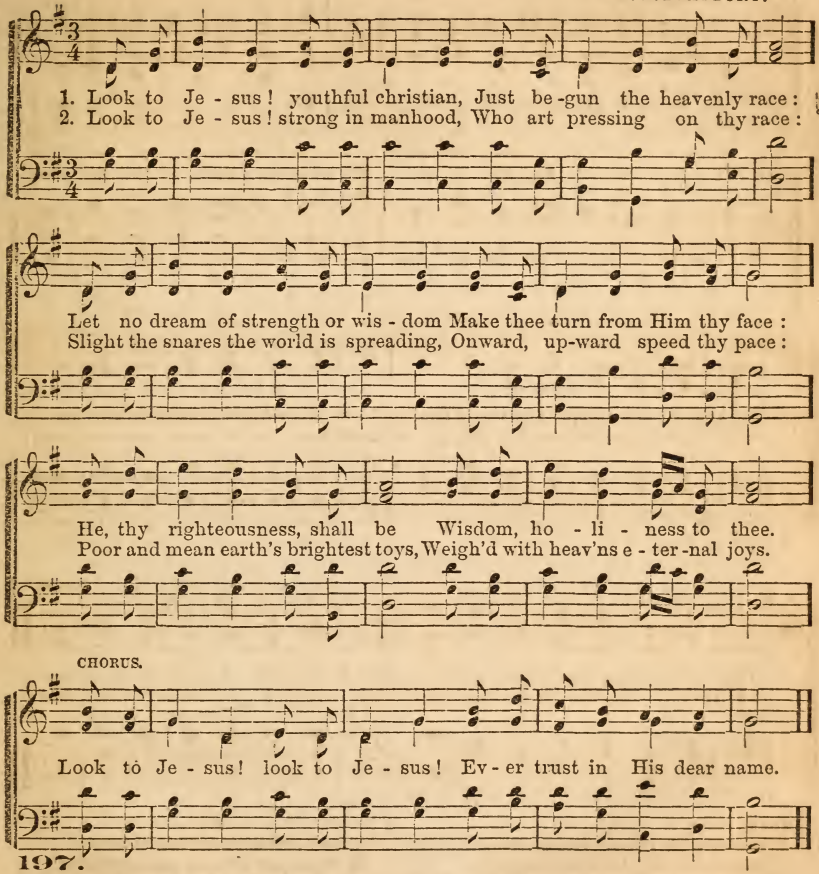
196.

3.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4.

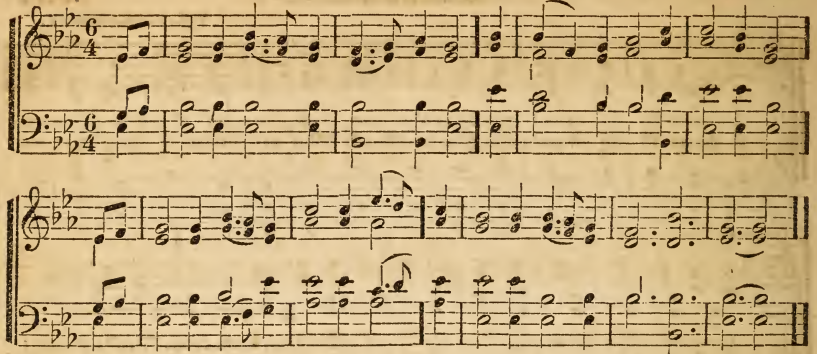
My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee, up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Look to Je - sus! youthful christian, Just be-gun the heavenly race:
2. Look to Je - sus! strong in manhood, Who art pressing on thy race:
Let no dream of strength or wis - dom Make thee turn from Him thy face:
Slight the snares the world is spreading, Onward, up-ward speed thy pace:
He, thy righteousness, shall be Wisdom, ho - li - ness to thee.
Poor and mean earth's brightest toys, Weigh'd with heav'ns e - ter-nal joys.
CHORUS.
Look to Je - sus! look to Je - sus! Ev-er trust in His dear name.

197.

3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler
On life's long and changeful road:
See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,
Soon thou'lt be *at home* with God:
Lean upon Him as you go,
Age and weakness stronger grow. *Cho.*

4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever
Let us on his glory gaze;
Though revealed here but dimly,
Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze.
If by looking here below,
Like to Him our spirits grow. *Cho.*



198.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

199.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

200.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

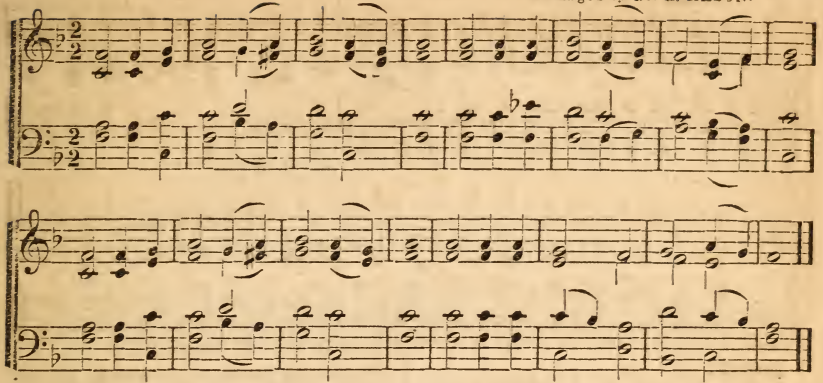
4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

201.

1 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee—
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



202.

1 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O, wand'rer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

203.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh ! lovely attitude— He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands :
Oh ! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !

3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will—the very Friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine.
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

204.

1 God calling yet !—shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie ?

2 God calling yet !—shall I not rise ?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay ?
He calls me still : can I delay ?

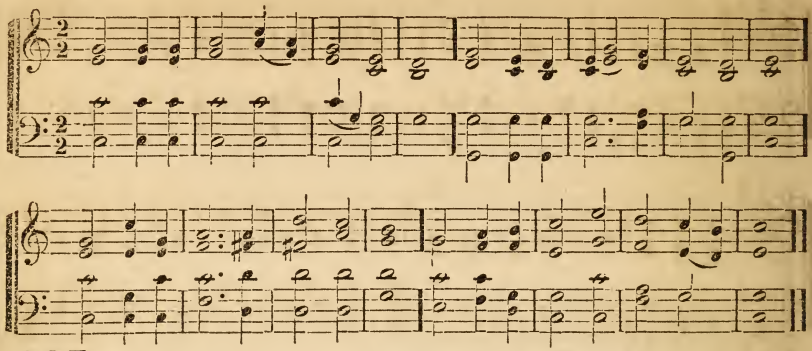
3 God calling yet !—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?

4 God calling yet !—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but he does not forsake ;
He calls me still !—my heart, awake !

5 God calleth yet !—I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;
The voice of God hath reached my heart !

170 ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.



205.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

206.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

207.

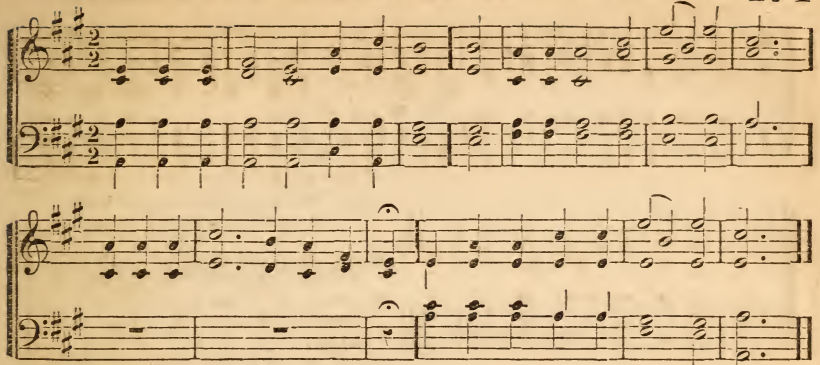
1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee ;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.



208.

1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But power divine can do the deed ;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

209.

1 O that my load of sin were gone ;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

210.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

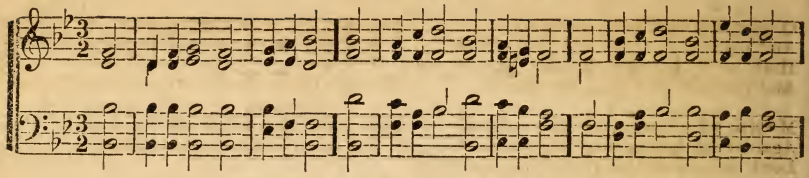
3 Thine would I live—thine would I die ;
Be thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

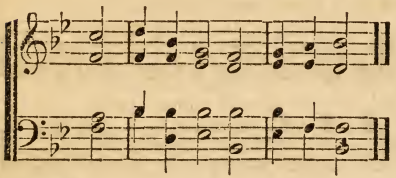
4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.





211. 1.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, are near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4.

Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

212. 1.

Come, weary souls! with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2.

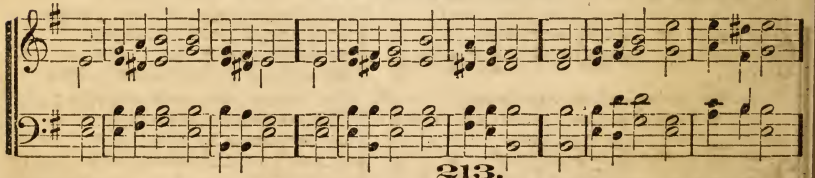
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

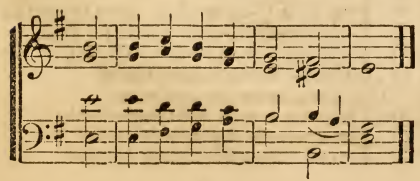
3.

Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.





213.

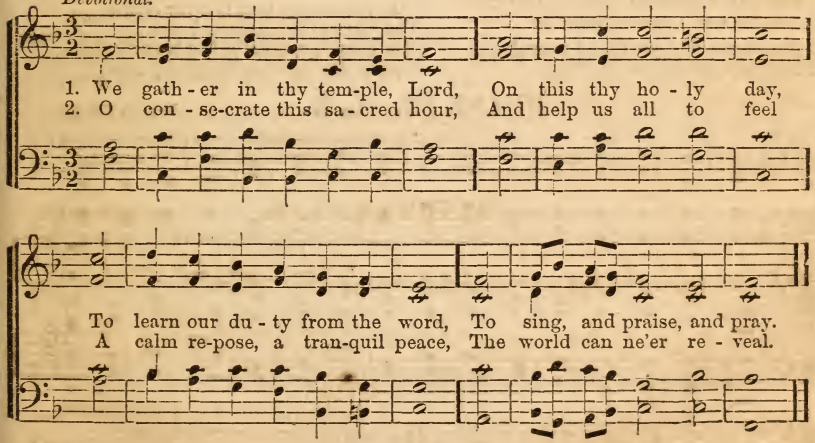
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

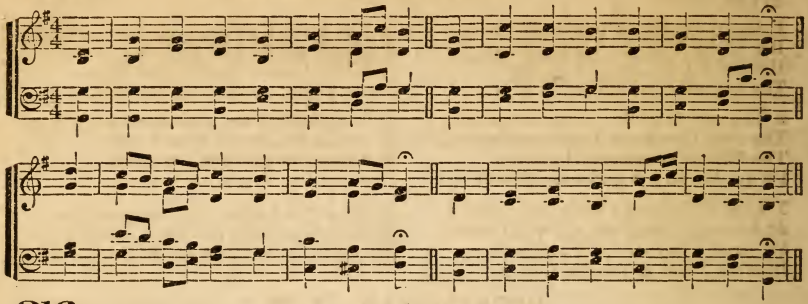
3.
O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
4.
My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5.
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

214. 1.
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
2.
Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears.
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:
3.
Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:
4,
Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. **SPENCER. C. M.** HUBERT P. MAIN.

Devotional.

1. We gath - er in thy tem-ple, Lord, On this thy ho - ly day,
2. O con - se-crate this sa - cred hour, And help us all to feel
To learn our du - ty from the word, To sing, and praise, and pray.
A calm re-pose, a tran-quil peace, The world can ne'er re - veal.

215. 3.
We thank thee, Lord, that we were born
Beneath the light of truth,
We thank thee, Lord, for christian friends,
To guide us in our youth.
4.
O wash us in thy cleansing blood,
Our sinful thoughts remove;
Dear Shepherd, lead thy tender lambs,
And keep us in thy love.



216.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

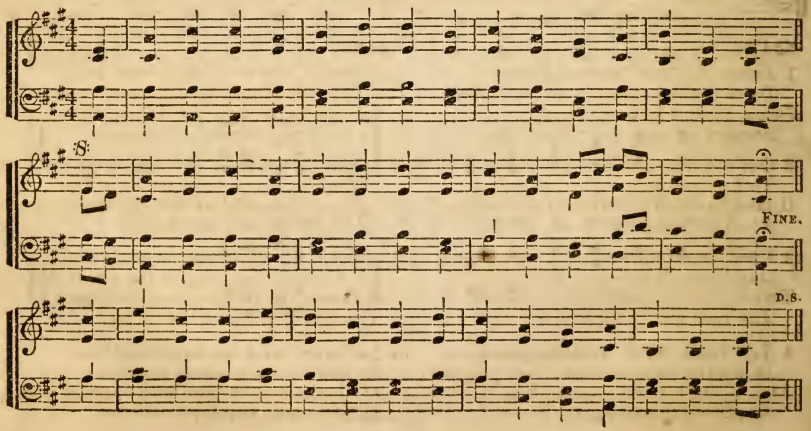
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

DUANE ST. L. M.

Rev. G. COLES.



217.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

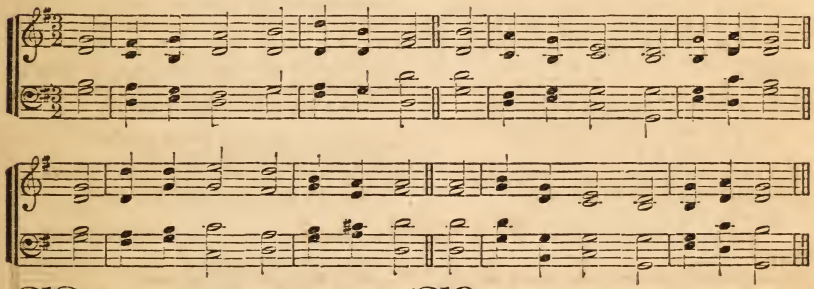
4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



218.

1 Jesus, our best beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire
Jesus, in love to us descend,—
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign.
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice we will obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

219.

1 Bless, O, my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

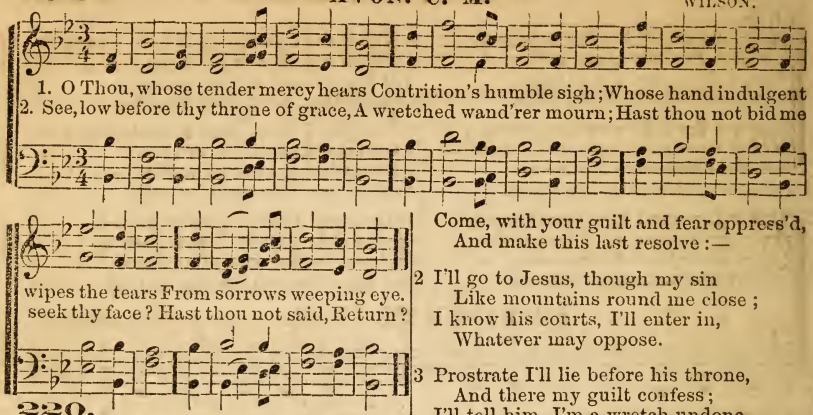
2 Bless, O, my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

AVON. C. M.

WILSON.


1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent
2. See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me
wipes the tears From sorrows weeping eye.
seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Return?

220.

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

221.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

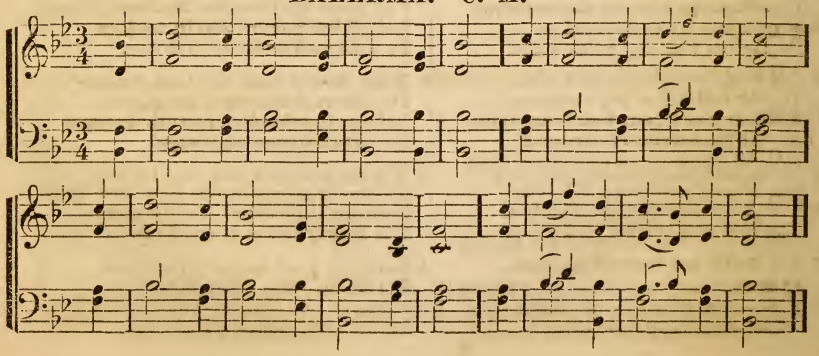
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

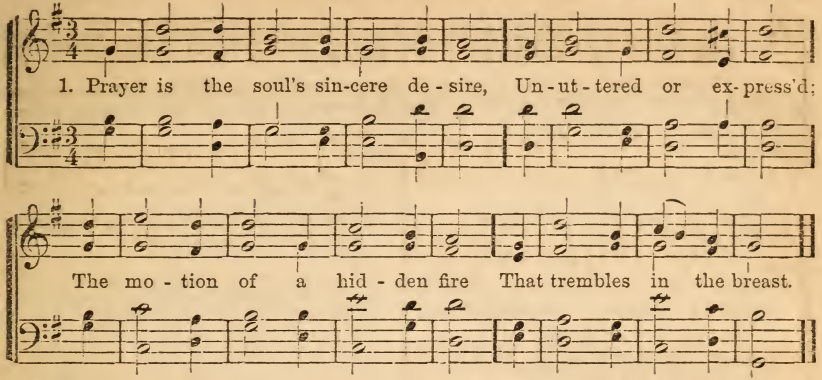
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

BALERMA. C. M.





222.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh.—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

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223. *Tune. Balerma.*

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

224.

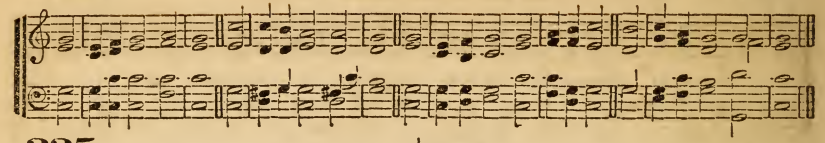
1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.



225.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

226.

1 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then while 'tis called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found!

227.

1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

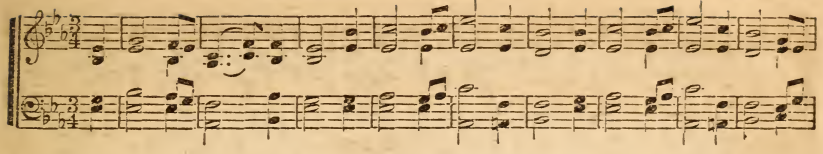
5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone

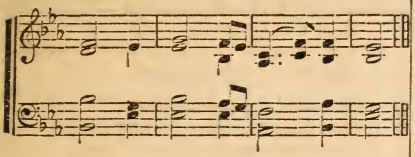
228.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we may weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.





229.

1 The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

230.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,—
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

231.

1 O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer:
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

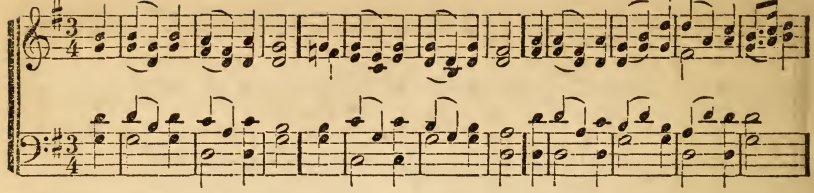
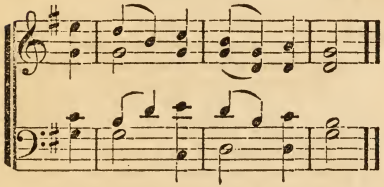
232.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.



233.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

234.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head;

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

235.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

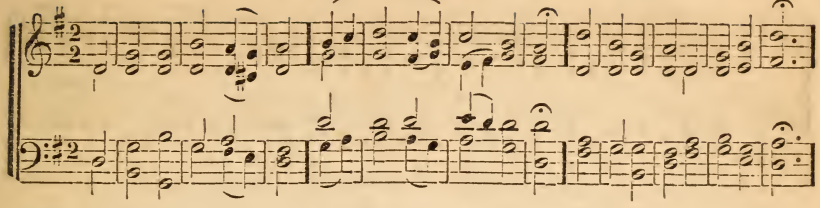
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

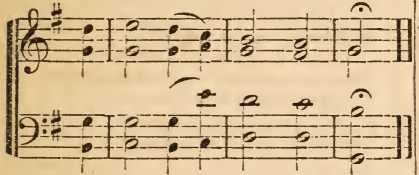
3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.





236. 1.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

237. 1.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

2.

How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3.

A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4.

Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Jehovah ever be adored,
There is no God beside.

238.

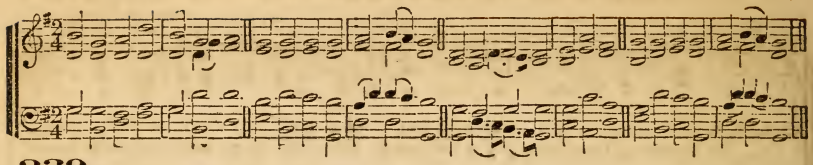
1.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

239.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

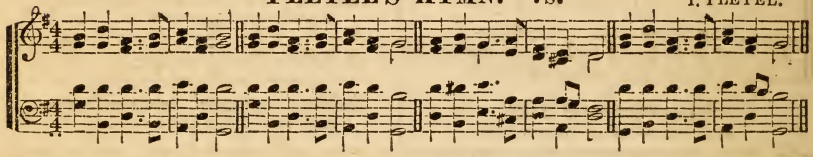
2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, and in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.

4 Then, my soul in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present every where.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



240.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands,
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

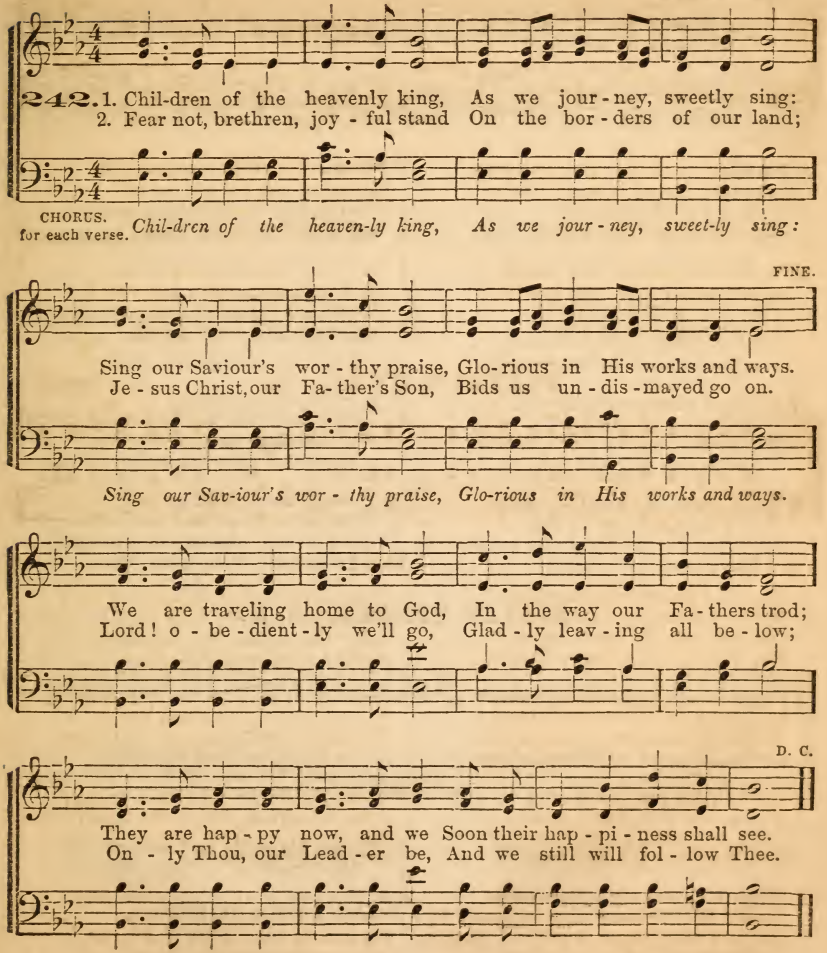
241.

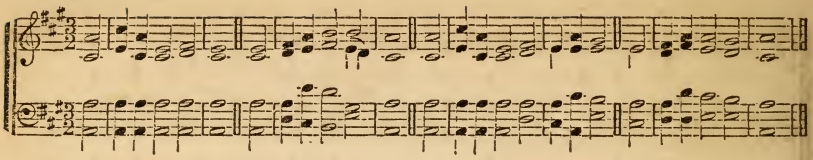
1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep,
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

REV. R. LOWRY.

242. 1. Chil-dren of the heavenly king, As we jour-ney, sweetly sing:
2. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land;
CHORUS. for each verse. Chil-dren of the heaven-ly king, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing:
FINE.
Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
We are traveling home to God, In the way our Fa-thers trod;
Lord! o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;
D. C.
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
On-ly Thou, our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.



243.

1 With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

244.

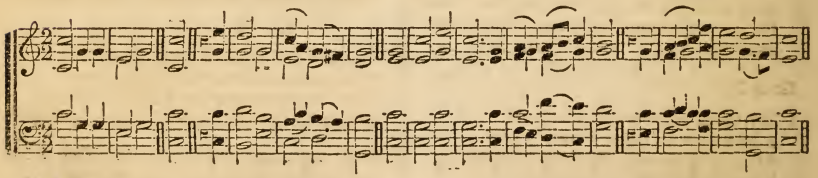
1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

SILVER STREET. S. M. I. SMITH.

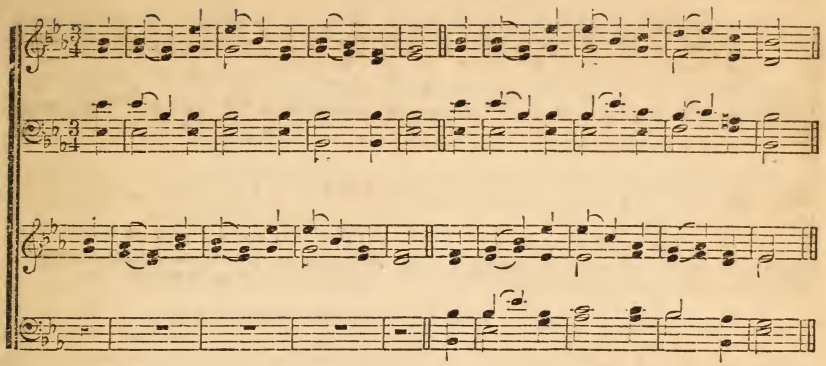


245.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.



246.

1 Come, peace divine—celestial Dove!
And wake the notes of sacred love:
Now let our earthly cares depart,
And Jesus dwell in every heart.

2 Come! Blessed Hope—Eternal Spring!
Whence all our purest joys we bring;
Here may thy tranquil waters flow
Till every soul with rapture glow.

3 Come! Faith in God! with mighty pow'r
And crown with light this hallow'd hour,
Remove the clouds that veil our skies
And bid the sun of glory rise!

247.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind.
My heaven, and there my God I find.

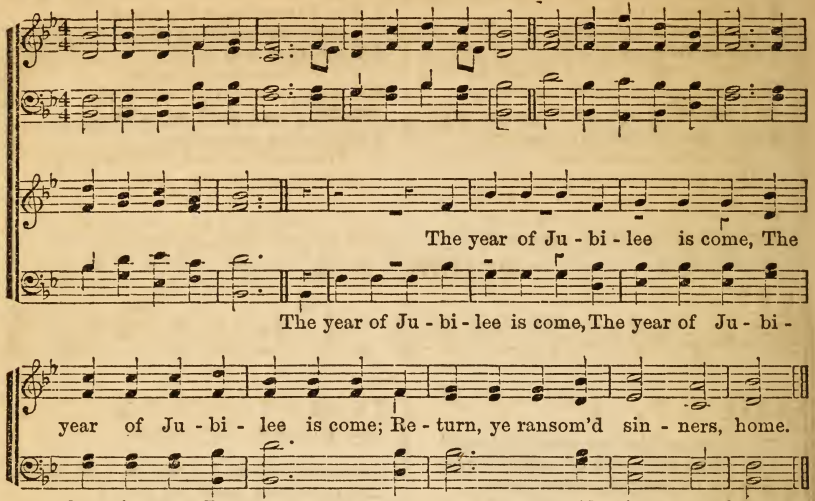
248.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds:
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear;
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human woe!
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns fair nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.


The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The year of Ju - bi -
year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.
lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - som'd sin - ners, home.

249.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

250.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

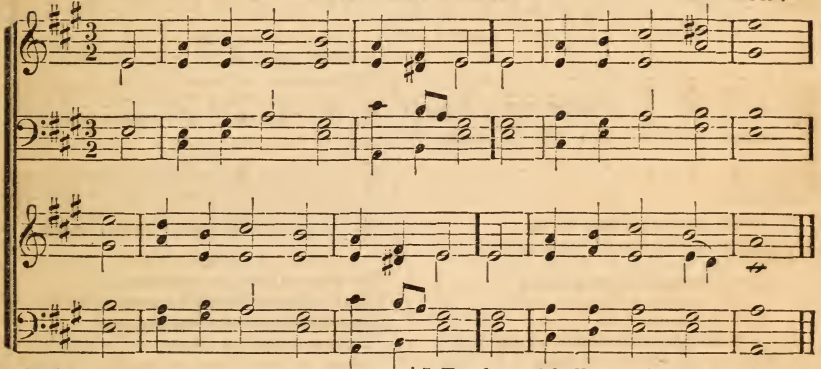
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled:
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

MELODY. C. M.

A. CHAPIN.



251.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

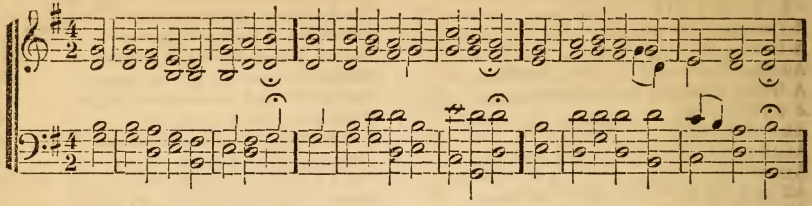
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

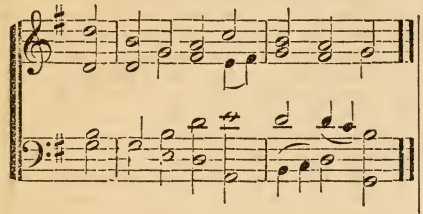
252.

1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.





253. 1.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2.

His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed
He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

254. 1.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2.

O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

255. 1.

Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy God-like power be known.

2.

O, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

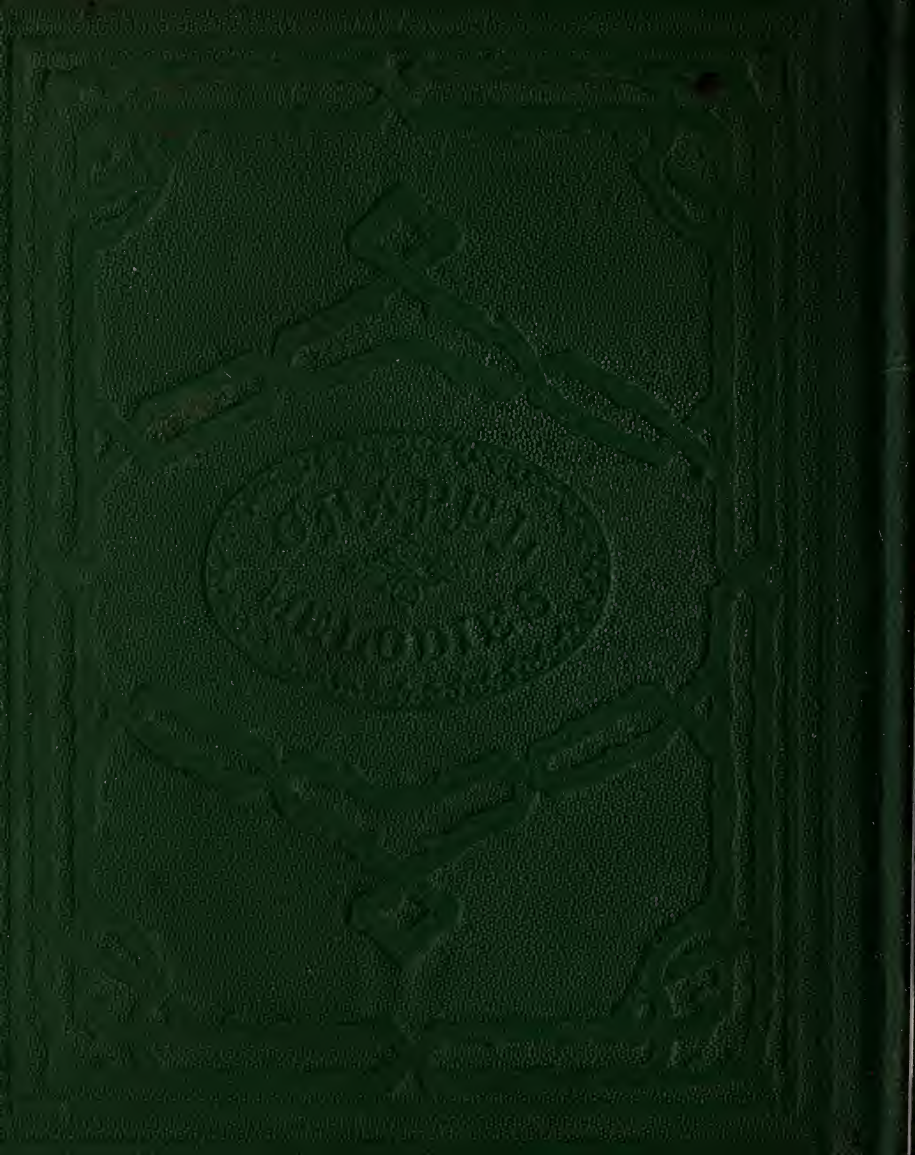
256. *Doxology.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INDEX.

ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,. 10
ACCEPT HIM TO-DAY, ...116
A Charge to keep I have, ...179
A Crown of Glory bright, ...124
Adoring Saints lift up your heads, ...113
A Glory gilds the sacred page, ...139
A HAPPY HOME, ... 30
Ah! this heart so void and chill, ...141
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED, ...156
ALETTA, ... 37
All hail the power of Jesus name, ...140
All night long till break of day, ...109
ALWAYS WITH US, ... 27
AM I A SOLDIER, ... 99
And can I yet delay 178
And is there, Lord, a rest, ...184
And may I still get there, ...143
ANGELS IN THE AIR, ...106
ANGELS' WELCOME, ... 66
Arise, my Soul, arise, ...186
AT THE WELL, ... 48
AVON. 176
Awake! awake the Morning dawns, ... 52
Awake! my Soul, stretch every nerve,.139
BALERMA, ...176
BARTIMEUS, ...123
BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH, ... 14
BEATITUDE, ... 73
Before Jehovah's awful Throne, ...188
Behold a Stranger at the door, ... 169
Behold the Saviour at thy door, ... 57
BELIEVER, ...126
BE STILL MY HEART, ... 21
Be thou, O God, exalted high, ...188
Beyond the smiling and the weeping, .162
BIGLOW, ...185
Bless, O my Soul, the living God, ...175
Blessed are the sons of God, ... 36
BLESSED REFUGE, ... 83
Blest be the tie that binds, ...180
Blest Jesus when my soaring thoughts,157
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow, ...186
BOYLSTON, ...178
BREMEN, ...133
Brethren, while we sojourn here, ... .131
BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL LAND, ... 98
BRIGHT ZION, ... 86
BUCKLEY. 101
By faith I view my Saviour dying, ... 13
CARE for me, O, my Saviour, ... 77
CARLTON, ...155
Cast your care on Jesus, ...115
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING, ...183
Christians, I am on my journey, ... 45
CHRIST IN HIS HEAVENLY GARDEN, ...115
CHRISTMAS, ...139
CHRIST WITHIN, ...137
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN, ...142
Clouds and darkness round about thee, 40
COME, COME TO JESUS, ... 39
Come Gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, .168
Come, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove, ...177
Come, Humble Sinner in whose breast,176
Come, let us join our friends above, ...109
Come, my Soul thy suit prepare, ... 3
Come, peace divine, celestial Dove, ...185
Come, Pilgrims don't grow weary, ... 53
Come, Sacred Spirit from above, ...188
Come, Sinners to the Gospel feast, ... 49
Come, sound His praise abroad, ...184
COME THOU FOUNT, ... 15
Come to Calvary's holy mountain, ... 40
Come, weary Souls, with sins distres'd 172
Commit thou all thy griefs, ...179
COMFORT ME, ...121
CONQUER AND REST, ... 54
CORONATION. 140
CROSS AND CROWN, ... 35
DARK is many a day below, ... 32
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat, ..177
DE FLEURY, ...166
Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near, 47
DENNIS, ...180
Depth of Mercy, can there be, ...182
DIADEM, ...140
Did Christ o'er Sinners weep, ...178
DUANE STREET, ...174
EVENING HYMN, ...174
EVENING SHADOWS, ...100
EVEN ME, ... 33
FADE, fade, each earthly joy, ...128
FAR AWAY, ... 81
Far beyond this mortal shore, ... 98
FAREWELL, O FLEETING WORLD, ... 71
Far from these scenes of night, ...143
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, ..142
Father, the Storm is high, ... 85
FLY SWIFTLY ROUND, ...163
Forever here my rest shall be, ... 11
FRIENDS BEYOND THE RIVER, ... 68
From every stormy wind that blows. ..145
From highest Heav'n where God resides,163

From the Cross uplifted high, ... 36
GENTLE Saviour, yes I love Thee, .. 83
Give Thyself to Me, ...119
Give to the Winds thy Fears, ...180
Glory to Thee, my God this night, ...174
Go and tell Jesus, ... 93
God calling yet!—shall I not hear? ...169
God hath said it, ... 41
Golden Hill, ...179
Golden Shore, ...160
Guide, ...130
HAMBURG, ...169
Happy Child of Grace, ...132
Happy Saviour, would I be, ...138
Hear the Royal Proclamation, ...135
Heaven, ...125
Heavenly Home, ... 18
Hebron, ...172
He Leadeth Me, ... 95
He Lives, ...165
Help and Relieve, ... 85
Here is not my Rest, ...124
Heston, ... 49
Higher than I, ...104
Hinton, ... 47
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide, ...130
Hosanna to our Glorious King, ...113
How blest the Sacred tie that binds, ..185
How happy every child of grace, ...132
How pleasant thus to dwell below, ...159
How sweetly the voice of the Saviour, . 82
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, .126
How tedious and tasteless the hours, ..166
How tender is thy hand, ...181
I'M a lonely Traveler here, ...149
I'm a Pilgrim going home, ... 45
I'm bound for the land of the living, .. 30
I'm kneeling at the threshold, ... 34
I am Thinking of Home, ... 6
I am waiting by the River, ... 16
I am Weary, ... 76
I come to Thee, ... 63
I do Believe, ...142
If to Jesus for Relief, ... 25
I have heard of a place over there, ... 5
I know that my Redeemer lives, ... .165
I love Thee, ...136
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord, ...181
I love to think of the heavenly land, .. 29
In a few days more, ... 50
In mercy, Lord, remember me, ...187
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,104
In the cross of Christ I glory, ...123
I shall know Thee in the morning, . 84
Is there one for me, ... 69
It is not with the multitude, ... 80
I thirst Thou wounded lamb of God, ..170
I will not be afraid at night, ... 67
I will sing for Jesus, ... 88
I'll sing of Jesus, ...150
JACOB'S Prayer, ...109
Jesus, and shall it ever be, ...145
Jesus, Blessed Jesus, ...151
Jesus cares for me, ... 77
Jesus, dear I come to Thee, ...161
Jesus, help me, ... 87
Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee, ...168
Jesus, I long for Thee, ...129
Jesus, I love thy charming name, ...105
Jesus, I my cross have taken, ...134
Jesus is calling us Home, ... 82
Jesus is mine, ...128
Jesus is near, ... 61
Jesus, let thy pitying eye, ... 25
Jesus, lover of my Soul, ...131
Jesus loves me, ...103
Jesus, my all to Heaven is gone, ...175
Jesus, our best beloved friend, ...175
Jesus paid it all, ... 31
Jesus, Saviour hear my call, ... 75
Jesus who knows full well, ...180
Jordan's Ford, ... 32
Joyful away to Pisgah's mountain, ...122
Joyfully, ...164
Just as I am, without one plea, ...168
LENOX, ...186
Let me be Thine, ... 7
Let me die with Jesus near me, ... 55
Let me go, ... 96
Let the Shadows round me gather, ...103
Let worldly minds the world pursue, ..155
Light Beyond, ...117
Lonely Traveler, ...149
Looking Home, ...141
Look to Jesus, ...167
Lord, abide with me, ... 75
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine, ...171
Lord, I hear of Showers of blessings, .. 33
Lord, keep me Calm, ... 73
Lord, remember me, ...127
Lulu, ...184
MANSIONS are prepared above, ... 69
Martyn, ...131
Mear, ...177

MELODY, ... 187
Melt the coldness from my heart, ... 119
MERCY'S FREE, ... 13
Mercy, O thou son of David, ... 134
'Mid Christians' hosannas, ... 148
MIGHTY TO SAVE, ... 70
MORRIS, ... 3
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone, ... 35
My days are gliding swiftly by, ... 38
MY FATHER'S HOUSE, ... 154
My God, I am Thine, ... 136
My God, permit me not to be, ... 185
My God, the Spring of all my joys, ... 187
My Home is in Heaven, my rest, ... 66
MY HOME IS THERE, ... 10
My Hope is built on nothing less, ... 62
My latest Sun is sinking fast, ... 97
MY MANSION IN THE SKY, ... 24
My Soul repeat His praise, ... 181
NEARER my God, to Thee, ... 128
NONE BUT JESUS, ... 4
NONE LIKE JESUS, ... 115
NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN, ... 56
NO SORROW THERE, ... 143
Nothing either great or small, ... 31
NOT WITH THE MULTITUDE, ... 80
Now, O God, Thine own I am, ... 37
NUREMBURG, ... 182
O COME to bright Zion, ... 86
O could I find from day to day, ... 155
O for a Faith that will not shrink, ... 153
O for a glance of Heavenly day, ... 171
O for a thousand tongues to sing, ... 141
Often weary and worn, in the battle, .. 146
Oh! how sweet when we mingle, ... 111
Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, .. 79
O! HOW I LOVE JESUS, ... 157
Oh! where do you journey my brother, 19
Oh! Jesus, precious, bleeding Lamb, .. 24
O land of rest for thee I sigh, ... 108
OLD HUNDRED, ... 188
O Lord how happy should we be, ... 133
O Lord, Thy work revive, ... 179
O Love, divine, how sweet thou art, ... 133
O Mother dear, Jerusalem, ... 158
ONE DAY NEARER HOME, ... 124
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, ... 159
Only waiting till the shadows, ... 100
ON THE OTHER SHORE, ... 17
Onward, let us never weary, ... 117
Oppress with noon-days, scorching heat, 101
O sing to me of Heaven, ... 143
O tell me no more of this world's, ... 137
O that my load of sin were gone, ... 171
O Thou from whom all goodness flows, 127
O Thou in whose presence my soul, ... 42
O Thou whose tender mercy hears, .. 176
O to be there, where never tears, ... 125
OUR HOME ABOVE, ... 90
OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE, ... 111
Our Saviour when weary, ... 116
OVER THERE, ... 5
O what amazing words of grace, ... 156
O what shall I do to be saved, ... 91
O when shall I see Jesus, ... 28
O where shall rest be found, ... 178
O WHO'S LIKE JESUS, ... 105
O WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY, ... 148
PENITENCE, ... 25
PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN, ... 122
PLEYEL'S HYMN, ... 182
Praise God from whom all blessings, .. 188
Prayer is appointed to convey, ... 144
Prayer is the Soul's sincere desire, ... 177
PRECIOUS JESUS, ... 58
Precious to me the name of Jesus, ... 58
Prostrate dear Jesus at Thy feet, ... 9
Purer yet and Purer, ... 151
REFUGE, ... 133
RESTING BY AND BY, ... 118
REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE, ... 146
RETREAT, ... 145
Return, O Wanderer, now return, ... 169
ROBE AND PALM, ... 59
ROCKINGHAM, ... 175
Rock of ages cleft for me, ... 138
ROLL THE CLOUDS AWAY, ... 42
SAVE ME, ... 9
Saviour like a Shepherd lead us, .. 112
SCOTLAND, ... 159
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER, ... 22
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER? 102
SHEPHERD, ... 112
SHINING SHORE, ... 38
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive, ... 172
SILVER STREET, ... 184
SINFUL WANDERER, ... 20
SINGING, EVER SINGING, ... 114
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep, ... 182
Sinners turn, why will ye die, ... 130
SOON BE THERE, ... 52
SPENCER, ... 178
Stay thou insulted Spirit, stay, ... 173
STEPHENS, ... 11

St. Thomas, ... 181
Sufficient is Thy Grace, ... 110
Sunshine, ... 28
Sure Rest, ... 107
Sweet Hour of Prayer, ... 89
Sweet Rest in Heaven, ... 53
THE Angels are singing to me, ... 74
The Christian's security, ... 40
The Cross, ... 36
The Dear Ones all at Home, ... 162
The Farther Shore, ... 23
The Future Rest, ... 8
The Great Reward, ... 44
The Happy Place, ... 126
The Heavenly Land, ... 27
The Heavenly Visitant, ... 57
The Land of Beulah, ... 97
The Lord of the house has made a feast, 26
The Lovely Land, ... 158
The Mercy Seat, ... 145
The People of the Lord, ... 44
The Pilgrim's Home, ... 129
The praying spirit breathe, ... 179
The Realms of the Blest, ... 147
There is a fountain filled with blood, .. 142
There is a home where all is bright, .. 81
There is a land of pure delight, ... 158
There is a place of sacred rest, ... 154
There is a realm where Jesus reigns, .. 12
There is an Hour, ... 152
There is an hour of hallowed peace, .. 154
There is joy for You, ... 79
There is light in the valley, ... 70
There is no friend like Jesus, ... 69
There is no name so sweet on earth, .. 38
There is rest for our pilgrim feet, ... 107
There's an easier way, ... 78
The Royal Proclamation, ... 135
These are the Crowns that we, ... 59
The Solid Rock, ... 62
The True Friend, ... 60
The Well is a flow from a life giving, .. 48
The Worth of Prayer, ... 144
They who seek the throne of grace, .. 182
Thine Lord forever, ... 65
Thine Lord, O may I be, ... 7
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, .. 152
Thou hast died for me, ... 92
Thus far the Lord hath led me on, ... 172
'Tis a point I long to know, ... 21
To God, the Father, Son, ... 181
Toplady, ... 138
Trusting, ... 67
Turn thee, O wanderer, ... 61
WAITING at the Door, ... 34
Ware, ... 171
Weak and sinful, O my Father, ... 121
We are going, we are going, ... 90
We are out on the Ocean sailing, ... 160
Wedding Garment, ... 26
Weeping Soul, no longer mourn, ... 37
Weeping will not save me, ... 4
We gather in Thy Temple, Lord, ... 173
We have friends beyond the river, ... 68
We know not what s before us, ... 120
Welcome Home, ... 12
We'll wait till Jesus Comes, ... 108
We meet upon this lonely shore, ... 155
We meet you here, our comrades dear, 39
We're Nearer Home, ... 120
We shall meet no more to sever, ... 8
We shall meet on the shore, ... 50
We shall not forget the story, ... 46
We shall part, but not forever, ... 72
We speak of the realms of the blest, .. 147
What shall I do, ... 91
What shall I do with Jesus, ... 64
What various hindrances we meet, ... 144
When Clouds hang darkly o'er my way, 92
When faint and weary toiling, ... 118
When I can read my title clear, ... 126
When I survey the wondrous cross, ... 170
When life's labor-song is sung, ... 106
When we hear the music ringing, ... 102
When we pass through yonder river, .. 23
Where do you journey? 19
While life prolongs its precious light .. 170
While we wave the palm of glory, ... 46
White Robes, ... 94
Who are these in bright array, ... 94
Why not learn to conquer sorrow, ... 54
Why should I doubt thy promise, Lord, 110
Why should I fear, ... 43
Why will ye waste on trifling cares, ... 168
Windham, ... 172
With joy we lift our eyes, ... 184
With joy we meditate the grace, ... 153
Woodland, ... 153
Woodworth, ... 168
YES, since God himself has said it, .. 41
Ye Sinners, fear the Lord, ... 178
ZEPHYR, ... 170